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ART. I.—SOCIALISM.

1. *Le Socialisme Contemporain.* Par EMILE DE LAVELEYE. Paris. 1883.
2. *Contemporary Socialism.* By JOHN RAE, M.A. London. 1884.

EXCEPT as an ideal, there is not, and there never has been, any such thing as Socialism. Socialists there are in abundance—real Socialists and pseudo-Socialists—but no Socialism. There are many aspirations towards a better social state, many efforts at social amelioration and reform, many theories and schemes of a more or less pronounced and definitely Socialistic type and tendency; but, at present, there is not a community in the world where Socialism is in operation. Individualism is the principle on which all existing States are formed. But Individualism is the opposite of Socialism. Individualists consider that the perfection of society would consist in giving unlimited scope to those principles of self-interest, private property, and free competition, on which the present order of things is founded, and maintain that all social and economical evils are due, not to the operation, but to the obstruction of these principles. Socialists, on the other hand, attribute all these evils to Individualism, and propose a radical reorganization of society,

in which self-interest shall be replaced by sympathy, private productive property by collective property, and competition by compulsory co-operation.

Socialism as a fact does not exist. Nor has it ever been tried as an experiment. Communism has; but Communism is not Socialism, though it is often confounded with it. Communism, as the name implies, is a form of society in which men have all things in common—wives, children, houses, goods, everything. Socialism would leave the family intact; nor would it interfere with the acquisition of private property for the owner's private use. It would only forbid his use of that property so as to further enrich himself by the employment of others in industrial and commercial pursuits, and at their expense. While placing all the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange, such as land, machinery, factories, stores, banks, &c., under the control of the community, it would leave everybody (so it is said) at perfect liberty to work as much or as little as he pleased, only "making his consumption commensurate with his performances." Communism is one of the earliest forms of society; and, in historic times, we can trace it in civilized and semi-civilized communities as far back as to the Essenes and the Therapeutæ in Palestine and Egypt. Socialism is of quite recent date. Attempts are sometimes made to trace it to Rousseau and the Revolution of 1789; but Socialism proper—the Socialism with which the world will have to deal—was unknown before 1848. It was not fully formulated until 1863, and even yet it only exists as an ideal, as a doctrine of the rights of labour, or as a vague and general aspiration after a wider distribution of wealth and a greater equality of social conditions.

It will thus be seen that Socialism is comparatively a new thing under the sun. So new is it, in fact, and so vague, that it is difficult, if not impossible, accurately and concisely to define the term. In current usage, it is one of the most elastic of words. It is stretched so as to cover the extremest projects and procedures for the renovation of society from "the red fool-fury" of the Paris Communists to the mild and moderate measures of English statesmen and philanthropists.

In the two books at the head of this paper, *e.g.*, we read of *Socialists of the Chair*, of *State Socialists*, and of *Christian Socialists*. But none of these are Socialists in the true sense of the word, and endless mischief and confusion have arisen from this misuse of names. The Socialists of the Chair, or, as they are sometimes called, Academic Socialists, are merely a new school of economists that has risen to eminence in most of the German Universities. They have introduced the historical method into the study and the exposition of their science, and have given to it a more ethical character; but the name of Socialists is a mere nickname which they have not cared to repudiate, but which entirely misrepresents their theories and aims. Those, again, who are called State Socialists are no more Socialists than they are saints. Prince Bismarck is their chief and type. Following the traditions of the rulers of Prussia, he has taken great interest in the social and economic condition of the people, and has introduced various popular measures for the benefit of the industrial classes; but no one would ever suspect the Iron Chancellor of any designs against the existing structure of society. So, too, with the Christian Socialists of Germany, both Catholic and Protestant: while these all join the Academic and the Governmental Socialists in a general condemnation of the policy of *laissez-faire*, and with them advocate various schemes of social reform, not one of them has ever ventured to suggest that society should be reconstructed on an entirely different plan. With some of their criticisms on the present régime we cordially agree, and not a few of their proposals are most wise and good. But we are no more Socialists than they are, and only refer to them in this connection in order to enter a protest against the growing evil of assuming titles which can only mislead the uninstructed and unwary. Many in this country call themselves Socialists, and, some of them, Christian Socialists, who would ridicule the doctrines and the aims and shrink with horror from the methods of some Socialists so called.

And this reminds us that, to be strictly and severely accurate, we should still need to eliminate from our list of Socialists one half of those who are more properly so named.

Socialists proper are usually divided into two sections—Collectivists and Anarchists. But Anarchists are not Socialists in the modern sense of the word. They are divided amongst themselves, it is true, and some of them approach more nearly to Socialism than others; but of most of the Anarchists we may say that what they aim at is really, though apparently unconsciously, the carrying out of the principle of Individualism to its utmost limits. Anarchy, therefore, is the extreme opposite of Socialism, and is by Socialists themselves condemned as reactionary. Both these sections of revolutionary Socialists, whilst differing thus fundamentally, are yet agreed on many points. They are at one in their judgment on the existing order of society. They all cry out against the capitalist system of employing labour for profit. It is radically wrong. It enriches the capitalist at the expense of the labourer; it robs the workmen of their surplus labour; it enslaves them to their masters and their machinery; it exposes them to all the vicissitudes of trade and commerce; it throws them often out of work, and often into hopeless misery. They are agreed, moreover, in declaring that nothing but a revolution can put the labourers into their true and rightful position. No sooner do they turn to more practical matters, however, than their differences appear. They do not fall out by the way; they fall out before they start. They differ both as to where they shall go and as to how they shall get there, both as to their aims and as to their methods. They all aim, it is true, at the destruction of the present industrial régime. That iniquity must perish, whatever takes its place. But when that awkward but natural and inevitable question arises: "*What shall take its place?*" some say, "Let us have a Collectivist system of production and distribution with a centralized head." "That would lead to tyranny," say others; "we have had enough of heads and centralized authorities." "Let us have an acephalous State," say some of the Anarchists; "Let us have an amorphous State," say others; while still others cry, "Destroy the present order, and let the future take what form it will." In other words, "Away with capitalism, and then—*laissez-aller, laissez-faire.*" They differ also as to methods. The Centralists are

for using the ordinary weapons of political warfare; they intend, at least most of them, and for the present, to fight with votes and at the polling-booth; though it does not need a keen eye to see assassination and conspiracy in the background, or a very keen ear to catch suggestions of more secret and more dreadful means. The Anarchists, on the other hand, for the most part, openly declare that they intend to fight in secret and in public with sword and fire, with poison, dynamite, and all the other implements of hell.

Centralists, or Social Democrats, as they are now more generally called, are the only real Socialists; but, as both Centralists and Anarchists profess to be united for destructive purposes, the rise and progress of both parties cannot fail to interest the reader who has followed us thus far.

In approaching the history of what we have designated Revolutionary Socialism, we are at once confronted by two men who, in their time, made nations tremble and potentates turn pale with fear. Karl Marx and Michael Bakounine stand out from all the rest of their companions in conspiracy, and will be known to history as the leaders of the two great forms of revolutionary activity in the middle of the nineteenth century. A complete account of the present Socialistic movement would include the names of Marlo and Rodbertus and Lassalle. Both Mr. Rae and M. Laveleye have given excellent accounts both of the lives and of the teaching of all three; and to Mr. Rae, especially, we shall now put ourselves under considerable obligations while sketching the career of the two men to whom we are compelled to confine our attention.

Marx, who, like his fellow-countryman Lassalle, was of Jewish extraction, was born in 1818 at Trèves, where his father held a high post in the Civil Service. When he was about twenty years of age he was sent to the University of Bonn, at which

"he won a considerable reputation in philosophy and jurisprudence, determined to devote himself to the Academic profession, and seemed destined for an eminently successful career, in which his subsequent marriage with the sister of the Prussian Minister of State, Von Westphalen, would certainly have facilitated his advancement. But, at the University, he came under the spell of Hegel, and passed step by step with the Extreme Left of the

Hegelian school into the philosophical and political radicalism which finally concentrated into the Humanism of Feuerbach."

It is important to note, in passing, the successive transformations of the opinions of these young Hegelians. Their genealogy is briefly traced by Mr. Rae. The Hegelian Idealism first bred the more sensualistic system of Humanism, and then Humanism bred Socialism. The transcendental world, with its personal Deity, was transformed into a world of reason; the idea was everything: the transcendency of reason itself was next abolished; Heaven and God were subjective illusions, fantastic projections of man's own being and life into external spheres. Man, therefore, is the only reality, and man is what he eats. First, theology was swept away, then metaphysics, and then there came a positive and materialistic Anthropology which naturally led to Socialism; as thus: "In property also there is a false transcendency. It is separated from society. Let us, therefore, deal with the practical god, Money, as we have dealt with the theoretical; let us humanize it; let us make it an inalienable possession of manhood, of man as man."

Such were some of the doctrines in the air that young Marx breathed, and we have mentioned them because they seem to us to be the poison-germs which entered into his blood, and account for the restless, revolutionary activity of all his after-life. They are, moreover, the fever-seeds of all modern Socialism. Man is God, and man is only matter living for a little while with other fleshly organisms like himself, and then crumbling back again into his native dust. Meanwhile, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die; and if the present order of society makes it difficult for some of us to eat and drink and enjoy ourselves, let us overturn that order without mercy and without remorse.

This, however, by the way. To return to Marx. After completing his college terms he set himself to the study of political and economical questions, and settled down at Cologne as editor of the *Rhenish Gazette*. This journal having been suppressed because of its attacks on the Government, Marx went to Paris, and became co-editor with Arnold Ruge of another journal, in which, among other less remarkable con-

tributions, he published an article on Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*. A brief summary of this famous article will throw additional light on his social and economical views. The Reformation, he says, was the work of a monk; the Revolution will be the work of a philosopher. But philosophy cannot work a revolution without material weapons; and those weapons it will find in the proletariat, which, when it rises in its strength, will be irresistible. Other revolutions have been partial, wrought by a class in the interests of a class, as, *e.g.*, the first French Revolution, in which the bourgeoisie freed itself from the thralldom of feudalism: but this will be a universal revolution, in which the labouring class will dissolve all other classes into itself. The proletariat is born to revolution, as the sparks fly upward; and, as soon as they become conscious of their power, and learn to act in concert, they will soon *expropriate* their hard taskmasters, the capitalists, who have grown wealthy by robbing them of the surplus value of their work. The large system of industry which has come into operation since the invention of steam and the employment of machinery has produced this modern class, and has at the same time diminished the middle-class by gathering up the wealth of the country into ever fewer hands, and has thus created all the elements of the coming change in the very constitution of society. The process which is rapidly dividing society into plutocrats and paupers is bound, he thinks, to end in revolution. Society is now pregnant with the new *régime*, and all that any one can do is to arouse it to a conscious consent to its delivery.

This, Marx essayed to do. On being expelled from France by Guizot for a fierce attack upon the Prussian Government, he went to Brussels, where he remained till 1848, carrying on his paper war, and studying questions in economy. When the French Revolution of that year broke out, he was expelled from Brussels, and accepted an invitation from the Provisional Government to return to Paris. Here he stayed only a few weeks. Attracted by the German Revolution, he hastened to Cologne, and started the *New Rhenish Gazette*, which, in its turn, was suppressed in 1849; and Marx soon afterwards came to London, where he lived all the rest of his life,

devoting his time to the writing of his work on Capital, and to the secret direction of the International. He died in Paris in the spring of 1883.

Das Capital is the text-book of Socialism. It has been translated into all the principal languages of the civilized world; and, hard as it is to understand—hard because of its peculiar terminology and formulæ and its almost mathematical abstractness—it is still the source from which the Socialists draw their facts and arguments. Marx is sometimes called the Darwin of Socialism; and, to judge from his chief work, we must say that, in knowledge of facts and in vigour of logical deduction, but also, alas, in assumptions which vitiate the whole of his reasoning, and in his liberal use of the scientific imagination, the acute and learned founder of the Socialist Economy presents not a few points of resemblance to the author of *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*. It was not solely nor chiefly as the author of this original and remarkable work, however, that Marx exerted such a powerful influence on his generation; it was rather as the founder and director of the International.

In that wonderful Association, which at one time counted its adherents by millions, and which, though dead, still lives in the various societies that have sprung from its ashes, his genius for organization and agitation found full scope, and was exercised to far more fruitful purpose than in splitting hairs about the origin and the effects of capital. As the aim of Marx's book is to show that capital is necessarily the result of spoliation, and that this spoliation leads inevitably to a revolution in which the Fourth Estate will, in its turn, despoil the spoliators and resume its rights as owner of the products of its toil, so the aim of the International was to unite the workmen of all nations in one simultaneous and gigantic effort to throw off the yoke of the capitalists. From the first it was composed of very different elements, and it was found necessary, as it still is in most Socialist societies, to combine efforts at social reform with the more extreme and revolutionary principles on which it was based. These practical measures, however, such as those for the regulation of the hours of labour, for gratuitous education, gratuitous justice,

&c., were contemplated merely as aids and instruments to be used in a radical reconstruction of society. Its members were always made to feel that a revolution was impending, and that, as Lassalle once said, "it was bound to come, and could not be checked, whether it approached by sober advances, from concession to concession, or flew, with streaming hair and shod with steel, right into the central stronghold." In 1869 these streaming-hair gentlemen got the upper hand in the Association, and in the Congress held at Basle that year, Bakounine came upon the scene, not only shod with steel, but "filled from top to toe with direst cruelty." This led to a sharp altercation between him and Marx, and eventually to the dissolution of the International itself.

And who was Bakounine? He was the ignoblest Roman of them all. Like Marx, he sprang from the upper ranks of society, and, like him, he had early come under the spell of the Pantheistic philosophy. But that which made the German bitter made the Russian wild. The wine of Hegel crazed the brain of Bakounine and fired his blood. Unlike Marx, he had not patience to watch and guide and stimulate what nevertheless he quite as thoroughly believed would be the natural and inevitable evolution of society. He was not a poet or a philosopher "moving about in worlds not realized;" he was a fierce conspirator against the world that is. His practical creed was summed up in one word—Destruction! He was a Nihilist, and the father of Nihilism—that is, the earthly father. He had no patience with those who sought to bring about changes in society by gradual and peaceful means; he was for precipitating things. He was not careful to discuss what kind of social system would be best for the day after to-morrow; he was only anxious that to-morrow there should be no social system. He was for suddenly and violently overturning the present evil anarchy, vaguely hoping that, by some hidden process of spontaneous generation, the new earth would spring from the burning ruins of the old. And, for himself—for he was "not without ambition, nor without the illness which should attend it"—he stuck at nothing. His motto, throughout life, might well have been—

"Strike down

All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal;"

as this might be the motto of Anarchical Socialists throughout the world.

It would detain us too long to detail the career of Bakounine from his birth, near Moscow, in 1814, to his death, at Berne, in 1876. Suffice to say that, after a few years spent in the army under the patronage of his cousin, General Mouravieff, and a short period spent in the circle of Extreme Hegelians gathered round Belinsky in Moscow, in 1847 he went to Paris where he made the acquaintance of George Sand and Proudhon. On account, probably, of the violence of his language, he was expelled from the French capital, and soon afterwards he was condemned to death for the part he took in the insurrection at Dresden in the spring of 1849. This sentence was commuted, first to penal servitude, and afterwards, through the clemency of the late Czar, to a sort of exile on *parole* in Siberia, whence, however, he contrived to escape to England, by way of Japan and America, in 1861. But his twelve years' seclusion had not tamed him. He came out of it proclaiming himself "a Prometheus unbound," and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all the powers that be; and devoted the rest of his days to his work as the apostle of destruction. The man was mad; but there was method in his madness, as we now proceed to show.

At his new start in life, Bakounine was a Slavophil—a sort of mixture, we understand, between a Jingo and a philosopher. In the very year of his return from exile he wrote a letter to his friends in which he said that, while still sympathizing with the work of liberating mankind in general, he intended to devote the rest of his life to the interests of Russians, Slavs, and Poles. "Let us banish the Tartars to the East," he said, "and the Germans to the West, and let us be a true Russian nation." And, in a pamphlet quoted by M. de Laveleye, he uses words which go far to explain the bitter enmity between him and Marx. "War against the Germans," he exclaims, "is a good work, and deliverance

must be brought to the Slavs who groan beneath the yoke of Teuton and of Turk."

But this nationalist fervour soon cooled; and, after striving in vain to gain ascendancy in the International, he started an association on his own account with the title of "The Universal Alliance of Socialist Democracy." An extract from the programme of this association, published in 1869, will show its tendencies and aims. They are substantially the same as those of all the anarchical Socialists to-day:—

"The Alliance declares itself atheistic. . . . It desires a universal revolution at once social, philosophical, economic, and political, in order that, first in Europe, and then in the rest of the world, there may not remain one stone upon another of the existing order of things founded on property, on exploitation, on the principle of authority, whether religious, metaphysical, *bourgeoisement doctrinaire*, or even *jacobinement révolutionnaire*."

Jacobinement révolutionnaire is a parthian arrow shot at Marx and the International.

We hope the Christian Socialists will bear with us while we make another extract from this precious document. It goes on to say—

"To the cry of 'Peace to the labourers! liberty to all the oppressed!' and of 'Death to tyrants, exploiters, and patrons of every sort!' we wish to destroy all States and all Churches with all their institutions and laws . . . in order that all those millions of poor human beings, deceived, enslaved, tormented, exploited, may at length breathe freely, being delivered from all their directors and benefactors, whether official or officious, whether associations or individuals."

Such was the aim of the Alliance; now for its methods. This glorious revolution was to be brought about by means of an international organization directed by one hundred men. "It was partly a public and partly a secret society, and was as centralized an organization"—in spite of Bakounine's objection to centralization—"as the Society of Jesus or the Carbonari. It was composed of three orders: (1) the hundred 'international brothers,' known to each other and exercising supreme control over (2) the 'national brothers,' who were kept in ignorance of the very existence of the organization, and whose duty was to stir up revolution in their respective

countries; and (3) simple adherents, who were to ask no questions, and to obey orders when the hour arrived for action."

It is now certain that Bakounine had a great deal to do with the Paris Commune of 1871, as well as with the *fiasco* at Lyons of the previous year; and those who remember the abominations and atrocities of those days will be prepared to hear that he who planned and instigated them was capable of writing in cold blood what makes us almost shudder as we now transcribe it for the warning of our friends who sometimes add the title Socialist to the name of Him whom they and we adore. In a pamphlet printed at Geneva on *The Principles of the Revolution*, Bakounine writes:—

"Admitting no other activity but destruction, we declare that the forms in which that activity should express itself may be extremely varied—poison, poignard, knout. The Revolution sanctifies all without distinction."

Further on, he says, that "to get to the city of Pandestruction the first requisite is a series of assassinations, and audacious and even mad enterprises, horrifying the powerful, and dazzling the people, till they believe in the triumph of the Revolution."

Nor was this mere bluster. The history of the past ten years shows only too clearly how these infernal counsels have been followed. The very Emperor who spared Bakounine's life was one of the first to feel "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless" foe; and all the ruling classes in Europe have been made to tremble as if on the edge of a volcano. With one more brief quotation, this time from the *Revolutionary Catechism*, drawn up by Bakounine, we may part from him, and leave our friends to their reflections:—

"The good revolutionist is a man under a vow. He ought to have no personal interests or ties or sentiments. He has but one passion—the Revolution. He has but one aim, one science—Destruction. For this he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and medicine. For this he observes the men, the characters, the positions of all conditions of society. He despises and hates the existing morality. For him, everything is moral that favours the Revolution: everything is immoral and criminal that hinders it. . . . Between him and society there is war to the death, incessant, irreconcilable. He ought to be prepared to die, to bear torture,

to kill with his own hands even his own father or mother if needs be. He should live in society [we are translating literally], feigning to be what he is not."

In short—for we have no delight in terrifying comfortable people—the ideal Socialist of the redder school is to penetrate everywhere, and wherever he goes he is to act on the advice of the queenly murderess in the play :

"To beguile the time

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue, look like the innocent flower,

But *be* the serpent under 't."

Before passing on, we ought perhaps to say that all the revolutionary Socialists, even of the anarchical school, are not so violent and diabolical as Bakounine. Some of them, indeed, like M. Elisée Réclus, the eminent geographer, are men of quite a different stamp. Between him and such miscreants as those who tried to blow up the Emperor William and his suite upon the Niederwald in 1883, there is little in common, and we would fain believe that M. Réclus is not alone in scorning and denouncing all such outrages. It is none the less true, however, that the spirit which animates the millions of Anarchists throughout the world is the spirit of the Russian agitator and conspirator, rather than that of the French savant; and it seems to us deplorable that so many men of eminence and character should lend to such a movement the sanction even of their name.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." What good may have been buried with the bones of Marx and Bakounine, we do not know; but that the evil which they did lives after them—lives and grows apace—is only too apparent. In the Slav and Latin races Bakounine's influence is widely felt, and his teaching threatens, at no distant date, to issue in the social earthquake which the Laureate long ago described, and which the best observers fear is ready to burst forth—

"With thousand shocks that come and go,

With agonies, with energies,

With overthrowings and with cries,

And undulations to and fro."

The other and the milder type of Socialistic doctrine is being

diligently spread by Marx's followers in Europe and America. This type seems to flourish best on Scandinavian and Teutonic soil. In the absence of reliable statistics, it is difficult of course to gauge the force and volume of this stream of revolutionary passion and activity. All the information obtainable, apparently, has been gathered by the authors whom we have been following; but this does not amount to much. All we can say here is, that in almost every town in Europe and America some Social Democrats are to be found, and that in most countries on the Continent both Centralists and Anarchists abound. The stern repression to which they have been subjected for the past few years has brought the two sections nearer to each other.

This fact may help to account for the astonishing rapidity of the growth of Socialism in some parts of Europe. Take Germany for instance. In 1864—the year of Lassalle's death—there were only 4,610 enrolled under his banner. In 1867 the Socialists polled only 40,000 votes. Last year (1884) they polled 68,910 in Berlin alone, this being a gain of 40,000 on the previous election; and in the whole empire they polled 693,288, a gain of more than 200,000. Twenty-four avowed and pronounced Socialists sit in the present German Parliament, as compared with thirteen in the last.*

Nor is Germany an exception. The progress of the revolutionary movement in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Russia, has been as rapid and as marked. A quarter of a century ago Lassalle imagined that he heard the tramp of the hungry millions as they marched across the plains of Europe to attack the last stronghold of the spoliators; but even he did not expect the revolution to break out this century. What would he think if he were now alive? If all existing Socialists were armed, and all united in their aims—mercifully two enormous "ifs"—it is not improbable that at least five million men and women would be ready for the fray. The ultimate hope and present aim of the revolutionaries, however, is not in arming their unarmed adherents, but in converting those who are already armed. Their most strenuous efforts at propaganda are

* No less than 114 Socialist candidates presented themselves for election.

made amongst the soldiers. At least one-sixth of the German army are Socialists. This, as M. de Laveleye points out, is "the supreme peril for the existing order of society; for that order rests, in the last resort, on bayonets."

When we turn from the Continent to our own country, the aspect and the prospect is more reassuring. England has always been the despair of Continental Socialists. Marx, who lived so long amongst us, and who knew us so well, once said that any proletariat movement in which England took no part would be a mere storm in a teacup; but even he could not induce the British members of the International to adopt his Socialistic views. Another member of the International, Eugène Dupont, declared that "the English possessed all the materials necessary for a social revolution, but that they lacked the generalizing spirit and the revolutionary passion." The fact is, that John Bull does not take kindly to these foreigners, and only is enraged at the sight of the red flag of revolution. Besides, he loves his liberty too well to bear the thought of working in the Socialistic yoke. Such Socialism as there has been in England has been of a sporadic and spasmodic sort; it has never gained any clear hold of the national intellect, or any permanent place in the national heart. Soon after 1848, a band of earnest workers gathered round Maurice, and innocently misnamed themselves Christian Socialists; but they soon cast off that title, and wisely set themselves to the founding of Working Men's Colleges and Co-operative Societies. They did not in any way attack the principle of private property or of individualism, and they strongly dwelt on the futility of mere changes in the condition and circumstances of men apart from corresponding changes in their character and life. The Christian Socialists amongst us now, however, are followers, not of Maurice, but of Marx. For any difference we can see between them, they might as well belong to the Social Democratic Federation, whose publications their monthly journal, called the *Christian Socialist*, so strongly recommends. The only Socialistic organization in this country is the Federation just referred to; and this is closely associated, if not organically connected, with the various Socialist societies on the Continent. Its leading minds are Mr. Hyndman and Mr.

William Morris, author of *The Earthly Paradise*.* It maintains a vigorous propaganda in London and the provinces by means of its weekly organ, *Justice*, and of public meetings, lectures, discussions, &c. &c. The Federation follows Marx in most things, and adopts a policy of moderation and conciliation—that is, compared with the policy of the Extreme Left. From the writings of its chiefs, however, we may gather that this moderation is mere policy. Force and even violence are hinted at unless the bourgeoisie yield to their demands.†

“Some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.”

The conditions which have favoured all this Socialistic agitation are too patent to need more than passing reference. The enormous standing armies which have drained and strained the resources of so many Continental States; the almost Oriental despotism by which the people of at least one country are oppressed; the real evils and exaggerated inequalities springing from the present working of the industrial and commercial system; above all, the decay of religious faith and hope, and the adoption in their place of a multiform and melancholy Atheism, with its inevitable accompaniment, a hopeless pessimism and an earthly if not sensual heaven;—all these conditions have prepared the way for agitators and conspirators whose interests or convictions have induced them to attack the existing order, and adopt

“the arch-device
Of giving men blind hopes
To spice the feast of life with.”

What those hopes are, and how blind, our readers may have gathered and concluded as they have followed us in our rapid

* Since the above was written, Mr. Morris and five or six others have retired from the Executive Council of the Federation, and started a rival association called the *Socialist League*.

† What else can Mr. Hyndman mean, *e.g.*, when he says: “Chemistry has placed at the disposal of the desperate and the needy cheap and powerful explosives, the full effects of which are as yet unknown. Every day adds new discoveries in this field; the dynamite of ideas is accompanied in the background by the dynamite of material force. These modern explosives may easily prove to Capitalism what gunpowder was to Feudalism.—*Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, p. 443.

and inadequate description of the two main currents of revolutionary thought and passion which many fear will some day blend, and burst all barriers in their devastating course.

Had space permitted, we should now have turned from the historical and statistical to the more critical part of our subject. It was our intention, first, to examine the various counts in the indictment brought by Socialists against the present form of society—that, under it, the cruel iron law has full play according to which wages tend to the level of mere subsistence; that workmen are liable to be thrown out of work and tossed to and fro by the vicissitudes of trade, and even by improvements in machinery and methods of production; that capitalists are enabled, nay obliged, to rob the labourer of the surplus-value of his toil; that, consequently, the rich are becoming ever richer, and the poor poorer, and that society is rapidly being divided into plutocrats and paupers: and, secondly, it would have been our duty to criticize the alternative form of society proposed by Socialists, in which all wage-labour and all class distinctions shall be abolished, and in which all shall be compelled to work under the direction of officers elected by each industrial community, and of a more or less centralized council chosen by the various departmental officers. Under the first head, it would have been easy to expose the assumptions and explode the fallacies on which much of the Socialistic critique rests; and under the second it would not have been difficult to show, what indeed the Socialists themselves of all sorts do not deny, that such a revolution as that at which they aim probably could not be accomplished without violence and bloodshed, and at least a temporary reign of terror and a waste of wealth such as would eclipse for ever the atrocities and devastations of all former revolutions; that, without a force approaching to omnipotence, and a knowledge almost equal to omniscience, a system such as they propose could not be made to work successfully while Nature is what now it is and human nature still remains the same; and, finally, that if it could be made to work it would work disastrously to the labourers themselves, lessening production, fostering laziness and thriftlessness, and issuing either in a dead-level of poverty and mediocrity, or in a frightful tyranny, or both.

We regret our inability to enter on this debatable ground, the less, however, inasmuch as both Mr. Rae and M. de Laveleye, whose books are easily accessible,* have thoroughly explored it. If to these were added Mr. Mill's posthumous *Chapters on Socialism* (*Fortnightly Review*, vol. xxv. N.S.), the student would be amply furnished for a critical examination of the whole subject. The two former, especially, have excellently analysed the theories on which the Socialist economy rests. They have shown that the fundamental axiom of that economy is false; that labour is not the source of all wealth; that value is constituted, not by labour, but by social utility; that capital contributes quite as much as labour to the production of wealth; and that, therefore, capital and labour ought to share the proceeds of industry. They show that competition, when properly regulated, does not work unfairly, and is the mother of many virtues; that it is, at present, the best method known of regulating the rate of wages; and that, by cheapening commodities, it benefits the whole community, of which the workers form so large a part; that the commercial crises, and the resulting losses to both employers and employed, though more numerous because of the immense extension of trade, are neither so violent, so long-continued, nor so severe as formerly; that such crises, depending as they do so largely on circumstances which no community and no nation can control—such as the harvests of the world, war or peace, &c.—would arise under any system; and that, by means of more numerous and accurate statistics, and a growing sense, in the commercial and financial world, of the evils of excessive speculation, these crises may be, and tend to be, diminished; while, by means of a system of insurance, the working classes may be secured against the vicissitudes of trade, and the accidents and reverses of life, including temporary loss of work as well as sickness and old age. And

* An English version of M. de Laveleye's work has recently been published by Messrs. Simpkin & Co. Mr. Rae's book, which on the whole we should prefer if our choice were limited to one, is published by Messrs. Isbister & Co. His answer to Mr. George is complete and final; and his whole work had the advantage of being written after M. de Laveleye's, to whom he was under considerable and acknowledged obligations.

Mr. Rae, embodying the pith of Mr. Mill's acute but fragmentary criticism, concludes, perhaps the ablest, certainly the most suggestive, chapter of his book by pointing out the paralyzing influence which a Socialist *régime* could hardly fail to have upon the liberty, the energy, the industry, the enterprise, the initiative of the individual, and therefore upon the moral and material progress of the State. In these conclusions, we need hardly say, we heartily concur. But with a rapid forecast we must close.

In our own Empire, where the right of public meeting and free speech is almost unrestricted; where conscription is unknown and military burdens freely borne; where the ambition to rise in social station is general, and the ability to rise is proved by almost numberless instances of success; where various unions and societies of a friendly sort number six or seven millions of members and own nearly £70,000,000 of funds; where the industrial classes are accustomed to migrate from place to place and have facilities to emigrate from land to land; where co-operation, in its various forms, is taking root and has the promise and potency of far more vigorous life; where liberty, and independence, and an instinctive sense of personal rights, all leading to an almost irritable jealousy of over-regulation, bred in us through many generations, have been fostered by custom and enshrined in law; where Englishmen, in short, are still the staple of the population and English character the moulder of the nation's life—there does not seem to be much prospect of the adoption of a system which at best would greatly limit, and at worst would utterly destroy, that native freedom and that boundless enterprise which have done so much to build up the Nation and the Empire.

Nor are its prospects brighter in the world at large. To be successful, Socialism would need to be adopted simultaneously by nearly all mankind. The Socialists themselves acknowledge this, and yet some of them—as, for instance, Mr. Hyndman in his most elaborate work—limit their hopes at present to one particular race, or at the most to two.

"The difficulties in the way of realizing such a programme," he writes, "arise from the fact that the different

civilized countries have arrived at widely different stages of social and economical growth. . . . We have to base the first really Socialistic combination upon the common interests and affinities of the great Celto-Teutonic peoples in America, in Australia, in these islands, and possibly in Germany."*

These are not the only difficulties, nor the chief ones. But, suppose they were: what prospect is there of a simultaneous movement in a Socialistic direction in the countries named? So far as we can judge—the slightest in the world. The Socialists are not united amongst themselves. They split up everywhere into rival factions. The smallest groups of them can seldom keep together long. And, for a mass so incoherent to attempt to overcome the forces everywhere arrayed against them, or to hope to grow into a majority in any State—much less in all the great Teutonic States at once—can only be regarded as a wild and foolish dream.

Unless we are much mistaken, the masses of the people everywhere have other dreams, and dreams more likely to come true. Moreover, all the statesmen at the helm of nearly all the foremost nations of the world are steering their respective vessels so as to avoid the Scylla of bare Socialism on the one hand, and the not less fatal Charybdis of unlimited Individualism on the other. And this is wise and well. The middle course is still the best. A combination of these principles, suggested by a wise and prudent policy, is sanctioned, and indeed demanded, by a true morality. Individualism carried to excess is selfishness and leads to anarchy; Socialism is another name for tyranny. Individualism says, "Each man by himself and for himself." Socialism says, "No man by himself or for himself." Christianity, which

"Turns to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes,"

says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. But let each man prove his own work, and then shall he have his glorying in regard of himself alone and not of his neighbour. For each man shall bear his own burden."

* *Historical Basis of Socialism in England*, p. 433.

Independence and association beautifully blend in the ideal Christian social life, and at this high ideal, more and more, the world will aim, as it advances in intelligence and charity. The egoistic and the altruistic sentiments, like the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the natural world, though opposite and contrary, yet work together in the individual, and are needed in a stable and advancing State; both work together for the order and the progress of society, and for the highest welfare of the units of which society is composed. Individual freedom and responsibility, voluntary association and mutual help, must, by some means, be combined; and the Christian spirit will produce this combination so devoutly to be wished. Nothing else will; no education in economy, no reconstruction of the State.

The ethical element has been too long excluded from political economy, and the moral element has never yet been too prominent or dominant in government. But what is needed most of all is more of that spirit of love and liberty which Christ alone can give. That spirit breathed into society would transmute the golden principle to golden practice, and, by slowly melting class distinctions, fuse and weld all classes into one great brotherhood, and enhance, as nothing else can do, the common wealth and weal.

We yield to none in hearty sympathy with working-men of every class, especially with those whose lot, at best, is hard and full of care; but, after careful and protracted observation of the field of labour in Great Britain, Europe, and America, we cannot share the pessimistic lamentations or the optimistic dreams of those who pose as the sole champions of the labourer's cause. The pictures of the penury and misery of the working-classes in this country drawn by Socialists are grossly and absurdly overdrawn, and the refrain to all their dirges, that "the rich are constantly becoming richer and less numerous, and the poor both absolutely and relatively poorer and more numerous," is either much exaggerated or entirely false. In every community there is an "ultimate residuum" produced by moral quite as much as by industrial causes, and, by moral quite as much as by material means, it must be reached and raised. But, taking a wide and general view, we

are persuaded that all classes, even the lowest, have shared in the amazing increase in the wealth of the country during this century, and the working-classes as a whole are incomparably better off than ever they were before. They are better housed, and better clothed, and better fed; they live longer and more healthily; there is less pauperism; they have risen steadily in intelligence and in appreciation and enjoyment of the refinements and comforts of life. They have nobly fought their battle against prejudice, intolerance, cruelty, and greed, and are victors all along the line. But they are not disposed to rest and be thankful. They have still the impression that, somehow, they do not get a fair proportion of the profits on their industry, and that the system under which they work needs to be modified so that they shall not be the sport of every wind of change in trade and commerce, and of every fresh advance in science and in art. Moreover, they imagine that the hours of labour might be lessened without much loss to their employers, and with endless gain in comfort, health, and leisure to themselves.

And who shall say that in these notions and these aspirations they are altogether wrong? Who does not see that there is much to be desired in the life and labour of the average working-man? The question is whether the desirable in his lot is also the attainable. We think it is; but not in any Socialistic way. That is the broad road which leadeth to destruction. A system which began in spoliation and continued in compulsion could only end in ruin both to civilization and to society itself. The narrow way of toil and thrift and temperance may not be so attractive to the lazy ne'er-do-weels who cringe and crawl through life, a burden and a nuisance to their fellow-men, nor yet to those impatient, restless clamourers for change,

“Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs,”

of whom the Laureate speaks; but, brightened by the hope of property, and made secure and fruitful, as it may be, by personal industry and mutual help, by profit-sharing and industrial partnership, by co-operation freely entered on and

heartily pursued, that way can hardly fail to lead the workers to a larger, wealthier, worthier life.

We do not close our eyes to the defects of the present industrial and commercial system, or to the inequalities and miseries which flow from those defects. As a nation we are not yet within measurable distance of perfection. Our social economy is yet to write. Our social system needs enlarging, and will, we hope, be modified at many points, in many ways. A wider distribution still of wealth, a more complete identity of interest between capital and labour, greater certainty and continuity of employment, provision against accident and scarcity of work, as well as sickness and old age—all these are earnestly to be desired, and should be sedulously sought. They may be best secured, we are persuaded, by wise reforms, and by intelligent and generous concert between man and man in every section of society.

To the consideration of this more excellent way we purpose shortly to return. Meanwhile, we end as we began by stating that at present Socialism does not exist, and by expressing the conviction that, until the masses of the people shall have lost their reason and their love of liberty, no such suicidal system ever will or can be tried.

ART. II.—HIDDEN AFFINITIES.

THE living objects of Nature about us—the plants and animals which come within our ken—are naturally grouped by the young and uninstructed into various sets or classes according to the characters most obvious to the senses. Thus we have the forms of plant life popularly divided into “trees,” “shrubs,” and “herbs,” according to their size; and animals into “beasts,” “birds,” “fishes,” and “insects,” or into “four-footed,” “flying,” “swimming,” and “creeping” creatures, according to their manifest habits. The most obvious features of an animal’s organization are, of course, closely related to its habits—as to whether they are aquatic,

terrestrial, or aerial, and as to whether fruit and leaves or living prey constitute its habitual food. Very trifling observation, however, suffices to show that such easily observed characters are very unsatisfactory: that the flying bat is not a bird (and so it gets its Saxon name of "flitter-mouse"), and that the swimming seal is not a fish, but may be rather a "sea-calf" or a "sea-bear." As soon as our natural love of Nature has been so served by opportunity as to become systematized, forming an incipient *science* of natural history, the primitive groups thus spontaneously formed begin to be broken up and differently arranged, and the whole progress of what becomes "zoology" and "botany" largely consists in separating creatures which have been too hastily regarded as akin, and bringing into close juxtaposition others which were earlier deemed to have no close or near affinity. Moreover, in these successively new arrangements, the characters relied on for making its component groups came more and more to be facts of form and structure instead of use and habit. It soon became known that the most diverse animals might agree in general mode of life, and that creatures which no one could deny to be akin might differ in habit, as do the land and water rats and the tree and ground squirrels. Thus in the earlier half of this century all competent zoologists had become aware that such features were of little value for purposes of classification. They had come to recognize that structures of no obvious utility (such, for example, as the number and arrangement of certain small apertures by which some nerves and blood-vessels pass out—or in—through the base of the skull) afforded a far better clue as to what animals are really "alike" than did resemblances in "tooth and claw," or wing and fin. It had become clearly seen that two creatures—such, for example, as the Tasmanian wolf and the wolf of Europe—might present a general resemblance in all those characters which fitted them for a predaceous life, while so apparently trivial a character as the entrance into the skull of the carotid artery in front of instead of behind the line of demarcation between two bones, might be an index to a number of recondite distinctions, signs that the two creatures in question really belonged to

two widely divergent categories of animal existence. Thus by degrees zoological classification came to repose on morphological, or structural, characters, and not at all upon physiological ones—to repose, that is, on characters derived from the number, shape, relative position, and development of different organs and parts of organs, and not at all on those drawn from the use and employment to which such organs or parts of organs might be put. The most interesting of all the various branches of zoological science in this way came to be that which was devoted to the detection of “hidden affinities” underlying conspicuous diversities of appearance, and of latent significant diversities disguised by superficial, deceptive resemblances. That the true *essential affinities* between different living organisms—whether animals or plants—is the most surely revealed to us by some of their least conspicuous characters, is a truth now universally recognized by those who have any acquaintance with biological science; and it is a truth which has become ever clearer and clearer since the days when Goethe’s *Metamorphoses of Plants* and Oken’s *Philosophy of Nature* successively captivated the scientific imagination. Then came the epoch when the ideas of Schelling and Hegel were promulgated and for a time triumphed in Germany, which now disdainfully discards them; and those ideas, in a very modified form, were presented to the English mind through the able advocacy of Sir Richard Owen. Modified they indeed required to be to make them acceptable to the English scientific public, but thus presented they were found acceptable, and were very generally and for a brief period accepted by that public, to which they were made known by his very remarkable book on the skeleton. Herein he represented the skeleton of man and all other creatures which, like him, had a backbone, as one realization of a certain “ideal archetype” of the skeleton, and he gave this “ideal archetype,” conceived by him, as the one fundamental explanation of that general but more or less hidden uniformity of structure which the practised anatomist was able to detect as underlying, in all backboneed or vertebrate animals, a superficial and misleading multiformity. Of course no one who believes that the world of Nature is the work of an Almighty Creator can doubt but

that it represents and responds to what the poverty of human language compels one to call those Divine "ideas" which eternally preceded the creation of the world. No thoughtful man, whatever his creed, can deny that a profound mystery really underlies all the phenomena of Nature when deeply considered. But at that time such mystery seemed, as it were, to come to the surface, and, by the aid of such exponents as have just been mentioned, to offer itself visibly and palpably to the trained eye and skilled hand of the philosophic anatomist. It was the period when the conception of creative "archetypal ideas" reigned alone with a supremacy which few dared to question.

Yet many naturalists felt that the explanation, however true, was incomplete and unsatisfying. Granted that these Divine ideas were thus embodied, yet there was felt a need for understanding the mechanism of that embodiment—for understanding the "how" as well as the transcendent fact itself. But no practical, common-sense reason could be given why these things should be; why trivial characters should be the most instructive. Nor was any acceptable explanation offered as to that "essential affinity" which was felt to exist. Men asked what was the meaning of the word "essential" when used in such a way. Yet not only had conceptions of a genetic affinity (a real relationship through descent—generation after generation) between different groups of animals, and of the origin of species by the operation of natural laws, risen above the horizon, but such a mode of origin for zoological and botanical "species" was already the accepted belief of the best zoologists and botanists. Thus ideas which, when united, were capable of affording a reasonable explanation of the "how" and the "why"—it was that insignificant "essential" characters should underlie more obvious ones—existed side by side without result. They were like the elements of some chemical compound placed in close proximity, and needing but the stimulus of some slight "transverse vibration" to make them flash into the closest union. The needed stimulus soon came. Darwin published his epoch-making *Origin of Species*, and at once it became obvious, even to those who, accepting evolution, rejected his special form of it,

how such "essential characters" must have their place in animal organization. It became clear that changes in the habits of animals must occasion corresponding changes in all those structures which bear relation to such habits, while other structures having no such relation would remain unaffected, and might, or must, retain in undisturbed continuity their remote ancestral conditions.

Thenceforth naturalists scrutinized with redoubled energy the most recondite details of organization, seeking out with special care such parts and conditions as seemed most remote from any possible utility. Such apparently useless parts were thus sought for and scrutinized because, on the theory of evolution, it is just such parts which give a clue to the ancestry of the animals which possess them.

Amongst the most useful, because the most absolutely indispensable, of all animal organs, are the organs of the central part of the nervous system—the brain and spinal cord. Their relations with every function of life are most intimate and incessant. The study of such parts might therefore seem to promise little to the zoological student on the search for characters which, through want of any close relation to habits of life, may have escaped the selecting influence of evolution. Nevertheless, although the brain and its parts are structures of the very highest utility, there are none the less certain details in the *arrangements* of its parts, the utility of which are, to say the least, in the highest degree problematical. That part of the brain which is most conspicuous and makes up its bulk in man and the higher animals, is called the *cerebrum*, and forms more or less of the whole upper surface of the brain. It is also sometimes spoken of as the "cerebral hemispheres," because it consists of two lateral hemispherical parts divided by a median longitudinal furrow. In the smaller beasts, such as rats and mice, bats, and shrews, the cerebrum is smooth, and its rounded surface is devoid of ridges or furrows. In all the larger beasts, however—such as cattle, dogs, and other beasts of prey, seals, whales, elephants, apes, and man—the surface of the cerebrum is raised into a number of more or less complex folds, called "convolutions," or *gyri*, and these are separated by a corresponding number

of grooves, called "fissures," or *sulci*. Now it turns out that each considerable group of animals with convoluted brains has its convolutions arranged according to a definite pattern or fundamental scheme, which is more or less peculiar to that one group. Thus, for example, cattle have their brain-folds arranged on one plan, the beasts of prey have theirs on another, and man and the apes have theirs on yet another. Attempts have been made from time to time by anatomists of eminence to reduce all these patterns to one common measure—one fundamental pattern. In this attempt, however, they have not as yet succeeded, nor can we confidently lay down any such fundamental plan which will simultaneously explain the brain-foldings of the ape, the dog, and the sheep. It would seem as if, on the theory of evolution, the ancestors of all the complex-brained creatures had themselves had smooth brains. The first ancestors of each such more complex-brained group would then have started with a distinct, though incipient, pattern of its own as to the convolutions, which pattern its descendants would have developed with increasing complexity while adhering to the fundamental plan first struck out by their remote progenitors.

Now it would be difficult to believe *à priori* that the mere arrangements of the patterns can have any special relation to the habits of any animal, while we may be certain *à posteriori* that such a relation cannot exist, since the same pattern is found in all the species of one zoological group, in spite of great diversities which exist between the different habits of its component species. It is plain, therefore, if the conception here put forward is true, that the patterns exhibited by the convolutions in different sets of species of any large group of animals may be capable of affording very valuable indications respecting the genetic affinities of its various members.

There is one large group of beasts which has an attraction for many persons who are not zoologists. I refer to the great group of dogs, cats, bears, and other like animals—the great group of beasts of prey which form what is called the *order* CARNIVORA. Now the brains of the Carnivora are not devoid of interest from our present point of view. Before, however, saying more about their brains, it is necessary briefly to indicate the main sections into which the order is subdivided. Carnivorous

beasts are subdivided into three great sections. One of these includes the cats, civits, ichneumons, hyænas and their allies, and these are spoken of as cat-like animals, or *Æluroids*. Another section is made up of the dogs, jackals, wolves, and foxes, which are all denominated dog-like animals, or *Cynoids*. The third section embraces the weasels, skunks, badgers, raccoons, coatis, otters, and bears, which are together termed bear-like animals, or *Arctoids*. In spite of the aquatic habits of the otters, and equally of the sea-otter (*Enhydra*), all the foregoing beasts are usually spoken of under the common designation "land carnivora;" while the seals and sea-bears—or, as they are often called, from their fin-like feet, *Pinnipeds*—are widely known as the "marine carnivora;" for until recently most naturalists included them in one order with their terrestrial allies.

On the principles of evolution, it is certain that the seals and sea-bears, or Pinnipeds, must be the descendants of some terrestrial ancestors allied to the existing land carnivora. This is certain, because in the totality of their organization they far more nearly resemble such carnivora than they resemble any other beasts whatever. Yet they diverge greatly from the land carnivora in their anatomy. This is especially the case with the seals. The sea-bears have indeed their fore and hind feet broadened out and attached to short limbs, so that they serve as efficient fins for swimming; but nevertheless their hind feet can be turned forward and applied to the ground when the animals are on land, so that they progress by walking on all four feet—moving them more or less like other more ordinary quadrupeds. The seals are very differently organized. Their hind limbs are so turned backwards and connected together with the short tail, that they can never be brought forward, and the soles of their hind feet can never be applied to the ground. The seals progress on land simply by an awkward wriggling motion of the muscles of the belly and trunk, the lower surface of which is constantly and closely applied to the ground. The use to which their hind limbs are put is not at all that of the hind feet of any other beasts. Broadened out as their feet are and held in close proximity, they serve to strike the water *laterally*, and thus act as does the broad caudal fin at

Hidden Affinities.

the end of a fish's tail. Nevertheless, concealed beneath the skin, are all the bones and muscles, rudimentarily developed, which serve for the ordinary quadrupedal progression of beasts. Obviously, therefore, these complex internal structures are not there merely to act as a caudal fin, but they are the relics and signs of an anterior condition of their progenitors, when such progenitors were able to use their hind limbs for walking—at the least as much as the sea-bears do now, the latter animals having been, so far, much less changed from the older terrestrial forms than have the true seals.

The Pinnipeds must then be the descendants either of *Æluroids*, or *Cynoids*, or *Arctoids*, unless they were derived from some other group which has now entirely disappeared from the earth's surface, without leaving even any fossil remains to tell us of its former existence. Various considerations have induced certain naturalists to conjecture that the seals and sea-bears (Pinnipeds) are very nearly related to the bears, and are the surviving descendants of some lost *Arctoid* form.

We may now revert to the consideration of the carnivorous brain. Certain details as to that structure have recently* been described, which bear upon the problem to which reference has just been made. The three sections of land carnivora have each their peculiar pattern of brain convolutions, while at the same time, all the three patterns are but modifications of one, more fundamental, plan which is common to the entire order. Now the bears exhibit on the upper surface of their brain a conspicuous, somewhat lozenge-shaped patch, so marked off by grooves from the parts adjacent as to remind the spectator who is familiar with Heraldry, of what is called, in that science, an "escutcheon of pretence." A like "escutcheon" is more or less clearly marked out on the brains of all the *Arctoid* carnivora, while no trace of any such thing has as yet been described or detected in the brains of any of the *Cynoid* or *Æluroid* species—*i.e.*, the dog-like or cat-like sections of the order. It becomes, therefore, a question of some interest to see whether this *arctoid* cerebral

* By Mr. St. George Mivart at the Linnæan Society on the evening of Thursday Dec. 18, 1884.

peculiarity is to be detected on the brains of the marine carnivori—the Pinnipeds. Now, it turns out that in at least certain sea-bears this “escutcheon” manifests itself unmistakably, while even in the more modified seals it is to be detected hidden away as it were beneath the upper surface at the anterior end of the brain. We see, then, that as to this mere mode of arrangement of cerebral folds, the seals proclaim themselves the true children of arctoid parents, and the character is of value just because it is a “mere mode,” and is therefore little liable to be affected by changed habits of life. In spite, then, of the great divergence between seals and bears, not only as to external form, but as to internal structure also, the hidden affinity between them—between terrestrial beasts of prey and the predaceous marine inhabitants of our coasts—is brought to light and confirmed by investigations into what would have appeared to our zoological predecessors as merely insignificant and trivial characters. We have here one example out of many, showing how the theory of evolution puts us on the right track in our biological explorations, and enables us to obtain satisfactory verifications of fruitful hypotheses which nothing but the doctrine of evolution has enabled us tentatively to advance.

Very important for the detection of such latent affinities are animal characters which have no existence at all in adult individuals of certain species, but are only to be detected in earlier stages of existence. The creatures which most resemble ourselves in bodily structure are the apes, and, in a very much less degree, certain creatures called Lemurs and Lemur-like animals—or Lemuroids—which have their head-quarters in the island of Madagascar. Apes and Lemuroids have been classed by almost all naturalists in one order—an order to which Cuvier gave the name of *Quadrumania*, because in all of them both the hands and the feet presented a more or less marked resemblance to the human hand as regards its power of grasping. The Apes also resemble man very closely in the number and form of the teeth, with the exception that the canines, or eye-teeth, are very much larger—serving as weapons of offence and defence. The Lemuroids, or, as the Germans call them, “half-apes,” have also, like apes and

men, three kinds of teeth ; that is to say, canine teeth, with small "cutting teeth" in front of them, and grinders behind them. Very different is the dental furniture of the Gnawing or Rodent order—an order extremely rich in species, as it contains all hares, rabbits, marmots, porcupines, cavies, rats, mice, beavers, squirrels, and their allies. In all of them we have sharp cutting teeth at the front of the mouth, and then a long toothless stretch of gum separating the cutting teeth from the grinders.

Now, towards the close of the last century, the traveller Sonnerat brought back with him from the island of Madagascar a strange new beast, of moderate size, with four more or less hand-like paws, which was called the Aye-aye, and a figure and description of which appeared in 1789 in the seventh supplementary volume of Buffon's great work on Natural History (p. 268, plate 68). The affinities of the animal were unknown, and soon became a subject of warm dispute. In many points it resembled the race of Lemurs ; but its teeth were altogether different, and very much like those of a squirrel. There were no traces of canine teeth, but in their place was a stretch of toothless jaw separating the chisel-shaped, rodent-like cutting teeth from the molars. As no such dentition was known amongst the animals which Cuvier named *Quadrumana*, that illustrious naturalist placed the Aye-aye beside the squirrels, and various distinguished zoologists followed his example. Others, however, held the creature to be a very exceptional Lemuroid, and the contest continued without being able to gain any unanimous verdict from the scientific world. Seventy years passed away without any second specimen being added to the venerable specimen in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, which had been preserved through so many revolutions.

At last others arrived, and fortunately the late Professor Peters, of Berlin, obtained a very young one. Anxiously he scrutinized it in search for some decisive characters, and these he quickly found, for the animal had still its milk teeth, and these, instead of being like its permanent set, showed the familiar "three orders" which exist in all other apes and Lemurs, and which exist in no Rodents, however immature.

Here again, then, we find a striking example of the great value of apparently trifling or transitory characters. The animal's milk dentition pointed to that ancestral form from which the creature had diverged as regards its adult structure, and showed unmistakably that it was a true Lemuroid, and that its apparent similarity to the squirrels was but a superficial and misleading similarity. The lesson to be drawn from this history of the Aye-aye's structure is of value on account of the very wide extent to which its example is applicable amongst the numerous and extensive groups of much smaller and much more lowly organized animals. Amongst many of the latter it is a knowledge of their young condition which alone has enabled us even to approximate to a correct knowledge of their nature and affinities. Such has been the case, *e.g.*, with the barnacles, which were, even by the great Cuvier, classed with shell-fish of the oyster and mussel group, but which are now known to be far more akin to crabs and shrimps. Thus the theory of evolution not only seems to harmonize our biological knowledge, and to solve otherwise insoluble problems, but it suggests lines of inquiry which have been wonderfully fertile in results. Nor need any of our readers regard with distrust, and still less with any alarm, the progress of this new theory as to God's dealings with the world of animated nature. The time has already passed when evolution could be used as a weapon wherewith to attack our noblest conceptions and our highest hopes. The mystery of creation remains, while the manifestations of Divine purpose underlying it, far from having become thereby obscured, have but been more clearly and unquestionably established by our greater perception of the orderly sequence with which that purpose is being ceaselessly and universally carried into effect.

ART. III.—THREE CONTEMPORARY POETS.

1. *Ferishtah's Fancies.* By ROBERT BROWNING. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1884.
2. *Becket.* By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. London : Macmillan & Co. 1884.
3. *A Midsummer Holiday.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London : Chatto & Windus. 1884.

IF almost any ordinary person should be asked the question, Who, in your opinion, are the principal poets now living in England? one might safely suppose that he would name, without hesitation, though perhaps in a different order, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne.—Some few would certainly indicate Matthew Arnold; others, Christina Rossetti or William Morris; and we are far from saying that they would not be dealing critical justice. But, as a matter of public reputation, there can be little doubt that the three first-named poets hold the lead, and that in a very notable degree. They are also the only constant publicists among our more eminent writers of poetry—the only poets from whom we expect a book every year, or at the utmost within a couple of years, and who in this way stimulate our interest, keep it alive and warm, and offer us a frequent opportunity of critically measuring them with themselves, or with one another. Such an opportunity was singularly well afforded last year, when each of the three brought forward a volume of poems within something like a month's limit. Such an opportunity will perhaps soon be afforded again. It is our intention, in the following pages, to note as we can some of the chief characteristics, the salient and significant aspects, of these three poets, and to compare and contrast the art of each with each.

The poetry of Browning impresses one, from first to last, as the work of a great nature, a gigantic mind—work which is not so much the resolved result of this mind and this nature, the complete and definite and sole outcome of it, as the fragment, large, indeed, but still only partial, of something greater than itself, namely, the personality of the writer.

Browning has given us twenty-three volumes; and these volumes contain something of almost everything—"tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical—historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited"—very especially, poem unlimited. But we cannot yet feel that the whole of the man has been adequately expressed or translated into his art. Here we have the poems, and there we see the author looking out over them, and we feel dimly that he is greater than they. Only in the case of a few writers do we experience this sensation, and it is difficult to say whether we are tacitly praising or blaming them by feeling it. We do not feel thus with Shakespeare, who (we are accustomed to suppose) expressed himself in his plays with a delicate perfection of completeness; we do feel it before Æschylus, who impresses one with the notion that his thoughts are too great even for language, and his soul more mighty than his song. And in Browning, as perhaps in Æschylus, the result is a certain roughness—a certain apparent obscurity and hardness, which are really serious faults in art, and do most forcibly tell against the chances of popular admiration. Has Browning really made the best of his gifts? one often thinks; and it is difficult not to answer, No. "Few of the Athenians," said Landor, "had such a quarry on their property, but they constructed better roads for the conveyance of their material." —

The poetry of Browning, far more than that of Tennyson or Swinburne, is a growth. His career, while seeming at each point of its progress to be defiantly stationary, has been in reality one continuous march; a march in the course of which he has resolutely thrown aside, one by one, everything hampering to a direct passage. The progress, being gradual and continuous, and extending from 1833 to 1884, has naturally led a long way. To read in the *Pauline* of 1833, say, the lines commencing—

"Night, and one single ridge of narrow path
Between the sullen river and the woods;"

and on laying down the book to turn to the *Ferishiah's Fancies* of 1884, and read—

“‘Look, I strew beans,’ resumed Ferishtah, ‘beans
Blackish and whitish,’”

is to experience the sensation of one who should step from Italy to Iceland. But, let it be remembered, this is only in matters of style, of technique. In tone and intention there is no body of poetry known to us more consistent in its unity than that of Browning. The thing he wishes to say is the same now as it was long ago; it is only the manner of saying it that has changed.

And what is the thing that he wishes to say? This is a light question to ask, but it needs a long answer. Browning is not one of those who may be dismissed when you have complimented them on their pretty tunes. His aim has never been to please our ears by the tinkle and jingle of rhyme, or even, primarily, by the music of rhythm, but to sing such songs as should not slip easily into our minds, nor easily slip out of them. To be accounted a poet, is to him to be held that which the Greeks meant when they said, not singer, but maker—*Ποιητής*. The poetry of most of our modern masters is directed to other ends than that of *making*. They sing with Shelley, meditate with Wordsworth, dream with Keats, declaim with Byron. But the poetry of Browning is neither an attempt to sing, nor to meditate, nor to dream, nor to declaim. It may be all of these, in measure, at times; but in aim it is none of them. It is rather an endeavour to create. It is concerned with live men and women, with their thoughts and loves and hates, with their creeds, their whims, their passions, their hopes, fears, struggles, conquests, defeats; with these as an object, not as a means; in their entirety and nakedness, as they subsist in the soul, not so much in a cunning adjustment of them to the requirements of the modern theatre.

Browning's art is essentially dramatic, but essentially untheatrical. Elsewhere we have tried to show that his informal drama of the soul may be claimed as the nineteenth century equivalent—equivalent, observe, not imitation—of the formal drama of action which flourished gloriously in the right sixteenth-century soil. His drama has all the life of action, but it is not action. It is as if one caught a wave at its

poise, and held it for a moment, motionless with all its suspended thrill and fury of movement. In an eloquent pause and silence, when life lived to the fullest culminates in one crisis of joy, pain, passion, or disgust, Browning seizes and possesses his opportunity. Into that one moment he crowds the thought, action and emotion of a lifetime; the poem will be a little drama, perhaps only fifty lines, but yet *multum in parvo*, instinct with vitality and suggestion.

It is this aim of dramatic picturing that Browning has always had before him—an aim, as we have shown, at expressing, with the utmost delicacy of perfection, in a word, with the utmost truth, every phase and feature of the human mind. Co-existent with this primary aim, there is another and secondary. Browning is not merely a great dramatist, but a great thinker. "Browning is the greatest thinker in poetry since Shakespeare," we have heard it said; and the remark appears to us no exaggeration. Like Shakespeare, too, he has that universality, that range of philosophic insight, that profound and subtle sympathy with every form of individual belief, which can seem to embrace opposites. Shakespeare, as we know, has been proved everything, from devout Christian to blasphemous Atheist. Papers have been read before the Browning Society in which the modern poet has been credited with almost as many creeds as his predecessor. And in the case of Browning at least, whatever may be the fact as to Shakespeare, this is not to be attributed to any vagueness or indifference on the part of the poet, but wholly to the breadth of his grasp on many-sided truth, and the sureness of his dramatic method. Unlike Shakespeare, however, our ultimate pattern and guide in all things, Browning has not possessed the art of always clothing his thought in the garb of grace which should belong to poetry. We very much doubt whether Shakespeare cared as much for the sound he gave his thoughts as for the sense they conveyed; but he seldom neglected the secondary matter in performing the primary. This, unfortunately, is what Browning often does; and it has brought upon him those charges of obscurity and unmelodiousness which are of all charges the most harmful from a popular point of view. His progress in this direction has been gradual, and it has been

inevitable. ✓ Let us quote, as perhaps the best statement of Browning's theory of poetic art, and of its consequences, some words of Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in her valuable *Handbook to Robert Browning's Works* (Bell & Son, 1885)—

"Mr. Browning's verse . . . is uniformly inspired by the principle that sense should not be sacrificed to sound; and this principle constitutes his chief ground of divergence from other poets. . . . He values thought more than expression, matter more than form; and, judging him from a strictly poetic point of view, he has lost his balance in this direction, as so many have lost it in the opposite one. He has never ignored beauty, but he has neglected it in the desire for significance. He has never meant to be rugged, but he has become so in the striving after strength. He has never intended to be obscure, but he has become so from the condensation of style which was the excess of significance and strength. . . . His genius removed him from the first from that sphere of popular sympathy in which the tendency to excess would have been corrected; and the distance, like the mental habit which created it, was self-increasing."

How greatly it has increased in course of time will be easily seen by a glance down the volumes of his works. Up to the time of, let us say, *Men and Women*, Browning's mastery of verse (save in too much of *Sordello*) was firm and assured, his lines were infused with a stately and sometimes superb music. In *Dramatis Personæ* and *The Ring and the Book* we see the style in transition. Becoming more and more absorbed in the unique study of souls, endeavouring, by the most intense exertion and the sacrifice of anything and everything, to show, with a perfect rightness, soul to soul, the poet gradually—from this point rapidly and consistently—dropped out or flung away all the flowers and deckings of ordinary poetry, as makeshifts standing between himself and truth. From this reason partly the versification of the later poems is peculiarly hard and dry; we are permitted but little eloquence, little charm, little colour, little harmony. And, in a way impossible in earlier years, in the midst of fine poems there are passages such as no other poet would have written even in jest.

It has puzzled many people—it is indeed puzzling in the extreme—why so genuine a poet as Browning should allow

himself to begin a fine volume in the way that he begins *Ferishtah's Fancies*, with a rhyme of "Italy" to "Spit-ally." A little further down is a rhyme of "lumps" and "rumps." In *Jocoseria* there was "monster" and "conster." These coarse and obvious blemishes—"patches of smut on his fine-coloured surfaces," as it was once expressed, are indeed so very obvious and so very hideous that one cannot but marvel that his taste as a poet could permit them for a moment. But, unfortunately, Browning, with all his large and strong genius, has not a fastidious taste. Not only have his theories of art rendered him from the first more careful of sense than sound, but he has not naturally the perfect touch of the artist in minute matters; he has, moreover, no patience in amending or correcting. As a phrase is once written, so, unless it is easily rectified, it is pretty sure to remain. Besides this, in matters of rhyme, an extraordinary facility is apt to lead him astray. A friend of Browning's has told us that the poet will sometimes say to one friend, "Give me the rhymes for a sonnet;" to another, "Give me a subject;" and then he will write the sonnet, forcing sense or lines anyhow. The superabundant activity and agility which such a story infers, must naturally be hard to keep in its place, and it is not always kept in its place. "Of all high-class poets," said Mr. Theodore Watts, the other day, in the *Athenæum*, "Mr. Browning is the most entirely without dignity." A strong sense of artistic dignity is the quality which, more than any other, would have saved him from those excesses of manner which his warmest admirers can only, if they can, pardon. But he has lacked it, and in consequence all but his very best work is flawed. The flaws are trivial, but they annoy. They are flaws in a colossus, but the mass and grandeur of their surrounding only throws them into more painful relief.

This lack of dignity, which we cannot but consider the chief fault of Browning, is the last charge that any could bring against Tennyson. Tennyson gives one the impression of using to the utmost every inch of talent that he possesses. And to what delicate and exquisite uses does he put it! Unlike Browning, he has no preoccupation; he is uniquely considerate of his style, of the fitness of his thoughts for

harmonious expression, of the artistic subordination of detail to effect. He has not the *amour de l'impossible* of Browning; he does not start with the determination to do some particular difficult thing; his end is strictly within the limits of his art, and he possesses an infallible knowledge of those limits, and of the extent to which he may go in any given direction. His style, considered as style, is near perfection, if by perfection be meant the degree of polish which entirely beautifies every irregularity of surface, without leaving any evident sign of the process. He strikes the exact balance between the overmuch roughness of Browning and the melting and intoxicating melody of Swinburne. Of what is called "form" he is by far the highest master living; but it cannot be denied that his smoothness and finish of appearance is obtained at some sacrifice.

Compare the subjects of Tennyson with the subjects of Browning, and compare the treatment which each bestows upon a similar theme. Browning's subjects we have already spoken of; they are all the acts of the drama of souls. But Tennyson's are of quite another order. At their best they are finely chosen from the finest essence of the romance of all ages; at their second or third best they are undisguisedly trivial. They are dainty, *petite*, holiday themes; or they are mildly meditative, elegiac themes; or they are beautiful, fanciful, far-away themes; or they are modern themes, spick and span as the cottages of his virtuous peasants. In treatment, again, each is after his kind. For a comparison of the method of each, look at Browning's and Tennyson's treatment of the story of Lazarus, in the *Epistle of Karshish* and *In Memoriam* respectively. Tennyson has devoted three or four charming stanzas to a reflection on the possible knowledge of the future borne up out of the grave by Lazarus. Browning, in one of the subtlest and grandest of his poems, has tried to show us precisely what recollection he *did* carry with him from the gates of death, and what result that recollection must have had upon his earthly life. Tennyson has carved a choice cameo; Browning has painted a living picture. There is a vast difference between these two achievements; but while Tennyson has not the height nor the depth of Browning, on a lower

level he is incomparably perfect. And there will always be those who hold controversy as to which of the two is preferable—the man who aims not too high, and always hits the mark, or the man who, aiming high, woefully fails sometimes, and sometimes splendidly succeeds.

James Thomson is certainly too hard on Tennyson when he says (*Essay on Blake*, 1865)—“His meditation at the best is that of a good leading-article,” with much more still severer censure; but he quite as certainly touches, in his trenchant and fearless fashion, on a very real and a very generally overlooked defect. Tennyson’s meditateness—what some persons style his philosophy—is not at all so remarkable for depth and fulness of wisdom as many people are accustomed to believe. It is a literary meditateness, and it owes its appearance of depth to the choiceness of its literary expression. What we admire, even in *In Memoriam*, is not the grand revelation of a seer, nor the deep speculation of a philosopher, but the exquisite expression, in terse and choice English, of thoughts and imaginings not greatly superior in themselves to those of a serious and truly thoughtful educated Englishman. From a literary point of view this is quite sufficient for very beautiful poetry; and the *In Memoriam*, as everybody knows, is one of the three or four finest elegies in the language. But the author of *In Memoriam* is hardly a great thinker. And certainly he is not a great dramatist. For the last ten years, with a single exception,* he has published nothing but dramas—*Queen Mary*, *Harold*, *The Falcon*, *The Cup*, *The Promise of May*, and now *Becket*. Every drama is written in nervous English, is studded with exquisite songs and with passages of a true idyllic charm; there are even scenes of some power and intensity. There is but one thing wanting, and that is a dramatic genius, which no care and no seeking will secure for the poet who is not a born dramatist. Tennyson’s plays are beautiful reading, but one cannot help wishing that instead of

* The exception is notable. The *Ballads and other Poems* of 1880 contain, among many choice poems, one really great, indeed for depth and strength and genuine human passion, the greatest of all Tennyson’s poems. There is little doubt, however, that *Rizpah* (like *Becket*) is comparatively an early work.

a play he would give us an idyl. The idyl he does supremely well, while the play is best where it is most idyllic.

It is here that Tennyson is truly and incomparably great—in the idyl, and the poem half-idyllic and half-lyric (as *Maud*). The idyl, as employed and developed by Tennyson, is almost a little epic. It shares the characteristic of the epic in dealing with facts and a story, not in the concrete way of the drama, nor in the purely emotional way of the lyric, but in an intermediate manner, more leisurely, more even, more *aloof* and susceptible of adornment. It is a style in precise correspondence with Tennyson's special genius, and brings into play his finest qualities. For instance, in treating human nature, Tennyson is disposed to select the beautiful, the romantic. He has not the keen delight of the dramatist in things obscure and unbeautiful, the rusty workings of the human soul. Consequently the field of the idyl is particularly suited to his requirements. In it the rough shock of action, and the remote life and death struggle of souls, are perceived but faintly, as discords melted into mellow music, coming from a distance. All things human are seen through a golden haze; they are refined into delicate poetry, in which there is no roughness, no suddenness, but almost a lyrical exaltation and movement. Here too we have the chaste and dainty workmanship, the *restrained* and yet varied melody, the gracious evenness of style, which are Tennyson's best gifts; and here, above all, and in abundance, we have that episodical and inevitable profusion of landscape touches in which, more than anything else, his special genius reveals itself.

In a letter printed some time last year in the *Academy*, Tennyson admits that at one period of his life he was in the habit of "chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike him as picturesque in Nature." The habit was significant, for it is in just those light yet broad touches—each an aspect indicated with a turn of the brush—that he is so absolutely removed from all rivalry, so surely right and beautiful. With the exception of Wordsworth, no English poet has "translated into song" so much of English landscape—so minute interchanges of lights and shades, and unthought-of looks of tree, or cloud, or water. Where others give us broad and uniform colours, Tennyson gives the half-tints. His

insight into Nature is comparable with Browning's insight into man. He is never false, nor slurring, nor conventional. Every word is drawn from an exact knowledge, and applied with an instinct infallibly true to beauty. Five lines of landscape are worth any fifty of his meditation; for in this he speaks only as a listener and at second-hand, while in that he is wholly himself, and sings out of the heart of a seer.

We have compared Tennyson with Browning, and he seems very dissimilar. But compare Tennyson with Swinburne, and he seems, at every step of the comparison, to grow more like Browning. Compared with Browning, it is Tennyson who is melodious; compared with Tennyson, it is Swinburne. The melody of Swinburne's verse is simply the most sheerly sweet melody that has ever been drawn out of English words. It is (to him) perfectly spontaneous, yet nothing could in itself be more artificial.* A poem of Swinburne's is like a piece of music: every word is a note or a chord, and out of his resonant words the musician builds up his Liszt-like fantasia. It is never without ideas, but the ideas are second, not first: in our estimation in reading, certainly: and probably in the poet's estimation in writing. In this lies all his great merit, and all his terrible defect. After reading most poems you carry away with you a certain impression, an impression in which sense and sound are perhaps inextricably mingled, but in which some more or less clear idea, or it may be image, is present to your mind. Now, Swinburne's poems, after you have read them, leave with you, not ideas, nor yet images, but sounds. While reading, you are lulled, or charmed, or fired with the music and movement of exquisite sounds, with the flowing of words more full of rapturous melody than you had conceived possible. Even Tennyson seems tame, even Shelley seems artless, after the flushed and

* Observe the continual alliteration—unconsciously parodied by Swinburne himself in a line of his last book—

"Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer;" notice the inevitable recurrence of the same musical combinations ("wings of the wind," "spirit of sense," "delight and desire," "laughter and love," &c.), the careful choice of *rimes riches*, such as "represses, tresses, caresses," the frequent use of words beginning with *s* and *r*, the most musical letters; and many similar expedients.

fiery torrent of gleaming and glowing words—one can hardly help mimicking Swinburne in trying to describe him—

“Over dreams and in and out of deeds and thoughts which seem
to wear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing
flames of spray.”

He overwhelms you with word-music, he drenches you with it, till at last you are almost sick of the sweetness. —

This is a wonderful thing that Swinburne has done with our language, very wonderful. But his elaboration goes beyond the limits of the legally artistic, and becomes artificial. His melody lacks repose, expression, and, above all, modulation; it is too painfully emphasized, after the manner of a recurring waltz-tune or an inferior song-setting, in which verse after verse of varying moods and changing expressions is set to an unchanging air and followed by an unvarying accompaniment. Rossetti once remarked that Swinburne's reading of poetry was good, in its way, but too prone to sing-song. His writing is like his reading. Melody of verse should grow out of and be suggested by, not added to, the thought of which it is the expression. It has been said that by reading Shakespeare for the sense, you can almost always determine a difficult rhythm. In reading Swinburne you must read for the rhythm, and take the sense along with it. But, even supposing that Swinburne's melody was as perfectly artistic as we are bound to consider it is not, there are poetic qualities even more essential than melody. Has Swinburne the thought and imagination of a great poet?

The late J. R. Green said to Mr. Haweis, shortly after the appearance of *Poems and Ballads*, “This is the greatest master of poetical language since Shelley; but he can't think.” Allowing for the exaggeration of an epigram, this is true. And it is almost truer at the present day than it was when spoken. In some of Swinburne's early volumes—the *Poems and Ballads*, for instance—the poet is at once at his best and at his worst. In those early days he had something of the fervour of a latter-day prophet in his desperate crusade against English delicacy and English common-sense on behalf of the unsaintly creed of Baudelaire and of Gautier. Foolish—and

worse than foolish—as was this crusade, it was sincere; and it was in the first enthusiasm of his pagan onslaught that some of the very finest of his poems were written. It is impossible to say that the *thought* was even then deep or very plentiful, but at least each poem had some (probably perverse) germ of imaginative thought in it beyond the mere aspect of a baby's toes or a mill-garden—such subjects as engage his muse to-day. Nor did he then depend wholly on his execution for the effect intended, but was solicitous of subject and not unregardful of form. A passionate study of the Greeks resulted in the unsurpassed *Atalanta in Calydon*. Then his political sympathies drew from him the remarkable volume of *Songs before Sunrise*, remarkable in many ways, and in parts admirable, despite the undesirable prominence of much that is merely blasphemous bluster and Republican rant. Gradually there was a change, partly for better, partly for worse. True, the more obnoxious experiments in favour of the “art for art's sake” theory were not repeated, but in revenge, as the French say, new and eclipsing experiments of another kind, together with an ever-increasing adoration and imitation of Victor Hugo, led the poet into the fatal error of wasting his incomparable technical ability on mere curiosity-work, or in rhapsodical addresses to the inevitable Hugo, to Landor, or to the sea.

The modern French revival, under Théodore de Banville and his comrades, of old artificial French forms of verse, has always had a certain influence over Swinburne, but of late years this influence has largely increased. Thought, passion, imagination, whatever of great or intense he had formerly shown himself to possess, are now, to an extent never before reached, subordinate to the one aim of ingenuity—the conquest, without apparent effort, of extreme technical difficulties. If he ever ceases to write roundels and ballades, it is to invent or to utilize measures of still more barbarously difficult artificiality. No mistake could be greater than to suppose that elaboration of rhyme is a mark of really high art. Instead of being a sign of refinement, it is a heritage of early and only partially cultured times. In the early English and Norman romances may be found twenty or thirty lines running

on one rhyme, complications of the most extraordinary difficulty, and devices of the extremest care. It is towards this juvenility that Swinburne is turning back; and he is content to sacrifice some of the spiritual and imaginative part of him for the mere ambition of earning the praise that we give to a dancer on the tight-rope or to the man who runs in a sack. This is the more regrettable, as he has shown, by many really great achievements, that he is capable of doing high art work. If he would only combine the moral reticence of the present with the comparative artistic reticence of the past, it might be possible for him, one conceives, to do something more unimpeachably perfect than anything he has yet done. Whether there is any reasonable likelihood of such a combination, is, however, very doubtful.

Such, then, appear to us to be some of the most distinguishing characteristics of our three most prominent contemporary poets. We have not attempted—in the space at our disposal we could not attempt—anything like an exhaustive analysis: our endeavour has been to select, to summarize. Nor have we attempted the fruitless by appealing to posterity for a final judgment of the rival claims. Two names out of the three, one may venture to suppose, will not readily be suffered to die. Of the third we will not conjecture.

ART. IV.—THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

The Greville Memoirs. (Second Part.) A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1852. By the late CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, Esq. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885.

THE interest of this work is mainly political. Its author, Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, eldest son of Charles Greville, by Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, was born on April 2, 1794. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, but left the University before he had completed his twentieth year to become private secretary to Earl Bathurst. In 1821 he obtained the post of Clerk of the

Council in Ordinary, which he held for nearly forty years. Like his cousin, Lord George Bentinck, he devoted much attention during many years of his life to horse-racing, but he seems to have found but little satisfaction in that occupation, and, indeed, to have engaged in it mainly with the object of making money. He was a man of considerable natural gifts, but little culture, and without the resolution necessary for strenuous self-discipline. He was brought, however, partly through his high family connections, and partly through his official position, into more or less intimate relations with many of the celebrities—social, political, legal, and literary—of his time, and began early to keep a journal of current events, a practice which he continued until the close of the year 1860. Shortly before his death, which occurred on January 18, 1865, he entrusted the publication of this journal to his friend, Mr. H. Reeve, reposing in him an absolute discretion as to the date of issue.

The first instalment of *The Greville Memoirs*, comprising the reign of George IV. and William IV., was published in 1874. In the preface to the present instalment the writer states that "an observation occurs in one of the later volumes of these journals . . . in which the author remarks that much that he has written appears to him to be extremely dull, and that to avoid dullness the manuscript should be carefully revised before it is made public." It appears that Mr. Reeve overlooked this passage; but we do not gather that had he not done so he would have thought fit to excise any considerable portion of the work. "I have not," he says, "the same dread of dullness which affected Mr. Greville. A passage may be found to contain something of interest hereafter, though it is not amusing, and at the worst the reader can pass it by. Nor do I attach much importance to the amusement the public may derive from this work. The volumes now published may be less attractive to some readers than those which preceded them, for they relate to less dissipated and distracted times; but they are, I think, more instructive, because they are marked by a deeper insight into political history."

We are not the most frivolous of readers, and we have done our utmost to look at the matter from Mr. Reeve's point of

view; but we own that we wish he had seen the passage to which he refers, and construed it as imposing on him the duty of suppressing the more tedious portions of the *Memoirs*. For large tracts of the work there is no other epithet than that which the author used: they are emphatically dull; nor can we see that this quality is compensated by any peculiar instructiveness.

On the accession to power of Sir Robert Peel in 1841, Greville lost the special facilities which he had enjoyed under the Melbourne Administrations for acquiring political information, and he accordingly knew (in his own words) "little or nothing" of public affairs, and in this condition of comparative aloofness he seems to have permanently remained. Hence the second and third volumes might with advantage have been very considerably cut down. The analyses of character, indeed, written as prominent personages pass from the scene, though seldom brilliant, are always clever, and, though it is impossible to rely upon their absolute impartiality, they will doubtless have considerable value for historians and biographers.

The following extracts from the obituary notice of Peel afford, perhaps, as fair an idea of his style in this kind as can be gained from quotations:—

"The misfortune of Peel all along was, that there was no real community of sentiment between him and his party, except in respect to certain great principles, which had ceased to be in jeopardy, and which therefore required no united efforts to defend them. There was no longer any danger of organic reforms; the House of Lords and the Church were not threatened; the great purposes for which Peel had rallied the Conservative interest had been accomplished; almost from the first moment of his advent to power in 1841 he and his party stood in a false position towards each other. He was the liberal chief of a party in which the old anti-liberal spirit was still rife; they regarded with jealousy and fear the middle classes, those formidable masses, occupying the vast space between aristocracy and democracy, with whom Peel was evidently anxious to ingratiate himself, and whose support he considered his best reliance. His treatment of both the Catholics and Dissenters was reluctantly submitted to by his followers, and above all his fiscal and commercial measures kept them in a state of constant uncertainty and alarm. There was an unexpressed but complete difference in their understanding

and his of the obligations by which the Government and the party were mutually connected. They considered Peel to be not only the Minister, but the creature, of the Conservative party, bound above all things to support and protect their especial interests according to their own views and opinions. He considered himself the Minister of the Nation, whose mission it was to redress the balance which mistaken maxims or partial legislation had deranged, and to combine the interest of all classes in one homogeneous system, by which the prosperity and happiness of the whole commonwealth would be promoted. They thought of nothing but the present sacrifices which this system would entail on the proprietors of land, while he thought only of the great benefits which it would ultimately confer upon the people at large. Whether in 1847 he was prepared for the unappeasable wrath and the general insurrection of the Protectionists, I know not; but even if he viewed it as a possible alternative, involving the loss of political power and a second dissolution of the Conservative party, I believe he would have nevertheless encountered the danger and accepted the sacrifice. If his party were disgusted with him, he was no less disgusted with them, and it is easy to conceive that he must have been sickened by their ignorance and presumption, their obstinacy and ingratitude. He turned to the nation for that justice which his old associates denied him, and from the day of his resignation till the day of his death he seemed to live only for the purpose of watching over the progress of his own measures, in undiminished confidence that time and the hour would prove their wisdom, and vindicate his character to the world. Though he was little beholden to the Whigs in his last struggle in office, he gave John Russell's Government a constant, and at the same time unostentatious support. That Government alone could preserve the integrity of his commercial system, and to that object every other was subordinate in his mind. He occupied a great and dignified position, and every hour added something to his fame and to the consideration he enjoyed; while the spite and rancour of the Protectionists seemed to be embittered by the respect and reverence by which they saw that he was universally regarded. His abstinence from political conflicts, his rare appearance in debate, and the remarkable moderation of his speeches made some fancy that the vigour of his faculties was impaired; but if this was at all the case, it was only by negative symptoms that it appeared, and was by no means suspected by the community. Nevertheless, though his death was so sudden and premature, and he was cut off in the vigour of life, he could not have died at a moment and in circumstances more opportune for his own fame; for time and political events might perhaps have diminished, but could not have increased, his great reputation.

"He appears to have suffered dreadful pain during the three days which elapsed between his accident and his death. He was sensible, but

scarcely ever spoke. He had arranged all his affairs so carefully that he had no dispositions to make or orders to give. Sir Benjamin Brodie says that he never saw any human frame so susceptible of pain, for his moral and physical organization was one of exquisite sensibility. He was naturally a man of violent passions, over which he had learnt to exercise an habitual restraint by vigorous efforts of reason and self-control. He was certainly a good, and in some respects a great man; he had a true English spirit, and was an ardent lover of his country; and he served the public with fidelity, zeal, and great ability. But when future historians shall describe his career and sum up his character, they will pass a more sober and qualified judgment than that of his admiring and sorrowing contemporaries. It is impossible to forget that there never was a statesman who so often embraced erroneous opinions himself, and contributed so much to mislead the opinions of others. The energy and skill with which he endeavoured to make the worse appear the better cause were productive of enormous mischief; and if on several occasions his patriotism and his ability were equally conspicuous, and he rendered important public service, his efforts were in great measure directed to repair the evils and dangers which he had been himself principally instrumental in creating."

Or, take the portrait of the Duke of Wellington, with which the book concludes:—

"It was at Doncaster on Wednesday morning last that I heard of the Duke of Wellington's death, which at first nobody believed, but they speedily telegraphed to London, and the answer proved that the report was correct. Doncaster was probably the only place in the kingdom where the sensation caused by this event was not absorbing and profound; but there, on the morning of the St. Leger, most people were too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow much thought or lamentation on this great national loss. Everywhere else the excitement and regret have been unexampled, and the press has been admirable, especially the *Times*, the biographical notice and article in which paper were both composed many months ago, and shown to me. Indeed, the notices of the Duke and the characters drawn of him have been so able and elaborate in all the newspapers, that they leave little or nothing to be said. Still, there were minute traits of character and peculiarities about the Duke which it was impossible for mere public writers and men personally unacquainted with him to seize, but the knowledge and appreciation of which are necessary in order to form a complete conception of the man. In spite of some foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have

lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted, and disinterested subject. Without personal attachment to any of the monarchs whom he served, and fully understanding and appreciating their individual merits and demerits, he alike revered their great office in the persons of each of them, and would at any time have sacrificed his ease, his fortune, or his life, to serve the Sovereign and the State. Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted position he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. Notwithstanding his age and his diminished strength, he would most assuredly have gone anywhere and have accepted any post in which his personal assistance might have been essential to the safety or advantage of the realm. He had more pride in obeying than in commanding, and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so *thrust* upon him. It was in this dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-creatures; and who in pursuit of any objects at which his mind grasped trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed themselves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured, but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and in whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and, as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal: these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but

ometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at the people who sought to approach him, even on the most serious and necessary occasions.

"Although the Duke's mind was still very vigorous, and he wrote very good papers on the various subjects which were submitted for his judgment and opinion, his prejudices had become so much stronger and more unassailable, that he gave great annoyance and a good deal of difficulty to the Ministers who had to transact business with him. He was opposed to almost every sort of change and reform in the military administration, and it was a task of no small difficulty to steer between the exigencies of public opinion and his objections and resistance. As it was always deemed an object to keep him in good humour, and many considerations forbade anything like a dissension with him, or an appeal against him to the public, the late Ministers often acted, or refrained from acting, in deference to his opinions and against their own, and took on themselves all the responsibility of maintaining his views and measures, even when they thought he was wrong. His habits were latterly very solitary, and after the death of Arbuthnot he had no intimacy with any one, nor any friend to whom he could talk freely and confidentially. As long as Arbuthnot lived he confided everything to him, and those who wished to communicate with the Duke almost always did so through him.

"Notwithstanding the friendly and eulogistic terms in which he spoke of Sir Robert Peel just after his death, it is very certain that the Duke disliked him, and during the latter part of their Administration he seldom had any communication with Peel except such as passed through Arbuthnot. The Duke deeply resented, and I believe never heartily forgave, Peel's refusal to have anything to do with the Administration he so unwisely undertook to form on Lord Grey's sudden resignation in

1832, in the middle of the Reform contest; but this did not prevent his advising King William to make Peel Prime Minister, and taking office under him in 1835, and again in 1841. They acted together very harmoniously during Peel's Administration, but the Duke (though he sided with Sir Robert when the schism took place) in his heart bitterly lamented and disapproved his course about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, not so much from aversion to Free Trade as because it produced a fresh and final break-up of the Conservative party, which he considered the greatest evil which could befall the country. But whatever may have been his real sentiments with regard to various public men, he never allowed any partialities or antipathies to appear in his manner or behaviour towards them, and he was always courteous, friendly, and accessible to all, especially those in office, who had recourse to him for his advice and opinion. He had all his life been long accustomed to be consulted, and he certainly liked it till the last, and was pleased with the marks of deference and attention which were continually paid to him.

"His position was eminently singular and exceptional, something between the Royal Family and other subjects. He was treated with greater respect than any individual not of Royal birth, and the whole Royal Family admitted him to a peculiar and exclusive familiarity and intimacy in their intercourse with him, which, while he took it in the easiest manner, and as if naturally due to him, he never abused or presumed upon. No man was more respectful or deferential towards the Sovereign and other Royal personages, but at the same time he always gave them his opinions and counsels with perfect frankness and sincerity, and never condescended to modify them to suit their prejudices or wishes. Upon every occasion of difficulty, public or private, he was always appealed to, and he was always ready to come forward and give his assistance and advice in his characteristic, plain, and straightforward manner. If he had written his own memoirs, he might have given to the world the most curious history of his own times that ever was composed, but he was the last man to deal in autobiography. One of his peculiarities was never to tell anybody where he was going, and when my brother or his own sons wished to be acquainted with his intentions, they were obliged to apply to the housekeeper, to whom he was in the habit of making them known, and nobody ever dared to ask him any questions on the subject. He was profuse but careless and indiscriminating in his charities, and consequently he was continually imposed upon, especially by people who pretended to have served under him, or to be the descendants or connections of those who had, and it was very difficult to restrain his disposition to send money to every applicant who approached him under that pretence. Partly from a lofty feeling of independence and disinterestedness, and partly from indifference, he was a very bad patron to his relations and adherents, and never would make any applications for their

benefit. The consequence was that he was not an object of affection, even to those who looked up to him with profound veneration and respect. He held popularity in great contempt, and never seemed touched or pleased at the manifestations of popular admiration and attachment of which he was the object. Whenever he appeared in public he was always surrounded by crowds of people, and when he walked abroad everybody who met him saluted him; but he never seemed to notice the curiosity or the civilities which his presence elicited."

The first volume contains an interesting account of the coronation ceremony, "the different actors" in which, we learn, "were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them." The Queen was made to "leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne: 'Pray, tell me what I am to do, for they don't know?' and, at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to them: 'What am I to do with it?' 'Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.' 'Am I?' she said; 'it is very heavy.' The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She saw it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off."

Melbourne's peculiar relations with the Queen are much dwelt on, Greville expressing his wonder at his being able to "overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure" life at the Castle, having exchanged "the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle." The Canadian question of 1838-9 is treated in an entirely superficial manner, the author exhibiting from the first a decided prejudice against Lord Durham, and, with singular blindness, passing over, with a casual reference to "Lord Durham's enormously long report," the masterly Report on the Administration of Canada, of which, though

published in the name of Lord Durham, the real author was Charles Buller, and the adoption of which saved Canada from going the way of the United States. On the other hand, the affair of the Ladies of the Bedchamber is discussed with tedious prolixity, as though it had been a constitutional question of the weightiest character.

Of the Royal marriage we hear but little, and Prince Albert makes a small figure in the book to the last, as also do Cobden, Bright, and Mr. Gladstone. To the termination of the controversy which arose out of the Bill for the naturalization of Prince Albert, Greville very materially contributed. The Bill proposed to give the Prince precedence next the Queen, but the House of Lords would not pass it. Greville carefully examined the legal precedents and authorities, and compiled an eminently lucid pamphlet on the question, which having been approved by Parke, Bosanquet, and Erskine, is of considerable authority. In this he reached the conclusion that, except so far as limited by statute 31 Henry VIII. c. 10, which related only to Parliament and the Council, the determination of all questions of precedency fell within the Royal prerogative. The pamphlet, which is printed as an Appendix to the first volume of the present work, led to the Bill being dropped, the Prince being admitted, by courtesy, to precedence next the Queen at the Council when no other member of the Royal Family was present.

The most important part of the book from an historical point of view is certainly the account of the Syrian phase of the Eastern Question, contained in chapters viii. ix. and x. of the first volume. The author shared to the full the prevalent disapproval of Palmerston's high-handed measures; but his admiration for the vigour of that statesman's executive is proportionate to his contempt for the feebleness displayed by both Melbourne and Lord John Russell. The following account of the Cabinet meeting of September 27, 1840, is extremely *piquant* :—

"September 29th, Wednesday.—The Cabinet met on Monday evening, and sat till seven o'clock. The account of the proceedings which has reached me is to the last degree amusing, but at the same time *pitoyable*.

It must have been *à payer les places* to see. They met, and as if all were conscious of something unpleasant in prospect, and all shy, there was for some time a dead silence. At length Melbourne, trying to shuffle off the discussion, but aware that he must say something, began: 'We must consider about the time to which Parliament should be prorogued.' Upon this Lord John took it up and said, 'I presume we must consider whether Parliament should be called together or not, because, as matters are now going on, it seems to me that we may at any moment find ourselves at war, and it is high time to consider the very serious state of affairs. I should like,' he added, turning to Melbourne, 'to know what is your opinion upon the subject.' Nothing, however, could be got from Melbourne, and there was another long pause, which was not broken till somebody asked Palmerston, 'What are your last accounts?' On this Palmerston pulled out of his pocket a whole parcel of letters and reports from Ponsonby, Hodges, and others, and began reading them through, in the middle of which operation some one happened to look up, and perceived Melbourne fast asleep in his armchair. At length Palmerston got through his papers, when there was another pause; and at last Lord John, finding that Melbourne would not take the lead or say a word, went at once into the whole subject. He stated both sides of the case with great precision, and in an admirable, though very artful speech, a statement which, if elaborated into a Parliamentary speech, and completed as it would be in the House of Commons, was calculated to produce the greatest effect. He delivered this, speaking for about a quarter of an hour, and then threw himself back in his chair, waiting for what anybody else would say. After some little talk, Palmerston delivered his sentiments the other way, made a violent philippic against France, talked of her weakness and want of preparation, of the union of all the Powers of Europe against her, said that Prussia had 200,000 men on the Rhine, and (as Lord Holland said) exhibited all the violence of '93. Lord John was then asked, since such were his opinions, what course he would advise? He said he had formed his opinion as to what it would be advisable to do, and he produced a slip of paper on which he had written two or three things. The first was, that we should immediately make a communication to the French Government, expressing our thanks for the efforts France had made to induce the Pasha to make concessions for the purpose of bringing about a settlement; and next, to call together the Ministers of the other Powers, and express to them our opinion that it would be desirable to re-open negotiations for a settlement of the dispute in consequence of the effects produced by the mediation of France. There then ensued a good deal of talk (in which, however, the Prime Minister took no part), Lord Minto espousing Palmerston's side, and saying (which was true enough), that though Lord Holland and Clarendon, who had all along opposed the Treaty, might very consistently take

this course, he did not see how any of those could do so who had originally supported and approved of it; to which Lord John quietly and briefly said, 'The events at Alexandria have made all the difference.' This was, in fact, no answer; and Minto was quite right, especially as Lord John had taken his line before the events at Alexandria were known. Of the Ministers present besides Minto, Macaulay seemed rather disposed to go with Palmerston, and talked blusteringly about France, as he probably thought a Secretary of War should. Labouchere was first one way and then the other, and neither the Chancellor nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer said one word. The result was an agreement, that it would be disrespectful to Lord Lansdowne, considering his position, to come to any resolution in his absence; and as he could not arrive before this day, that the discussion should be adjourned till Thursday (to-morrow), by which time he and Morpeth would be here. They were all to dine with Palmerston, and a queer dinner it must have been."

Greville was an occasional visitor at Holland House, knew Lady Blessington, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and Macaulay fairly well, and a few other literary people apparently very slightly. For Macaulay he seems to have had a profound admiration; but at the same time to have found his society rather a bore. Brougham he evidently detested and despised. He confirms the reports of his writing articles for the *Edinburgh Review* while sitting on the bench, ascribes most of his actions to mean motives, and credits him with entire indifference to truth and political principle. Of his attitude in 1846 he says:—

"There is no doubt he is ready to join any party—Whigs, Protectionists, or Peelites—who would have him, and they are all rather anxious to keep on good terms with him; but except, perhaps, the Protectionists, who would be glad of any ally so powerful though so perilous, not at all disposed to include him in any ministerial arrangement, or to form any close connection with him. He is giving dinners to everybody, and keeping himself as open as possible for any engagement that may be offered to him."

Lord John Russell he regarded as a very clever, ingenious, but little man, full of personal feelings and antipathies, and as very envious of Peel. For Disraeli he obviously cherished a very cordial contempt, and his analysis of the character of Lord George Bentinck, with whom he had associated in

early life on very intimate terms, is far from flattering. The virulence and brutality of the attacks made by these two champions of protection upon Peel in 1846 fairly disgusted him.

After this date the importance of the Memoirs in an historical sense greatly declines ; the narrative of the course of affairs in Paris in 1848, from the lips of Guizot and the Princess Lieven, though interesting reading, is naturally but slight and sketchy, and, except the analyses of character, there is little in the last volume to detain the reader.

Mr. Greville's was a spoiled life. His sinecure post at the Council Office shut against him the gate to a political or diplomatic career, in either of which, and especially the latter, he would probably have made a considerable figure. At the same time, his family connections threw open to him the avenues to the "best society." The manner in which Ministers of State and foreign representatives consulted and confided in him shows that he was a gifted and distinguished man. But the life of a man about town, who was also a betting man on the turf, was not likely to bring out his best powers or to ennoble his character. He groans and mourns continually over his own degradation in following such a life. His views of men and of society were all the more cynical for the failure of his own life. His journals, especially the first series, have historic value ; they contain also much to suit the taste of the gossip-monger ; but they point a sad moral, and throw in many respects a painful light on the interior of Court society during the middle of the present century.

ART. V.—ROBERT AND MARY MOFFAT.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their Son, John S. MOFFAT. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

DR. BLAIKIE, in his *Personal Life of David Livingstone*, said "that if Roman customs still prevailed there was no household of which all the members would have been better entitled than that of the Moffats to add Africanus to their name." Moffat was the apostle of the Bechuanas. The unbounded influence which he gained over Christian Africaner and his heathen brother Titus, over the tyrant Mosilikatse, and all the chiefs with whom he was brought in contact, the conspicuous part which he played in preserving the mission stations, and even Cape Colony itself, from the horde of fierce invaders who threatened to sweep all the country with pillage and ruin, his translation of the Bible into the Sechuana language, and his untiring labours for the conversion of the people, form part, and only part, of the wonderful record of half a century spent by Moffat in the service of the Dark Continent. His wife was as true and as devoted a missionary as himself. Three of her daughters were married to African missionaries. The eldest became the wife of David Livingstone, whom Moffat's influence won for Africa.

His eldest son, Robert, both as a Government official and a trader, rendered important service to the cause of missions in Africa, though his parents deeply regretted that the failure of his health prevented him from giving himself to missionary work. The younger son, the writer of this book, who has just been appointed resident magistrate in British Bechuanaland, has long laboured as a missionary in the same field. For some time he was Livingstone's substitute. The great explorer devoted more than a quarter of the salary allowed him by Government to support some one who should fill his place in the South African mission-field. A Robert Moffat of the third generation lost his life in the search for Livingstone. Such a record shows what one family has done "to heal this open sore of the world."

We are only disposed to make one serious criticism of this *Life of Robert and Mary Moffat*. It does not make sufficient use of Moffat's own *Missionary Labours and Scenes*. If that graphic story be read along with this most interesting biography, Moffat's work will be seen in its proper light.

Robert and Mary Moffat are inseparably associated in the history of the Kuruman Mission. It was a happy thought to link their names in the title of the biography. The Rev. R. Robinson, then Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, says that he shall never forget what took place in his room at the Mission House soon after their return from Africa in 1870. Mrs. Moffat, after a fond look at her husband, told the secretary, "Robert can never say that I hindered him in his work?" "No, indeed," replied Moffat, "but I can tell you she has often sent me away from house and home for months together for evangelizing purposes, and in my absence has managed the station as well or better than I could have done it myself." Such a woman must be allowed a full share in the tribute paid to her husband's work. She watched over his health with vigilance that increased as the years passed by. He would never have been able to bear the strain of his work but for her constant care. She was sometimes left alone for months during his itinerant tours, and made long journeys to the Colony without her husband in order that he might not be drawn away from his pressing work at Kuruman.

Robert Moffat's early years may almost be regarded as a providential training for his life-work. He was apprenticed to a Scotch gardener at Parkhill, Polmont, in 1809, when he was about thirteen years old. This was a rough school. The apprentices had barely enough to eat, and were astir at four o'clock even on the bitterest winter mornings. They often hammered their knuckles against their spade-handles to bring some feeling into them. After three years of such life he was employed at a seat of the Earl of Moray's, near Aberdeen. In November, 1813, he removed to High Leigh, in Cheshire, as under-gardener to Mr. Leigh.

Moffat's father was a custom-house officer—a devout man, with his full share of Scotch caution and good sense. His

mother's religious belief was so stern that it bordered on gloomy vindictiveness, but it was tempered by a peculiarly tender and loving heart. Her smile was a thing to be remembered, but the handsome features and dark eyes generally wore an expression of deep melancholy. She taught her boys to knit and sew, to keep them out of mischief during the long winter evenings. When Robert protested, saying that he intended to be a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." In his bachelor days in Namaqualand he often had to use his needle. One experiment, however, was not a success. His mother had shown him how a shirt might be smoothed by folding it properly and hammering it with a piece of wood. One day when he wished to have a nice shirt for Sunday he tried this process. Unfortunately, he pounded away with his linen lying on fine granite, and when he held it up to view it was riddled with holes, some as large as the point of his finger.

At the parish school the boy struggled through the Shorter Catechism, his first schoolbook, not without getting his hands well warmed with the "taa's." He then ran off to sea, and took many coasting voyages with a captain who soon became exceedingly attached to the little fellow. Before he was eleven, hair-breadth escapes and many hardships weaned him from this rough life. He then spent six months at a school in Falkirk before he was apprenticed.

In an account of his engagement as under-gardener, Moffat says that he was "scarcely sixteen." But as he was born in December, 1795, and went to Cheshire at the end of 1813, he was nearly eighteen when he left Scotland. His mother went with him to the boat which was to take him across the Firth of Forth. Before they parted she begged him to grant her one favour. Moffat promised that he would do what she asked. In this way her son pledged himself to read a chapter in his Bible every morning and evening. "Now I shall return home," she said, "with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

Such was Moffat's parting from his mother. He never forgot his promise. At High Leigh, the head gardener soon found that he could leave much in his assistant's hands. Moffat lived in a lodge at a somewhat secluded part of the grounds, where he spent his leisure time in quiet study. The influence of a pious Methodist and his wife led him to attend the Methodist chapel. The faithful appeals which he heard there soon awoke him to a sense of his sin. He became uneasy, then unhappy. In his distress he was almost ready to give up his Bible reading, but his promise was binding. He often asked himself in the midst of his work "What think ye of Christ?" One night he awoke from a terrific dream. He fell on his knees in the lonely lodge. His sins, like a great mountain, seemed tumbling down on him. There appeared but a step between him and the place of woe. He tried to reform, giving up foolish and worldly company, but his misery continued. One evening as he read the Epistle to the Romans new light fell upon the words. "Can it be possible," he exclaimed, with a heart well nigh broken, "that I have never understood what I have been reading?" One passage after another was lighted up. He saw at once what God had done for the sinner, and what he must do to enjoy the assurance of his acceptance. Faith began to work. He was soon at rest in the favour of God.

Moffat at once threw himself heartily into the work of the Methodist Society. He soon had to suffer persecution. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, who had shown great interest in the young gardener, were annoyed at his connection with the despised Society. A good situation, where he was to be factor, steward and gardener, was offered him. He was to farm some hundreds of acres, to take charge of a garden, and have many men under his control. One condition alone was annexed: he was to give up Methodism. Moffat thanked the gentleman for his offer, but would not abandon his friends. The great African missionary was thus happily linked to Methodism. For half a century he watched the labours and successes of Wesleyan missionaries in the Dark Continent with as much interest as if he had been one of their number. The experience through which he had passed taught him how to

guide the Bechuanas to Christ, and amid all the hardships of his early life in the mission field the joy of the Lord was his strength.

Some time after his conversion, the young gardener went into Warrington. Passing over a bridge he observed a placard which announced that a missionary meeting was to be held. The meeting was past, but the placard had not finished its work. It won Moffat for Africa. He read it over and over; then went on his errand into the town and lingered once more to read it. The chairman of the meeting was the Rev. William Roby, of Manchester. Shortly after, Moffat went with a young friend to spend a few days at Manchester, in order to attend the public services in connection with the Methodist Conference. Here he heard Mr. Roby preach. The mistress of the house where he lodged told him that this minister was a great advocate of missions, and sometimes sent out young men to the heathen. Moffat at once resolved to call upon him. He had a sharp struggle before he ventured to knock at the minister's door. Twice his courage failed. When at last he did knock, he almost felt as if he would have given a thousand pounds not to have done so. He earnestly hoped that Mr. Roby might not be at home, and vowed that if so he would never come there again. Mr. Roby was in, however. He listened with great kindness to the story of his timid young visitor, and told him that he would write to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

Some weeks later he asked Moffat to come to Manchester. He wished to find some situation for him in the neighbourhood, so that he might form some idea of the young man's fitness for a missionary life. All Mr. Roby's attempts to find an opening failed. At last he said that he had still one friend to whom he could apply, Mr. Smith, a nursery gardener at Dukinfield. He was in town, and at once engaged Moffat. In this providential way the future missionary found his wife. Mr. Smith's only daughter, "a young lady of high piety, of polished manners, and the expectant of a considerable fortune," who was as deeply interested in missionary work as Moffat himself, soon became attached to him. For half a century she laboured with him for the salvation of Africa.

At first the Directors of the London Missionary Society gave an unfavourable answer to Mr. Roby's letter. They had so many applications that they felt obliged to select those men who seemed best prepared for such labour. They therefore declined Moffat's offer for the present. Mr. Roby had, however, taken the true measure of his young friend, and prevailed upon the Directors to reconsider their decision. On September 30, 1816, nine missionaries were ordained in Surrey Chapel: four were for the South Seas, five for South Africa. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, was among them. When it was proposed that Moffat should go with Williams, Dr. Waugh said that he considered "thae twa lads ower young to gang tighther." Moffat was thus set apart for South Africa.

The South African band reached Cape Town on January 13, 1817. Moffat and Kitchingman were intended for Namaqualand. An unexpected difficulty now arose. Their station lay beyond the border of the colony, and it was necessary to secure the consent of the Governor to their mission. To their great surprise, permission was refused. The agents of other churches smarted under the same restrictions. The authorities thought that the interests of Cape Colony were threatened by the population beyond its limits, and seemed as yet to have no conception of the civilizing influence which missionaries might exert over the people, though Moffat's return to Cape Town with the redoubtable Africaner afterwards opened their eyes.

Whilst awaiting instructions from home, Moffat went to Stellenbosch, a village thirty-six miles from Cape Town, where he lived with a Dutch wine-farmer. He thus mastered Dutch, which was of great service to him in his missionary career. In September, the missionary party started for Namaqualand. An incident of the journey shows Moffat's qualifications for his work. One night he halted at a large farm. The farmer gave a hearty welcome to the stranger when he knew that he was a missionary, and proposed that Moffat should hold a service. After supper the big Bible and psalmbooks were brought out. The family trooped in. "But where are the servants?" inquired Moffat. The old man's scorn was un-

bounded when he understood that the missionary wanted the Hottentots. "Hottentots! Do you mean that, then! Let me go to the mountain and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or stop, I have it; my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do." Moffat said no more. He chose for his subject the words of the Syro-Phœnician woman, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." He had not spoken many minutes when the old man interrupted. "Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little; he shall have the Hottentots." The despised servants soon came in to hear, probably for the first time, the Gospel invitation. When they were gone the farmer said to his guest, "My friend, you took a hard hammer and you have broken a hard head."

Such an incident prepares us for the story of Moffat's brief mission in Namaqualand. He was not yet twenty-two, but he soon won commanding influence with Africaner and his people. As he drew near the northern boundary of the colony, the farmers unceremoniously predicted his destruction. They had no faith in the chief's reputed conversion. One motherly lady, wiping the tear from her eye, said, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster." Moffat was not the man to turn back because fears were in the way. Even he, however, had no idea of the extent of the influence which he was to gain over this much-dreaded chief.

On January 26, 1818, he reached Africaner's kraal. Mr. Ebner, the missionary who had been stationed there for some time, had described the people as "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous." Though this description startled Moffat, he soon found that Mr. Ebner was in ill-odour with the natives. Not long after the young missionary's arrival, Titus, one of Africaner's brothers, came and stood before Mr. Ebner's house, "loading him with the most abusive epithets, and in the most opprobrious language ordered him to leave, threatening to lay violent hands upon him." Nearly all the people on the station were witnesses of this scene. With no small difficulty Moffat obtained a promise from Titus that he

would not molest Mr. Ebner. Nothing would induce that missionary to stay in Namaqualand. Moffat was thus left alone. Miss Smith, his future wife, was still in England. Her parents refused to let their only daughter go out to Africa, so that she was reluctantly compelled to allow Moffat to go alone. He had only a salary of twenty-five pounds a year. The country was barren and miserable. They had no bread, and there were no means of sending to the colony. The young missionary was supported by his conviction that he was in the right path. He used to pour out his soul to God among the granite rocks surrounding the station, and more than once took his violin, and, resting on one of the rocks, played and sang amid the evening stillness one of his mother's favourite hymns—

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise."

A great change soon became manifest in Africaner. He studied the Bible all day seated under the shadow of a great rock, or sitting in his hut unconscious of the bustle of his family around him. Titus, who had hitherto been conspicuous for ungodliness, yielded to Moffat's influence. He became a constant attendant at the services, supplied Moffat's wants, and sometimes sat for hours with his brother and the young missionary. Jacobus and David, two other brothers of Christian Africaner, were zealous workers, especially in the school.

Though all was thus encouraging, it was evident that the tribe must seek a new settlement. Their "hungry land" made prosperity out of the question—life was a constant struggle. Various excursions were taken in hopes of finding another home. Moffat took an active part in one of these expeditions. His one waggon needed repair, but there was neither carpenter nor smith in the district. The missionary had, therefore, to turn blacksmith. Whilst a gardener's apprentice he had sometimes visited a neighbour's forge. His first attempt in Namaqualand was unsuccessful, because he had no proper bellows, but he made a pair, and soon had the waggon ready for the journey.

The party was often exposed to danger from the lions, which

overran the country. Moffat's *Labours and Scenes* give some thrilling descriptions of the perils to which travellers were exposed. He often made itinerant expeditions to the outlying districts. One night he slept on the ground under a hedge just outside the door of a hut in which the principal man of the place lived. He heard something moving about on the outside of the thorn hedge behind which he lay, but simply thought that some of the cattle had broken loose. When he mentioned this to his friend he was told that the visitor was a lion. A few nights before, it had sprung over at the very place where Moffat lay, and seized a goat, with which it bounded off through another part of the fold. This man ought to have known better than expose Moffat to such a terrible risk, for he had himself been in the jaws of a lion. One night, when he and a dozen hunters were fast asleep in the open country, their fire went out. A lion jumped into the circle, seized Moffat's host by the shoulder, and dragged him to some distance. The party awoke, not knowing that one of their number was missing, and fired in the direction of the noise. A ball hit the lion in the shoulder, and in trying to roar he let his prey slip. The man instantly bounded off, leaving his mantle behind, and dashed in among his companions (who supposed for a moment that the lion was rushing on them), shouting, "Do not shoot me."

Moffat endured many privations in these tours. He rode upon a horse given him by Titus Africaner, with his Bible and hymn-book tied in a blanket to the back of his saddle. His interpreter was mounted on an ox. After taking a good draught of milk the travellers started for their long ride. When they reached some village in the evening the people would bring a bowl of sweet milk; then old and young listened to the preacher's message. After another draught of milk Moffat would lie down on a mat to rest. He often suffered severely from hunger.

On a journey to the Griqua country, undertaken at the request of Africaner, who wished him to inspect a settlement that had been offered to him, Moffat was in great peril. He and another member of the party got separated from the rest of their friends, and toiled up a winding glen, after night

had fallen, with a lion in their rear. The lion followed them for a long time, and they were in constant dread lest he should spring upon them in the darkness. The morning after their escape Moffat went to a neighbouring height in search of water. He happened to cough. Instantly he was surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. "They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack." Moffat warded them off with his gun, but he knew that if he fired he would be torn in pieces in a moment. Some of his grinning escort came near enough to touch his hat as he was passing the projecting rocks. He was devoutly thankful when he reached the plain and parted company from this strange convoy.

Early in 1819 Moffat persuaded Africaner to accompany him to Cape Town. The Colonial Government had set a price upon the head of this chief, who had long been the terror of all the border settlers. His visit caused quite a sensation at Cape Town. Moffat's mission, which they had hindered so long, had borne fruit which the whole colony could estimate at its true value. One of the farmers to whom Moffat spoke of Africaner as a truly good man, utterly refused to credit such a statement. "There are seven wonders in the world," he said; "that would be the eighth."

Events now arose which changed the scene of Moffat's labours. Discontent had sprung up among the agents of the London Missionary Society, who found it almost impossible to live on their twenty-five to thirty pounds stipend. There was a more serious difficulty, however. Some of the missionaries in Africa had brought reproach on the cause by their unworthy conduct. The Society sent out John Campbell and Dr. Philip to set things in order. Moffat travelled with them as interpreter. The Kafir war which now broke out altered the plans of the deputation, so that he returned to Cape Town in time to welcome Miss Smith, whom her parents had at last allowed to join him.

Early in 1820, Mr. Campbell and the Moffats started for Lattakoo, or Kuruman, in the Bechuana country. The young missionary and his wife spent some months in Griqua Town,

and in various missionary towns, so that they were not fully settled at Kuruman till May in the following year. Their first child, afterwards the wife of David Livingstone, was a few weeks old when they took up their residence at the scene of half a century of labour.

For nine years their labour appeared to be in vain. Among Africaner's people Moffat had been greatly blessed, but the Bechuanas sorely taxed his faith. Heathenism has often been painted in fancy colours. Moffat soon found that such descriptions were far enough from the truth. The rain-makers traded on the credulity of the people. Scarcely any beliefs existed, however, on which the missionary could lay hold to teach them of the unknown God. "They looked on the sun," Mr. Campbell said, "with the eyes of an ox." Many even of those who seemed anxious to please the strangers died, as they lived, in profound ignorance. One of the most sensible and intelligent men of the nation, an early friend of the mission and the travelling companion of Mr. Campbell, said to Moffat not long before his death, in his usual affectionate manner, "Ra-Mary, your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach." Polygamy was jealously maintained. Wives were serfs too precious to be parted with. They bore the burden of all the heavy work of farming and house building, and were greatly amused when Moffat suggested that the men might assist them. The thefts and the filthy habits of the people were the constant plague of the mission settlement.

In all the discouragements of these earlier years at Kuruman, Mrs. Moffat held up her husband's hands. She reminded him that the Gospel had not yet been preached to the people in "their own tongue wherein they were born," but only through the medium of interpreters, who were often careless, and never had any just idea of the truth which was taught. Moffat at last was able to bury himself for two months among the Barolong, who could only converse in Sechuana, the language of the Bechuana people. Here he lived a semi-savage life among heathenish dance and song, and immeasurable "heaps of dirt and filth." The natives were delighted to have a stranger who could take his gun when meat was scarce, and

shoot a rhinoceros or some other animal. It was also quite a luxury for them to spend a couple of hours in noisy and often deafening conversation at the missionary's waggon. With all its discomforts, this visit answered its purpose. When Moffat returned he preached at Kuruman. The only criticism his hearers made was that his Sechuana savoured too much of the Serolong dialect. This visit was paid in the beginning of 1827. The missionaries had now erected a good stone house instead of the wooden building in which they previously lived. Irrigation channels had been cut, and smiling gardens lay along the slopes of the valley. Moffat's two colleagues were thus able to set him free from the roughest manual work, that he might acquire the language.

The influence of the mission had been greatly increased by Moffat's success in warding off the hordes of invaders who threatened to eat up the country and murder its inhabitants. For more than a year strange reports had reached Kuruman of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, which was moving onwards, spreading desolation and ruin wherever it went. In 1823, Moffat started on a visit to a chief whose territory lay two hundred miles north-east of Kuruman. On the way he learned that the dreaded Mantatees were in full march for the mission station. Returning with all haste, Moffat bore the dreadful news to the Bechuana chief. In the public meeting that was called the missionary's advice was anxiously sought by chief and people. All acknowledged that but for him the storm might have burst on them without any warning. Moffat urged them to call in the Griquas, who had a few guns and horses.

When these allies reached the station eleven days later the Mantatees were only thirty-six miles away. Moffat accompanied the little force of a hundred men when they pushed on to meet the enemy, in the hope that a white man might be able to treat with the invaders. All attempts at negotiation failed. The Mantatees rushed madly on the party that advanced to treat with them. At last the chief of the Griquas opened fire. But though several of their chief men fell, the Mantatees seemed undismayed. They rushed on so fiercely that the Griquas fell back. They were not foes to be

despised. Half-a-dozen of the Mantatee warriors made the whole body of Bechuanas scamper off in wild disorder. After two hours and a half of such conflict, the Griquas, who found their ammunition failing, determined to charge. The Mantatees were repulsed, and soon began to retreat. It was afterwards found that they had never seen men on horseback, and looked upon horse and man as one fierce animal. The little company of defenders who had thus been called in by Moffat's advice saved the station from destruction. By such service the missionaries gained a personal ascendancy which they never lost. The following year the timely help of twenty men with guns ward off another Mantatee invasion from the Barolong tribe. These men had accompanied Moffat in his journey to the same chief whom he was on his way to visit when news of the former invasion reached him. They were thus able to answer the urgent call which the Barolong chief made for help in his extremity.

Two years before he mastered Sechuana, Moffat had prepared a spelling-book in that language, which was printed at the Cape. His visit to the Barolong put him thoroughly abreast of his translation work. It was an enormous task to translate the whole Bible into a language which had first of all to be reduced to grammatical and literary form. But Moffat was unwearied in his efforts. In June, 1830, he visited the Cape, to put two of his children to school and get the parts of the New Testament which he had translated put into print. Type and compositors were so scarce that no printing-office at Cape Town could undertake the task. The kindness of the officials, however, placed the Government printing-office and material at their service. Moffat and another missionary had themselves to act as compositors. By the time the book was finished Moffat had added another art to his already considerable stock. A printing-press now came into his hands, so that the two missionary compositors were able to carry this valuable auxiliary back with them to Kuruman.

His exertions in the colony told so seriously on Moffat's already overburdened constitution that he was prostrated with bilious fever, and had to be carried on board the vessel in which he sailed to Algoa Bay on a mattress. But all his

trouble was more than repaid by the success of the work. Kuruman was now yielding a rich harvest to those who had long sowed in tears. In 1829 a great awakening began. In a few months the whole aspect of the mission changed. Singing and prayer took the place of heathen dance and song. Prayer-meetings were held from house to house. When there were none to pray, the natives sang till a late hour, and met again for a little service before day-break next morning.

The Bechuanas pride themselves on the suppression of all outward emotion. Livingstone said that when he cut out a tumour an inch in diameter they would sit and talk as if they felt nothing. The men never cried save when the spirit of God worked on their conscience. Then they would try to hide under the forms or to cover the faces, till at last they rushed out of the church, roaring with all their might. During this revival the little meeting-house at Kuruman was filled with a storm of sobs and cries which made it almost impossible to proceed with the service. The Scotch missionaries were at first somewhat afraid of this outburst of enthusiasm. But it soon became clear that God was sending them a plentiful harvest. On the first Sunday in July, 1829, six converts, who had been carefully examined, were baptized, and received the Sacrament. A Communion Service, which had been a whole year on its way from Sheffield, reached the station on the previous Friday evening. An English friend had asked Mrs. Moffat whether she could send anything that would be of use to the cause. As yet there were no signs of the awakening, but she replied in faith, "Send us a Communion Service; we shall want it some day."

The work now spread rapidly. The converts were very anxious to procure decent clothing, but material was scanty. Mrs. Moffat had to supply two of the women with gowns from her own wardrobe. It was a pleasant and amusing sight to watch women and young girls trying to ply the needles in the sewing school. Hands that were accustomed to build houses and use the pickaxe found it hard to manage the tiny needle. When a man was seen to make a pair of trousers or a woman a gown, or when any one ceased to paint with red

ochre, and began to wash with water, it was a sure sign that they wished to lead a new life.

Moffat's personal influence was one of the most striking features of his work. His visit to Mosilikatse, the Matabele chief, shows what power he thus exerted in Africa. This renowned warrior had sent two of his chief men to visit the mission station. When the time for their return came, a report reached Kuruman that the tribes through which they must pass intended to murder them. Moffat therefore undertook to protect them on their way to their own country. He went so far that they prevailed on him to visit their king. Here an enthusiastic reception awaited the missionary. Pointing to the chiefs who had visited Kuruman, Mosilikatse said: "These are my great servants, whom I love; they are my eyes and ears, and what you did to them you did to me." The chief was a cruel tyrant, who held his people under despotic rule, but Moffat won his heart. When he visited the country, six years later, in company with a scientific expedition from Cape Colony, the king would scarcely suffer Moffat to quit his presence. "Now my eyes see you," he said, "my heart is white as milk." These visits to the interior did not always bear immediate fruit in missionary settlements, but they spread the influence of the missionary far and wide, and did much to mitigate the horrors of despotic sway and of cruel wars. At the end of 1838 the Moffats started for Cape Town. The printing-office at Kuruman was busily at work. From all the outlying districts there was a constant and growing demand for books. Amid the pressure of other labours, Moffat had steadily pushed forward his translation of the Scriptures. The New Testament was now complete. To print such a volume was too heavy a task for the station. When the Moffats reached Cape Town they found that the work could not be done without a voyage to England. They therefore set sail in a vessel that was returning with troops from China, and, after a three months' voyage, they reached London in June, 1839.

Moffat's visit awakened profound interest in the African mission. People in all parts of the country came in crowds to hear his wonderful story during the three years and a half he

remained in England. In 1840 he was able to send out five hundred copies of the complete New Testament in the Sechuana language. A few months later he despatched five times that number of copies, with the Psalms, which he had translated amid the distraction and excitement of his public meetings, bound up in the same volume. The Bible Society, which links together all the evangelistic enterprise of the world, rendered him invaluable assistance. He used to say: "I have two masters—the London Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society." Moffat also revised the Scripture Lessons selected from the Old and New Testament, and carried an edition of six thousand copies through the press—the whole expense being borne by members of the Society of Friends. In the spring of 1842 his *Missionary Labours and Scenes* were published. This book at once won the success it so well deserved. Many readers of Moffat's Life would acknowledge that they owe some of their happiest hours and their best missionary aspirations to these fascinating pages.

Moffat's visit to England also bore fruit in Livingstone's lifelong devotion to the Dark Continent. The returned missionary called one day at a house for young missionaries in Aldersgate Street, where he met Livingstone. He soon saw the interest which his story aroused. Livingstone used to ask a question or two, and was always anxious to know where Moffat was to speak, that he might be present at the meetings. By-and-bye the young man asked Moffat whether he would be fit for work in Africa. Moffat replied that if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, he might be of great service. He mentioned the vast plain to the north, where he had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, which no missionary had ever visited. Livingstone had set his heart on China, but the Opium War had upset his plans. At last he said: "What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable Opium War? I will go at once to Africa." Moffat thus won a son-in-law, and Africa gained the great martyr-missionary and explorer, who travelled twenty-nine thousand miles in the heart of that vast continent, and added about a million square miles to the known part of the globe.

In December, 1843, the Moffats were again at their post in Africa. Livingstone, who had ridden a hundred and fifty miles to welcome them, met them near the Vaal river. From this point friends poured in day by day. The advance on Kuruman seemed like a royal progress. At the last stage it was impossible to stop. The long procession marched on through the night, till between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of December 10, the Moffats found themselves once more in Kuruman. For days after their return visitors came in from all the country around to welcome the friends whom they scarcely expected to see again.

Twenty-seven years longer the devoted missionary and his wife lived among their own people. The station became the centre of a network of missionary settlements. As the sun went down the missionary families had a pause in the day's occupations, which they spent together on an eminence behind the station. The tranquil scene often brought back again the memory of those dark days of heathenism when the hearts of the workers sank within them. All was changed now. Moffat translated and printed the Prophecies of Isaiah. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was also published in Sechuana. In 1857 the whole Bible was translated and in the hands of the people. Scarcely was this vast work accomplished when Moffat went to found a mission among the Matabele. The supporters of the London Missionary Society took a great interest in the Makololo tribe. In order to escape the ravages of Mosilikatse and his people, this tribe had retreated to a marshy network of rivers, where they were slowly dying off. It was arranged that they should return to their old home on the north bank of the Zambesi river, opposite the Matabele. It was thought that if a mission was established in each tribe the old feud might die out. "So a great plan took shape, which, like a good many other plans of man's making, after costing a deal of money and life, came to nothing." We are anxious to emphasize these words. Missionary societies are sometimes in danger of yielding, unwisely, to popular pressure. A spirited policy seems necessary to secure support; but the history of missions shows that due care must be taken to secure a firm basis of operations, and choose well the time for aggressive work.

Moffat was sixty-two years old when the directors' call to start the mission to the Matabele reached him in 1857. If the matter had been left in his hands, he would not have advised immediate action; but he answered the call with his usual loyalty to the Society. He first visited his old friend, Mosilikatse, to inform him of the projected mission. In July, 1859, two missionaries and their wives started from Kuruman for the Makololo Mission; soon afterwards Moffat and three other missionaries set out for the Matabele territory. Eighteen months later the broken remnant of the Makololo Mission returned to Kuruman. That mission had been a sad failure. Moffat guided his party to the settlement of Mosilikatse. Trees had sometimes to be cut down before a way was cleared, and the waggons toiled slowly on through the heavy ground. The old missionary was foremost in all labours. Mosilikatse received him with his usual cordiality; but as time wore on it became evident that something was wrong. Their request for a suitable station was met with evasions and delays. The chief's mind had been filled with suspicion by the Batlaping. Messengers from the Matabele had been present during the Boer attack upon that tribe, and they told Mosilikatse that missionaries not only destroyed the old customs, but wherever they came the Boers followed. Hence the changed aspect of affairs.

For two months they were left in suspense. Then a site was granted, and all hands set to work. Early and late Moffat was busy at the saw-pit, the forge, or the bench. No one in the company worked harder than he. By the middle of June, 1860, he felt that he was no longer needed. After a touching farewell to the old chief and his people, he turned homewards. Mosilikatse, as well as his son and successor, have been steady friends of the mission, but its quarter of a century's toil is as yet "without visible success." These are Mr. J. S. Moffat's words. We must not, however, lose sight of his father's influence on the chief himself. When Livingstone was a month's journey from Mosilikatse, in 1860, he was told that missionaries had been with the old king who had taught him it was wrong to kill men. Mosilikatse, so said his report, replied that he was born to kill people, but that

he would no longer do what the missionary objected to so strongly. Even if the mission has not won converts, it has exerted vast influence in curbing tyranny and saving human life.

The Moffats made Kuruman a centre for all the mission districts. Many a discouraged worker was cheered by the kind messages and timely help sent him from the mother station. The youngest daughter was now the only child at home. She had succeeded to the work of her elder sisters at the mission school. Three daughters were married to missionaries in Africa; one was in England. John Moffat, the younger son, laboured for a time among the Matabele. Robert, the elder son, had settled at Kuruman, where he seemed likely to be the stay of his parents' old age. He died in 1862. He had started from Durban in order to fetch his wife and family from Durban to the home he had prepared for them there, but he died upon the way. His loss was mourned throughout Bechuanaland as a personal bereavement. Four months earlier, Mrs. Livingstone had fallen a victim to fever. In March, 1866, Moffat's son-in-law, Frédoux, who represented the Paris Evangelical Society at Molito, thirty-six miles north-east of Kuruman, was killed by a miscreant trader. This man had roused the anger of the natives by his nefarious conduct, and entrenched himself in his waggon to avoid being seized by the people. When the missionary approached, and urged him to go peaceably to Kuruman, this villain set fire to two hundred and fifty pounds of powder which he had among his stores. The waggon and the trader were blown to atoms; Frédoux and twelve natives lost their lives; thirty more were injured.

These trials clouded the last years spent at Kuruman. On Sunday, March 20, 1870, Moffat preached for the last time in the church there. That service, with its touching appeal to those who still remained undecided, was a solemn close to half a century of labour. The departure on the following Friday was a scene never to be forgotten. "As the old missionary and his wife came out of their door and walked to their waggon, they were beset by the crowds, each longing for one more touch of the hand and one more word; and as the

waggon drove away it was followed by all who could walk, and a long and pitiful wail arose, enough to melt the hardest heart."

The journey of the venerable missionary and his wife through the colony called forth universal expressions of kindness and respect. A farewell breakfast was arranged at Cape Town in honour of the man who had been forbidden to labour in Namaqualand fifty-two years before. In England he was received with still greater honour. On his birthday, in December, he was presented with a thousand pounds. Not long after, Mrs. Moffat died. She caught a cold, and, after a few days' illness, "she drew a few long, deep breaths," and, without a word of farewell, the noble woman was gone. Her husband lived till the 9th of August, 1883. The kindness of his friends provided him with many comforts for his declining days. Five thousand pounds, presented to him in 1873, enabled him to dispense with his allowance from the London Missionary Society, as well as to provide for his widowed daughter and her children, who had no other means of support. After two and a half years of pleasant wandering among his friends, Moffat settled down at Knowle Road, Brixton. At the end of 1879 he removed to Leigh, in Kent, to a pretty house adjoining the mansion of his friend Samuel Morley. This was his home until his death.

Moffat still lived for Africa. He rendered great service to the Kuruman mission by collecting several thousand pounds to establish an institute for the training of native ministers at the station. When Livingstone's remains were brought to this country, his father-in-law went to Southampton to meet the vessel, and was present in the Abbey where national honours were paid to the great explorer. That was a deeply affecting time for the old missionary. Livingstone and he were always warmly attached to each other. But for his translation work Moffat would have accompanied his son-in-law in his journey to Linganti in 1853. Livingstone's intense desire for Moffat's company made it hard indeed to refuse. After his first great exploration Moffat wrote: "You have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations in laying open a world of immortal beings all needing the Gospel."

The banquet given by Sir William M'Arthur, then Lord

Mayor of London, in honour of the veteran missionary, is one of the pleasant events of Moffat's last years. In the summer of 1881, when the banquet was held, Moffat was nearly eighty-six years old. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Shaftesbury, and a distinguished company, met to do honour to the man who had spent more than half a century in his unwearied efforts to spread Christianity and civilization in Africa. The tribute was honourable alike to the old missionary and the chief magistrate who used his high office to recognize the unselfish devotion of the patriarch and apostle of the Bechuanas.

Moffat was intensely interested and excited during the Transvaal war. He never dreamt that England would cede the territory to the Boers. When his daughter came into the room on the morning that the news reached him, she found her father sitting in his arm-chair the picture of sadness; his hands were clasped, his paper had fallen down at his side. "They have done it," he said. "The Transvaal is given back!" For days the news was like a death-blow. This step never ceased to be a bitter sorrow to him. Four days before his death he threw the newspaper down sadly, saying: "Oh, there is nothing about Africa; they are just letting it drop." He was greatly gratified with Mr. Foster's speech, which appeared next morning. There seemed some hope that England would not suffer the natives to be oppressed by their powerful and unscrupulous enemies.

Every one who reads this Life will see what terror and ruin the Boers have wrought in Africa. At first the Cape Government took no notice of the discontented settlers. It was only too glad to secure peace within its own borders. By-and-bye the Boers began their reign of terror. They drove Livingstone from his station and carried off all his furniture in four waggons because he was a friend of the natives; they forbade the missionaries to settle where they might be witnesses of their oppression of the tribes. The impeachment made by the writer of this book is the fruit of three-quarters of a century's family experience. "It was the old story—which, unfortunately, in South Africa is ever new. Loyalty to Government, especially on the part of natives, is a dangerous and unprofitable virtue; and whilst rebellion too often has been pampered and has

received all that it sought, the loyal have been left to suffer for their devotion." Is it too much to hope that the *Life of Robert and Mary Moffat* may help to arouse public feeling? The happy success of Sir Charles Warren's mission seems to show that a brighter day has dawned for the Bechuanas whom the Moffats loved so well.

Many passages in Moffat's *Labours and Scenes* bear witness to his interest in Methodist missions in Africa. 'That Society began its work in Little Namaqualand two years before he set out for Great Namaqualand. Its mission to the Barolong tribe was begun soon after he reached Kuruman. His old field in Namaqualand was afterwards occupied by that society, which thus reaped some of his harvest. Mr. Archbell, a Wesleyan missionary, sent a touching account of Africaner's deathbed to Dr. Philip, the superintendent of the London Missionary Society, in March, 1823. Moffat was able to render signal service to Mr. and Mrs. Archbell, who were approaching Kuruman at the time when the station seemed on the verge of destruction by a horde of marauders. He saw a waggon at some distance which had to pass close by the camp of the banditti, and as it drew near some of them shouldered their guns and went towards it. Moffat was at the moment in treaty with one of the leaders whom he knew well. He told him that he would not see his face till the waggon was safely at the station. The man ran off at once, and Moffat soon had the satisfaction of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Archbell. The two missionaries, who were united to each other by so many ties, and especially by their friendship for Africaner, afterwards had a pleasant meeting at Mosilikatse's encampment.

All his relations with the representatives of the Church to which he owed his own spiritual life were singularly happy. No one would have rejoiced more than he at the news which is now being received from the Methodist missions among the Bechuanas. The whole district which Moffat knew so well is being evangelized. The people are themselves sending out evangelists to their neighbours. The day of Pentecost seems to have dawned for the people for whom Robert and Mary Moffat lived and died.

ART. VI.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

PERHAPS the inadequacy of the empirical method of philosophising is nowhere more apparent than in the account which it has to furnish of the perceptions which, for want of a better term, must still, in spite of Mr. Ruskin, be distinguished as æsthetic. That in all the various usages of which the term Beauty is the subject there must be some common element would seem to the speculative mind to be at least highly probable. Yet the student who for enlightenment consults Professor Bain's elaborate treatise on the *Emotions and the Will* will find him explicitly declaring that, "excepting the feeling itself, which may be presumed to have a certain uniform character, from the circumstance of the employment of the same name to denote it throughout, there is no one thing common to all the objects of beauty."* Now, as the feeling in question—the sense of delight which the beautiful arouses—certainly does not constitute the beautiful (otherwise beauty would be literally a matter of taste), Professor Bain must, in fact, be understood as maintaining that the beautiful is a nominal essence, that though we apply the term indifferently to perceptions both of sight and of sound, there is, in fact, no reason why we should do so; that whatever may be the reason why we delight in certain combinations of lines, and style them beautiful, it is totally distinct from the reason why we delight in certain combinations of sound, which we also call beautiful; that, in short, there is nothing common in beauty except the name.

That beauty is not a mere matter of taste, that it has its laws, that these laws are as little subject to exception and as capable of enunciation as any other laws, will not, we think, be disputed by any one who possesses any genuine sense of beauty. Such a belief is, in fact, implied in the mere use of the term. In designating a given object as beautiful I certainly do not mean merely that I feel pleasure in contemplating it, otherwise I should simply say, "I like it;" still

* Third Edition, p. 226.

less do I mean that everybody feels pleasure in contemplating it, for I may be perfectly sure that the bulk of mankind would regard it with indifference. I mean that the delight which I take in it is a reasonable delight, and that if others do not share in it, that is merely owing to a want of perceptive faculty; nor does the knowledge that I am not capable of accurately analysing the source of the delight which I feel interfere with this conviction in the least; if it did, I should begin to doubt whether beauty had any real existence, whether it was not, after all, a mere matter of taste. It is the problem of æsthetics to formally justify this conviction by exhibiting, at least in outline, the eternal principles on which beauty reposes. That so little has been done in this country towards the construction of a rational theory of the matter is probably due not so much to want of ability in thinkers, as to their own scepticism in regard to the existence of any such objective principles. The last century, in which English speculation on the subject took its rise,* produced, besides the chaotic pseudo-Platonism of the third part of Shaftesbury's *Moralists* (1709), and the incidental remarks scattered through his *Miscellaneous Reflections* (1714), tending to the identification of beauty with harmony, proportion, and symmetry, and the elegant but unspeculative essays of Addison on the *Characteristics of Taste* and the *Pleasures of the Imagination* (1712),† the meagre, but by no means unsuggestive, analyses of Hutcheson, resolving beauty into unity in variety‡ (1725), a trivial essay by Hume on the *Standard of Taste* (1742), which he seeks in the imaginary verdict of a hypothetical jury "acknowledged by universal sentiment to have a preference above others" in point of critical faculty,§ some penetrative

* It is surprising that Locke did not include beauty amongst the secondary qualities of matter; except in Bk. ii. chap. xii., where he gives it as an example of a "mixed mode," "consisting of a certain composition of colour and figure causing delight in the beholder," he does not refer to it as a subject of analysis throughout the Essay.

† *Spectator*, Nos. 409 and 411-421.

‡ *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*. Hutcheson found a pupil in a Scotch lawyer, Henry Home (Lord Kames), who devoted a chapter in his *Elements of Criticism* (1762) to the analysis of beauty.

§ *Essays*. Pt. i. xxiii. *Works* (Oxford edition), iii. 279.

observations by Hogarth relating to proportion, symmetry, and the curving line (1753), Burke's ill-considered attempt to resolve beauty into delicacy, softness, and the cognate qualities (1756),* and Reynolds' absurd identification of it with the common, general, or typical (1770).†

Meanwhile, the growing itch for accounting for whatever of human belief or sentiment had aught of authority or dignity as due to the association of ideas, resulted in the crazy theory of Alison (1790), which, in fact, confounded the beautiful with the interesting. This theory, though long in vogue north of the Tweed, and authoritatively pronounced by Jeffrey in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to contain "almost all the truth that is to be known on the subject," was too perverse and stupid to secure the permanent and unqualified adhesion even of those who accepted the principle of association as the basis of their philosophy. Early in the present century Payne Knight‡ entered a feeble protest against the idea that there is no intrinsic beauty in colour, and therein was followed by Dugald Stewart,§ who, however, accepted Alison's theory with no other reservation, nor was its general truth seriously impugned before the publication of the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* (1846), which, however marred by a certain impatience of system characteristic of the author, and by an excessive desire to edify in season and out of season,

* *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. Sir Uvedale Price, accepting Burke's theory in its entirety, drew a distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque, maintaining that the latter consists in qualities such as variety, intricacy, roughness, diametrically opposed to those which in Burke's view constituted beauty. The validity of the distinction was disputed by Payne Knight and Dugald Stewart. We think, however, that whatever may be the true analysis of beauty, there is no doubt that we mean by the picturesque that measure of interestingness or piquancy in an object not itself beautiful which fits it to be the subject or a part of the composition of a picture. The consideration, however, of the picturesque lies outside the scope of the present article. Price's *Essay on the Picturesque* was first published in 1794, and Knight's review thereof in the following year.

† "But the power of discovering what is deformed in Nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities and details of every kind."

—*Discourse* iii. (ed. Gosse), p. 35.

‡ *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste* (1805).

§ *Philosophical Essays*. Part ii, essay i.

and though it must be owned that his own criticism of Aristotle is not inapplicable to himself, to wit, that "though exquisitely subtle in his notation of facts," he "does not frequently give us satisfactory account of or reason for them,"* is indisputably the most important contribution to the theory of the beautiful ever made by any English writer. Professor Bain objects that "he (Mr. Ruskin) contests Alison's theory without being aware that many of his own explanations coincide with that theory."† Nevertheless, the Professor himself, though denying, as we have seen, the existence of any essential principle common to all beautiful things, admits that Alison "in many instances put forward intrinsic effects as the effects of association." Mr. Spencer is too much occupied with discussing the possibility of accounting for the origin of "the æsthetic sentiments" conformably with the principle of evolution, to spare time for the comparative analysis of the objects which elicit them, but it is clear that he regards association by itself as insufficient to account for the idea of beauty.‡ An analysis, however, of the kind to which we have referred, appears to us to be both more important than an inquiry into the origin of the sentiment, and also to be the indispensable precondition of the fruitful prosecution and verification of such an inquiry. If we ever come to have such an objective theory of beauty, we think the result will be largely due to Mr. Ruskin's initiative. We proceed briefly to indicate the lines upon which, in our opinion, it should proceed.

In the first place, then, it is to be noted that the only senses which are conversant with the beautiful are those of sight and hearing. We do not with propriety speak of a beautiful flavour or perfume; much less should we be justified in terming an object beautiful merely because it was smooth to the touch. Between the taste of the finest Bordeaux and its colour as held to the light, between the scent of a rose and the rose itself as seen by the eye, language, with its unconscious subtlety, has marked an essential distinction; for while the

* Vol. ii. (ed. 1883); p. 28.

† *Mental and Moral Science*, p. 306; *Senses and Intellect*, 3rd ed. p. 406.

‡ *Principles of Psychology*, § 536.

visible wine⁶ or flower is beautiful, the sensation of taste or smell, however exquisite or delicate it may be, is never accurately to be designated beautiful. How comes it, then, that we predicate of the wine and the flower the same quality which we also attribute (*e.g.*) to the human voice? Now, as it is clear that if the wine should become muddy, or the voice hoarse, their beauty would be destroyed, we seem to be warranted in concluding that the essence of beauty is, at least so far the same in both as that it involves purity, in the one case of colour, in the other of sound.

Mr. Ruskin* has a strange theory that in the case of matter it is the idea of "vital and energetic connection" between its constituent particles; in the case of colour the idea of the "full energizing" of its component rays that constitutes our notion of purity. Now, doubtless contamination may, and often does, suggest corruption, and it argues no very intimate knowledge of the theory of light to be aware that impure light and colour signify an irregular absorption of the rays; but to infer that the idea of purity is resolvable into the several ideas of cohesive energy in inorganic, vital energy in organic, matter, and actinic energy in light and colour, appears to us to be hardly less absurd than it would be to suggest that the perception of musical quality in a note depends upon a knowledge of the rapidity and regularity with which the sound waves succeed one another.

If, however, Mr. Ruskin exaggerates the intellectual element in beauty, Professor Helmholtz seems disposed to extrude it altogether. He attempts to explain the pleasure afforded by musical tone as the direct result of the physical conditions under which it is experienced.

These he finds to be the simultaneous excitation of several nerve fibres each by its own proper series of sound-waves, each series having its own rate of propagation, and the several rates being so related *inter se* as that the slowest, which is never less than sixteen per second, being taken as the unit, the rest are simple multiples thereof, double, treble, and so forth. To each of these series of waves there corresponds

* *Modern Painters*, ii. (ed. 1883) i. 199.

a separate tone, the tone being thus composed of a ground tone and a series of upper tones, clearly distinguishable by the help of the mechanical apparatus called the syren, and with practice by the unaided ear. Strictly speaking, therefore, a note is never of absolutely uniform pitch, though even the finest musical ear may fail to detect its component tones; every note is really a harmony, though it is not ordinarily perceived as such.* The truth of this theory appears to be now beyond question, but its adequacy to explain the pleasure of musical tone is at least disputable. Why the simultaneous excitation of several nerve fibres should yield a pleasure which the excitation of a single one of them would not yield does not appear, while the mere fact of the propagation being at once so regular and so rapid that the excitation being continuous blunts the sensibility of the nerves, will indeed explain the absence of the painful effect of discord, but cannot account for the presence of the pleasure which is actually experienced. To say that a blunting (*Abstumpfung*) of the sensibility is the cause of the exquisite pleasure of harmony wears the aspect of a wilful paradox.† The truth seems to be that we are here confronted by one of those ultimate facts which sooner or later must be reached in all speculative inquiry, which fact we take to be that unity, whether in the form of continuity, or uniformity of pitch or of quality, is in itself delightful, while on the other hand all mere irregularity, blurredness, or blotchiness, litter and confusion, are in themselves distasteful. Thus a musical note differs from a series of cracks or thuds, such as a rattle or rumble, in being perfectly continuous, a melodious sequence from a howl or whine as a series of smooth from a series of abrupt transitions, while the murmuring of a stream or of the waves, and the rippling noise made by the wind in a grove of white poplars, and the slumbrous music woven of the various sounds of insect life in the woods in summer, are beautiful because, though never perfectly continuous and uniform in pitch, they seem always on the point of becoming so.

* *Lehre von den Ton empfindungen.* Erst. Abth. Erst. Abschn.

† *Ibid.* Zweit. Abth. Acht. Abschn.

Musical quality then consists in a twofold unity—(1) continuity; (2) uniformity of pitch; and in the same way the beauty of a colour depends on its being of precisely the same quality throughout its entire extent. This is the reason why we prefer unambiguous colours—*e.g.*, the prismatic, to less clearly pronounced hues; and it is on the same principle, far more than on lustre or translucency, that the beauty of jewels depends. Indeed, neither of the last-named qualities is in itself beautiful at all. Thus light owes its beauty entirely to its purity, and to the degree of refinement with which it is tempered, no scintillation being as such beautiful but only in so far as the colour of the light emitted is so, while no perfectly transparent substance—*e.g.*, ordinary glass, can possibly be beautiful. On the other hand, imperfectly translucent objects, as jewels, are beautiful, not because they are translucent, but in proportion as they are equably translucent—*i.e.*, in proportion to their purity.

It must further be observed that graduation is a source of beauty, whether of light, shade, colour, line, or sound. Light, however pleasant and cheerful it may be, is always less beautiful when diffused with absolutely uniform intensity than if gradually tempered from a high degree of brilliancy to a kind of twilight, as in the sunset of temperate climates. Further, no startling contrast of light and shade can possibly be beautiful, and though such contrasts, when made the subject of artistic representation, may, if rendered with consummate skill, as by Rembrandt, yield a large measure of æsthetic enjoyment, that arises wholly from the perception of the dexterity of the painter and the truth of the painting, and is quite compatible with the recognition that the subject is of an inferior order—that, in fact, *chiaroscuro* is a form of sensationalism.

The same principle is most conspicuously exhibited in beauty of form. Thus a crooked line will be allowed to be a thoroughly ugly one, the reason being that its continuity is broken at every turn; on the other hand, the curve is universally recognized as more beautiful than the right line. Mr. Ruskin rather doubtfully suggests that this is so because the curve is typical of infinity, inasmuch as it "divides itself

infinitely by its changes of direction."* It should, however, be evident to every one who is at all conversant with the speculations concerning the so-called infinite divisibility of space, that infinite divisibility is no true infinity, but simply the inability of the mind to conceive a minimum of extension, so that, even supposing that the curve more readily reminds us of this inability than the right line, it would not on that account be suggestive of infinity. The true reason of the superior beauty of the curve is the fineness of the degrees whereby it deviates from its chord, and this is in perfect congruity with the principle laid down by Mr. Ruskin, that the beauty of the curve increases in proportion to the subtlety of its gradations, provided that they remain sufficiently marked to be readily apprehensible, the circle being, as he observes, the least beautiful because the least subtly graduated of all curvilinear figures. Hence the intrinsic superiority of the pointed Gothic architecture to systems like the Roman and Norman based on the round arch, and the classical Greek and English Perpendicular based on the rectangle.

If again we ask why a tapering formation is felt to be beautiful, why a spire is more beautiful than a square tower, a gabled than a flat roof, the answer is that the subtle graduation of the tapering formation is intrinsically delightful, while the abrupt transitions involved in the rectangular formation, though capable of giving the impression of massive strength and grandeur, as in the Norman keep or Doric temple, can only give that of beauty, as it were by accident. Thus the beauty of Greek classical architecture is mainly dependent on its accessories, on the fluting of the shaft, the carving of capital, architrave and cornice, the reliefs of the entablature. Of course all architecture is largely beholden to accessories, but that style which, while it affords scope for the most lavish, is satisfied with the most sparing, use of decoration, is clearly that which has most intrinsic beauty, and this, as Early English and French Decorated Gothic evince, is the Pointed style.

The same law is, of course, traceable in Nature. No one

* *Modern Painters*, ii. (ed. 1883) i. 116.

would desire to see the peaks in a chain of mountains all of equal altitude. The beauty of the chain, as a chain, consists in some of the peaks being visibly the highest, others visibly the lowest, and others ranging variously between the extremes. So a plain, if beautiful at all, is so in spite of its flatness; the barrenest country, if undulating, is never without a certain beauty, and the gentler the undulations consistently with decision of outline, the greater (other things equal) is the beauty. Thus, no merely barren, rugged country is beautiful, though it may be extremely interesting and romantic, and the exquisite beauty of many parts of southern England is felicitously expressed by Mrs. Browning as

" the ground's most gentle dimplement
(As if God's finger touched but did not press
In making England!) such an up and down
Of verdure—nothing too much up and down,
A ripple of land; such little hills the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb."*

The law is even more clearly illustrated by motion. No jerk or twist is beautiful, nor even motion in a straight line, but all curving and undulatory movements are so (compare the motion of the railway train or steamboat with that of the sailing ship). The "tender curving lines of creamy spray" of the calm summer sea are surpassingly beautiful. The movements of fishes and the flight of birds are beautiful, because of the easy manner in which they sail or sweep upwards or sideways or downwards; while, of all creatures that walk or run the gait is graceful only in so far as it is unaccompanied by any jerking or twisting. As regards sound, besides the familiar fact that the diatonic scale is the basis of music, it should be observed that the mere gradual increase or decrease of loudness, as, *e.g.*, in the successive strokes of a hammer driving a nail into the wall, is pleasanter than absolute uniformity of volume.

Graduation was first raised to the rank of a cardinal principle in the theory of beauty, but with exclusive reference to line, light, and shade, by Hogarth, who, as is well known,

* *Aurora Leigh*. Book I. *ad fin.*

went so far as to define the precise curves which, in his opinion, gave the most perfect idea of beauty and of grace. Burke recognized the universality of the principle, but saw in it merely a means "to that agreeable relaxation" which with him was "the characteristic effect of beauty."* It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to draw attention to the exquisite refinement of graduation everywhere observable in the tints of nature and the answering subtlety of craftsmanship with which it is reproduced in the pictures of Turner.†

The results then of our inquiry, so far as it has hitherto proceeded, may be summed up as follows:—Beauty consists in unity whether of quality or of direction combined with a certain fineness of graduation, whether intensive, as in the tempering or modulation of light and shade, colour and sound, or extensive, as in the gentle deviation of a curve from its chord or the undulation of tidal waters.

Here, however, we encounter "the quite primary difficulty," as Mr. Ruskin calls it, "of saying whether spots are pretty or ugly; whether a fallow deer is the worse for dappling, or a mackerel for mottling, or a foxglove for speckling,"‡ the answer to which, characteristically enough omitted in the chapter on Purity, is really, though only abstractly, given by anticipation in that on Unity. There Mr. Ruskin (§ 5), in combating the mistaken notion of Alison that variety is in itself an essential constituent of beauty, points out that it is "only harmonious and chordal variety, that variety which is necessary to secure and extend unity (for the greater the number of objects, which by their difference become members of one another, the more extended and sublime is their unity) which is rightly agreeable."

Thus the agreeableness of musical consonance depends entirely upon the perception of unity in difference, and varies according to the dominance of the unity. In the accord of a note with its octave or its twelfth the simultaneous sounding of the two notes does not, while in discords and all imperfect accords it does, involve a sense of greater or less

* Part iii. § 15; Pt. iv. § 23.

† *Modern Painters*, i. part ii. sec. 2, chapters i. and ii.

‡ *Modern Painters*, ii. (ed. 1883) i. 204.

disturbance, varying from the slight evanescent perturbations of the so-called perfect consonances of the fourth and fifth through the middle consonances of the major sixth and third to a conflict hardly distinguishable from positive discord in the minor sixth and third. In other words, in the case of the "absolute consonances" of the octave and twelfth, the notes, though perceived in their severalty, nevertheless flow side by side without reciprocal disturbance; in the other consonances there is present an element of disturbance ranging through a series of gradations from the faintly perceptible to the clearly and painfully perceptible. In like manner, the agreeableness of melodious sequence depends on the notes being similar in pitch or in quality. Hence, both notes which if sounded together would be discordant—*e.g.*, the first and second, and notes separated by wide intervals in pitch, but which, if sounded together, would be consonant, are melodious in sequence.*

The essence of melody in fact is, as Helmholtz says, partial repetition. Thus, between a note and its octave there is so marked a resemblance in quality, that the latter may properly be described as merely a heightening of the former in respect of pitch. A similar though less clearly recognisable affinity subsists between the first and the fourth, fifth, sixth, and twelfth, the second octave, the major third of the second octave, the fifth of the second octave, and between the fifth and the second and seventh. In each of these cases the second note repeats a portion of what has already been heard in the first, and it is the recognition, so to speak, of the first note in the second which constitutes the sequence melodious, and melodious in proportion to the ease with which the recognition is made. Hence, in every European musical system, ancient or modern, the sequence of the octave upon its primary has been accounted the most melodious.

Sequences of chords are governed by the same principle. In order that the sequence should be agreeable the second chord must repeat some tone which has already been heard in the first.†

* *Lehre von den Tonempfindungen.* Dritte Abth. Vierzehnt. Abschn.

† Consonance and melodic and chordic affinity are explained by Helmholtz con-

Again, the juxtaposition of two colours lying far apart in the spectrum, as red and violet, indigo and orange, and all complementary colours, produces a colour discord, a sense of abrupt contrast and consequent dissatisfaction. As regards complementary colours, Helmholtz suggests that the disagreeableness arises from the one colour being, as it were, merely a "posterior image" of the other, an explanation which we suppose will satisfy no one.*

But in pointing out that the most beautiful combinations consist of the interposition between two complementary colours of an intermediary which has something in common with each, he seems to exhaust all that can be said on the subject of colour harmony. A certain clearness of detachment is no less necessary than the avoidance of violent contrast. Hence the most beautiful arrangements are those in which some shade of green, blue or yellow is the intermediary between two complementary colours in which the red and violet strains predominate.

Another factor of great importance in that subordination of variety to unity in which all complex beauty consists is the visible or audible repetition of the same *quanta*, whether spatial, temporal, or dynamic.

In equality as such there is, of course, no beauty. The repetition of a single note at precisely the same interval of time is merely tedious. Similarly, in architecture a square, each side of which is in precisely the same style, is felt to be cold and formal. But in the equality of things qualitatively different, as in a square no side of which is an exact facsimile of any other, in the assignment to each unit in a sequence of musical notes of the same length of duration, in

sistently with his theory of upper tones, of which a brief but eminently lucid account will be found in Mr. Sully's essay on *The Basis of Musical Sensation.—Sensation and Intuition*, pp. 170-181.

* Les groupes les plus éloignés l'un de l'autre sont les couleurs complémentaires. Ces dernières rapprochées l'une de l'autre, par exemple du jaune doré et du bleu d'outremer, du vert de gris et du pourpre, ont quelque chose de dur et de criard, peut-être parce qu'il faut nous attendre à voir la deuxième couleur surgir partout comme image postérieure de la première et que pour cette raison la deuxième couleur ne se manifeste pas suffisamment comme un nouvel élément de combinaison indépendant.—*Principes Scientifiques des Beaux Arts*, Paris, 1878, p. 217.

the recurrence, as in musical rhythm, metre, and in a less regular manner in rhythmic prose, of the same difference of dynamic quantity, there is always beauty.

Without entering into the vexed question of the origin of music, it is enough for our purpose to observe that the blank form, so to speak, of the art as established by the Greeks may be conceived as a series of equal lengths of duration, each occupied by a different note, an arrangement of which the monotony would naturally be relieved in two ways—(1) by distributing the accent with regularity; (2) by substituting for some of the notes equivalent numbers of fractions, or by prolonging one or more of the notes until equal to a multiple of one or more of the preceding notes. Hence the important part played by rhythm in giving expression to music, the several divisions of time (minim, crotchet, quaver), and the use of the pause.

Beyond this point the music of the ancients hardly seems to have advanced.

With the invention of melody, however, a new principle of unity was introduced into music—viz., the return through the same, or substantially the same, intervals to the original point of departure or key-note. Finally, the development of the chordal system or harmony gave to music a new richness and variety, and, at the same time, a "more extended and sublime" unity, the effect of which is heightened by the dexterous employment of occasional discords. We have not space, even had we the necessary knowledge of the art, to illustrate in detail the various ways in which music satisfies the instinctive yearning of the human spirit after unity. We must content ourselves with referring our readers to an admirable essay by Mr. Sully, entitled, "*Aspects of Beauty in Musical Form*" (*Sensation and Intuition*, pp. 180-219), and to the great work of Helmholtz.

Similar principles are, of course, operative in metre. The metres of the ancient Greeks followed their music strictly, each verse being a series of equal lengths of duration, resolvable into equivalent fractions, according to certain rules. On the other hand, modern metre consists of the repetition of dynamic differences, time being of little or no account. In both, however, the law which prescribes that the *cæsura* must

not coincide with the termination of a foot holds good, and, for the same reason, a verse such as the well-worn instance of the Latin prosody books, "*Sparsis hastis longis campus splendet et horret*," being disagreeable, not so much on account of its monotony, as because it is felt to be a mere succession of feet, each of which is independent of the others. It resembles one of those insects which survive division, each separate portion maintaining itself as an individual organism. On the other hand, a line in which the *cæsura* is properly distributed is not analysable without dividing, or perhaps even subdividing, words; it has absolute unity, and, provided it be not monotonous, as it may well be, though the *cæsura* be perfect, *e.g.*, "*Sole cadente juvenus aratra relinquit in arvo*," gives pleasure.

It is for the same reason that the frequent or, as in the case of the French classic tragedians, the habitual coincidence of a pause with the termination of the line is so detestable. The verse falls into sections, in place of being, as in Shakespeare's later manner, a subtly blended harmony, ever and yet never the same.

The equality of correspondent spaces in architecture (*e.g.*, a row of pillars each separated from its neighbour by the same interval) is analogous to time in music; it is rather the condition precedent of the existence of beauty than itself an element of beauty. On the other hand, the correspondence of quantitative differences or proportion, as in the cruciform of our churches, is analogous to rhythm, and is beautiful in itself. Make the total length of the transepts equal to the total length of the nave and choir, and the beauty of the arrangement is gone.

With proportion symmetry is intimately connected, though we are not acquainted with any English writer who has accurately defined the connection.* Symmetry, in fact,

* With Aristotle *συμμερία* meant of course proportion. Most modern writers seem to use it vaguely as equivalent to uniformity of plan. Mr. Ruskin, in distinguishing it from proportion as "the opposition of equal quantities to each other" from "the connection of unequal quantities with each other," is no less inaccurate than those whom he censures for identifying it with proportion.—*Modern Painters*, ii. (ed. 1883) i. 107.

seems to involve the disposition of two or more similar objects around or on either side of a central object, to which each of the recurring or flanking objects bears the same ratio.

Thus the spokes of a wheel, the radii of the starfish, the petals of the rose, the branches and twigs of trees, the limbs, eyes, and ears of animals, are ordinary instances of symmetry. On the other hand, three windows equal in size and identical in style, let into a wall at equal distances from one another, are not symmetrical, for in that case there is no proportion, but only equality; nor can they be brought into symmetry merely by making the central window of a different style from its companions; but if it be carried higher up, or if a door of greater altitude than the windows be substituted for it, the arrangement is symmetrical. So, also, if the branches and twigs of a tree were of precisely the same thickness as its stem, the tree, wanting proportion, would also want symmetry.

Symmetry alone is certainly not sufficient to constitute beauty. Thus, if each of a number of objects be in itself ugly, no arrangement of them, however perfectly symmetrical, will have a beautiful effect, any more than a tune can result from the most artful combination of discords. Further, the symmetry may be ugly though all the constituent parts be beautiful. Thus, Titanic arms attached to a puny, shrunken bust, or stout branches spreading outward from a slender stem, or, in architecture, two spires on either side of a pinnacle or minaret, two lofty windows on either side of a low one, would be in symmetry, but the effect would be extremely ugly, however beautiful the flanking objects might individually be. Nor is the reason far to seek. Proportion and symmetry, though beautiful in themselves, are, nevertheless, subordinate to a higher principle—viz., teleological unity; i.e., the unity which results from all the parts of a complex whole contributing to the realization of one and the same end. Thus it is necessary to the structural unity of the human body, or the tree, that the trunk should be stouter than the arms or branches, else there would be a want of strength and stability; on the other hand, it is not necessary to the structural unity of the flower that the inner circle formed by its stamens should be larger than the outer circle formed by its petals; hence there is

nothing to interfere with the beauty of the symmetrical concentric arrangement.

Hence, in architecture the equal necessity and beauty of lateral, the entire inappropriateness and hideousness of vertical, symmetry; for while the one accords with the laws of stability, the other violates them, the upper part of the building, which should be visibly slighter in structure and simpler in decoration than the lower, being made to correspond with it in both respects, thereby giving the impression of topheaviness.

In point of teleological unity the Roman and Gothic styles of architecture have an immense advantage over the Greek. For while the crossbeam or architrave resting upon its columns contributes nothing to its own support, in the arch the force of gravity is dexterously turned against itself, so that the whole structure is, so to speak, self-supporting, and can be carried to an immense elevation without the columns becoming unsightly through extreme massiveness. As Mr. St. George Mivart admirably says:—

“We see good examples of static construction in the sombre repose of Egyptian architecture, from its time-defying pyramids to its temples of Philæ and Karnac, so impressive from the superfluous strength of their many rows of close-set massive columns. In Grecian buildings we still have static repose brightened by delicacy of build and newly wrought-out harmonies of proportion. Greece, however, in spite of its many artistic gifts, did not rise to dynamic construction; but Rome, full of that energy which made it the world's lawgiver, though it marred and misapplied the architectural harmonies of Greece, yet rounded the arch and spanned the vault, and began to raise the dome. It was not, however, till the highest ethical ideal had long gained the professed obedience of the civilized world that dynamic architecture attained its fullest development. It did so in elevating to a great height, by the harmonious counterpoise of a multitude of opposing thrusts, a massive stone-groined roof—a sea of petrified waves—upon delicate clustered columns, and upon high and narrow portions of amply buttressed walls, separated by wide and lofty window-spaces. The perfect development of such Gothic construction we see in such cathedrals as those of Amiens, Paris, and Bourges. There is a certain architectural beauty in mere harmony of proportion; but every rational building is erected, not for mere ornament or caprice, but for an end beyond itself—to serve some useful purpose. When it does this well, and truly expresses, as every really artistic building expresses, the object for which it is intended, then it may be said to be, ‘good’ and ‘true’ as well as ‘beautiful.’”*

* *Nature and Thought*, pp. 8, 9.

Again, as the windows in a building are intended not only to give light, but to be looked at and understood in their reciprocal relations, it is necessary to the unity of any given disposition that the lesser should be grouped on either side of the larger; and so in any picture which professes to be more than a mere copy of some natural scene or object, the attention of the spectator should be first solicited by some principal or central object, and though it should afterwards be permitted, and indeed encouraged, to play freely round that object, it should never be allowed to stray, each portion of the work should facilitate the comprehension of the whole.* The same principle governs all imaginative compositions, of whatever kind.

Teleological unity, varying in proportion to the intricacy of the relations and the nicety of the adjustments involved therein, is an important constituent of the beauty of all living organisms, whether vegetable or animal. Thus the beauty of vegetable life seems, apart from the effects of colour, light, shade, and line, to depend in no small measure upon the sense of vitality as exhibited in the combination of endurance with sensitiveness. It is to be observed that neither mere endurance without sensitiveness, nor sensitiveness without some considerable measure of endurance, suffice to constitute structural, or, as we, in default of a better term, are compelled to say, teleological beauty. Thus, the beauty of sturdy and massive trees (*e.g.*, oaks and cedars) consists in the combination of mighty strength and secular vitality with a subtlety of organization, in virtue of which branch and twig and leaf respond freely to the winds and the seasons. On the other hand, slight and fragile grasses and flowers owe no small portion of their beauty to the buoyancy which enables them to weather tempests which are fatal to many a stouter structure. This buoyancy is their endurance, and without it they would not possess any merely structural beauty whatever. While, however, both endurance and delicacy are necessary to structural beauty, they are not so in equal degrees, an organism in which delicacy preponderates over strength being (other things equal)

* We do not speak of unity of tone in pictures because this is merely a part of the faithful representation of Nature.

more beautiful than one in which strength preponderates over delicacy. Hence, either the lime or the silver birch is a more beautiful tree than the oak or the elm, the lime in particular probably presenting the nearest approach to a perfect combination of endurance, delicacy and symmetry which the sylvan world contains. In animals life is evinced not only by endurance and delicacy, but by the power of self-movement. Hence that type is the most beautiful which combines in the highest degree strength and delicacy of structure with celerity and precision of movement, and this, of course, is the vertebrate. Here again it must be noted that delicacy is the preponderant element in structural beauty. Man is surpassed by many animals in strength and agility; but in virtue (in large measure) of his delicate, sensitive skin, he surpasses them all in beauty. This is the reason of the marked partiality of the Italians of the fifteenth century (than whom no better judges of physical beauty ever existed) for what they termed *morbidezza*, by which they did not mean delicacy as vulgarly understood by us—*i.e.*, as implying some measure of ill-health, but an extreme fineness of organization, which, as Mr. Ruskin has observed, is so far from being incompatible “with heroic strength and mental firmness that, in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest, and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer’s Atrides would have felt like a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron.” In the ideal type of the human face many elements of beauty are very subtly combined. Thus, besides what we may call the spiritual elements—*e.g.*, animation, penetration, or meditative depth in the eye, energy of character or sweetness of disposition in the lines of the mouth, there is a purely physical beauty in the subtly-curving lines which form the contour, in the gradual suffusion of the colour, in the symmetry and structural unity of the relations between eyes and nose, and between brow, nose, and mouth, in the sensitiveness indicated by the delicate skin, mobile lips, and fine nostril. Thus a depressed or very prominent nose is disagreeable, because it interrupts the continuity of contour from brow to chin; a very broad and fleshy

one because, by invading the cheeks, it destroys the fineness of the curves which ought to bound them. So, if the upper lip be abnormally long, the lower part of the face seems to detach itself from the upper—the structural unity of the face is gone.

Did space permit, we might show how unity is the essence of intellectual and moral beauty ; how, when recognized in Nature on the grand scale, it constitutes that which we term the Sublime. We have, however, said enough to make it clear that the nominalistic and sensationalistic theory of beauty, if such it can be called, is not tenable, and that in a large sense of the term all things alike are beautiful in proportion to the degree of harmony that is discoverable in them. The human soul, in fact, is the sworn foe of all anarchy ; alike in speculation and in practice it is ever striving to evolve order out of chaos ; and in so far as it recognizes in Nature the ideal for which it yearns is delighted and thankful. Hence it is by no misuse of language that we speak of the beauty of righteousness or the beauty of a theorem ; nor was Plato in error in maintaining the essential unity of the true, the beautiful, and the good ; nor were his countrymen actuated by other than a right instinct in designating the sense of beauty not *αἰσθησις* but *θεωρία*.

ART. VII.—VICTOR HUGO.

1. *Victor Hugo, raconté par un témoin de sa vie.* Paris : Lacroix.
2. *Victor Hugo, a Memoir and a Study.* By JAMES CAPPON, M.A. Edinburgh and London : Blackwood.
3. *Victor Hugo, his Life and Work.* By G. BARNETT SMITH. London : Ward & Downey.
4. *L'Art d'être Grandpère. La Légende des Siècles, &c. &c.* Paris : Calmann Lévy.

NEVER has a really great author been so diversely appraised as Victor Hugo. From Mr. Swinburne's over-praise, so exaggerated that it smacks of artificiality, to the sneers of a score of little critics who have denied him the

poetic faculty, and have persuaded themselves that, if he lives, it will be by *Notre Dame de Paris* alone, is a greater leap than the history of criticism can elsewhere show. Even the Germans, who, taking all Aristophanes's jests in sober earnest, will not hear of Euripides being classed as a good third with Æschylus and Sophocles, are not so widely sundered from the French, who exalt him to the foremost place in the triad of Greek tragedians, as are Victor Hugo's staunchest admirers from those who delight in belittling him.

What lays him specially open to criticism is, that he has published too much. A man may go on all his life writing novels; Dumas and Trollope are cases in point. But poems that will live cannot be turned out at the rate of three volumes a year. Even Lord Tennyson would have consulted better for his fame, worse for his pocket, had he never allowed several of his later pieces to see the light. The enterprising publisher or magazine editor is, nowadays, the poet's most insidious enemy. He encourages the man whose name will sell off an edition to print a great deal that, if Horace's rule, "Keep your verses for nine years and then re-read them," was acted on, would go with the waste paper. It is this want of discrimination that lays Hugo open to censure. The task is a poor one—to pull to pieces a reputation which the verdict of a whole people has accorded—and we shall abstain from it as far as possible, simply remarking that in the case of Hugo as of Dickens, whom he so much resembles, time will sift the grain from the chaff.

In dealing with Victor Hugo we have to deal with two topics—the man, as he is put before us in *Hugo raconté*, and the spirit of his writings, of which Mr. Cappon tries to give a philosophical analysis. We would fain do both—give some of the less known facts of his life, and briefly discuss his weakness and his strength, his defects and his beauties. Our task is too large; for the life, so full up to the very last, would alone fill all our space. We shall not try to fix Hugo's place among his contemporaries—it is too soon to make such an attempt; nor shall we seek to measure his political influence, and to answer the question: "Has he made Bonapartism impossible?" Of his religious creed, bitterly

anti-priestly, yet something more than Deist, we will only remark that, almost alone among great Continental writers, he never for a moment gave way to Pessimism. He always firmly believes in a Providence which is guiding everything to a right end.

Hugo's life begins with the century. He was born at Besançon in 1802. His father, a Lorrainer, was in the Vendéan war, and at Nantes fell in love with Sophie Tribuchet, daughter of a Royalist gunsmith. The Hugos might be better known to fame had not the archives of Nancy been burned in 1670. One of the name was, in the seventeenth century, abbot of Étival and titular bishop of Ptolemais; another was killed at Denain; another (a kinsman) was guillotined as a "moderate" during the Revolution. Lorraine so long formed a part of the old German Empire that Hugo's right to be the typical French poet has been contested on the score of his father's nationality. Even Mr. Cappon, though he elsewhere speaks of him as "emphatically belonging to the Latin race," talks of Sainte-Beuve's "notre grand Victor" in the *Cénacle* as "a half-Teutonic type in this brilliant assembly of Parisian wits, impressing, with all the earnestness and enthusiasm of his nature, a moral and theoretical character on the movement." The mixture of races accounts for many inconsistencies. His Royalist *début*, of which more anon, was due to his Breton mother; to his Breton blood he owed his serious view of life and that cleanliness of thought and language so rare among Frenchmen. His childhood was spent in a series of brilliant *tableaux*. His father, soon after his marriage, became the close friend of Moreau, who, happily for the Hugo family, consented to let Joseph Bonaparte have him as *aide*. Joseph soon came to love him as a brother, and kept worrying the First Consul to give him promotion, which was always withheld from one who had been the friend of Hoche and Moreau. When Joseph was made King of Italy, Brigadier Hugo could not even get an appointment in the Royal Guard, and was within a hair's-breadth of throwing up the army altogether when King Joseph gave him the difficult task of capturing Fra Diavolo. His success in this wild enterprise led to young Hugo's sojourn in Italy. The tour through all the historic

cities down to Naples delighted the boys (there were three brothers, Abel, Eugene, and Victor) as much as it wearied their mother. Their home was the old palace of Avellino, of which province the father, raised at last to a colonelcy, was made governor. There were lizards in the chinks of the marbled walls, and there was a gorge close by, up and down which the children swarmed and rolled like young fauns. But Joseph was transferred to Spain, and took Colonel Hugo with him; and as Spain did not seem safe for a family, the mother and children stayed in Paris, lighting upon a delightful house with a big wild garden—les Feuillantines, an old convent, which at the Revolution had become private property. Here two years were spent, during which General Lahorie, Victor's godfather, who had introduced his father to Moreau, and was then under the ban of the implacable Napoleon,* lived with them *incognito*, told the boy's tales and taught them Latin, and joined in their games. Mdme. Hugo was a martinet; she was always scolding about shirts dirtied and trousers torn in the Feuillantines shrubberies; but she let the boys read what they liked, being Voltairian though Royalist, and therefore of opinion that "books never did anybody any harm." Tacitus, Rousseau, Diderot, Ossian, Captain Cook, Scott, as well as a big Bible, were all greedily devoured. The last-named book not only left a strong tinge on Hugo's imagination, but helped to determine his line of thought.) The free life was just suited to one who was to be his country's poet, and there was great lamentation when the order came to join papa, now raised to high rank at his friend King Joseph's Spanish Court. Yet this new life was fruitful in experiences, which were abundantly utilized by-and-bye. Indeed, we may say that never was the truth that "the boy is father of the man" more completely illustrated than during the sojourn in Spain. If Hugo's earliest important literary efforts were devoted to the stage, the month at Bayonne (wearisome beyond endurance though the repetition, night after night, of the same piece became) certainly gave the impulse. And the scenes which

* So implacable was the Emperor that he would not put Colonel Hugo's name in the bead-roll inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe. The poet, by-and-bye, was very bitter about this.

followed must have impressed themselves ineffaceably on the boy's mind. Mdme. Hugo, with her family, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, the Marquis du Saillant, sheltered herself under the escort (1,500 troops and four cannon) which was taking King Joseph's treasure to Madrid. Every traveller wanted to do the same; in Spain just then a caravan was the only way of escaping the guerillas. Even caravans were unsafe. A month before, a convoy had been cut off at Salinas, its line being too long for defence against a well-planned ambush. No wonder two-thirds of those who wished to take advantage of this treasure escort had to be sent back. Before the rest could get under way there was a quarrel between the mayorals of Madame Hugo and of the Duchess of Ville Hermosa. The lady of many quarterings could not possibly yield the *pas* to a mere army-countess, wife though she was of a great dignitary at Joseph's Court. However, the commander, the Duke of Cotalilla, decided that the stranger should take precedence; and, at last, the convoy started. The first halt was at Hernani, after which "village of nobles," with a scutcheon carved on every cottage, Hugo named one of his plays. They did get a few shots at Salinas; and at Mandragon two of Mme. Hugo's six carriage mules slipped over the precipice, and would have dragged the whole family with them had not a score of grenadiers rushed to the rescue, and at the risk of their own lives—for they had no footing but brambles—pushed the heavy berline back upon the road. Mdme. Hugo found the Spanish cookery unbearable; but at one town, where a French restaurateur had taken up his abode, she got a Parisian dinner, with delicious spinach for one of the courses. She was a little startled when she found the bill was 400 francs. "Madame," explained the restaurateur, "you did me the honour to say this was the first time you'd dined since you left France. Well, for a long time I've been getting fewer diners than you have dinners. That spinach alone cost me eighty francs; in fact, I shall lose instead of gaining."

The hardness of the French character comes out in the reception given to the halt and maimed—whole regiments of them—who were making their way back to France. Most of these poor fellows, who had lost an eye, an arm, a leg, had

some pet—a monkey or a parrot—perched on their shoulders. To M^{de}. Hugo they seemed a lot of ragamuffins out of one of Callot's engravings; for her children they were a "Cour des Miracles" (the old Paris "Sanctuary"); while the escort shouted with laughter at the men who had gone forth with eagles and come home with parrots. No wonder such soldiers were cynically careless of the feelings of the Spaniards; thus at Burgos, Hugo was taken to the tomb of the Cid, and found his countrymen had used it as a target, and that every day it was getting more and more knocked to pieces. As for the escort, they had a weary time of it; and to have to put on clean shirts in the midst of an open plain because Queen Julie was expected to pass, must have been felt as keenly as life's minor nuisances are; though the annoyance must have been tempered, for a Frenchman, by the absurdity of the *dénouement*—the Queen came too soon, and went by while they were in the act of changing! Installed in the Masserano palace, the splendid picture gallery of which is introduced in the gallery scene in *Hernani*, they found that, even in the capital, "Napoladrone" (as he was nicknamed), was as much hated as elsewhere. General Hugo's letter of welcome (he was away chasing the guerillas) had to be protected by an escort of sixty men. But what told most on Hugo's mind was the life in the Collège des Nobles, to which the general soon sent his two younger sons. In a huge damp seminary, planned for 500, twenty-four boys seemed lost among walled playgrounds which never got a ray of sun, and big rooms where a fire was never lighted. That winter Eugene's feet were a mass of chilblains, and Hugo suffered such agonies from earache that the doctor ordered him woman's milk! The major-domo's wife was in a condition to furnish this; so he was allowed to board with her; and, as she was the college laundress, he was always sure of a *brasero*,* which probably did him as much good as the milk. The two masters, Dom Basil, lean and stern, but "loyal," and Dom Manuel, fat and good-humoured, but a spy and tale-bearer, gave the boy an ineradicable idea of "the monk." His proficiency passed the Spaniards' comprehension. That a boy of nine could

* To keep him warm.

translate *De Viris* and *Quintus Curtius* without a mistake, and, making light even of Virgil, should only be stopped by Plautus, seemed uncanny. "What did you read when you were eight?" asked Dom Basil; and when Hugo said "Tacitus," he looked at him with an angry shudder. Of this college life Hugo's writings show several traces. The students with whom he quarrelled are gibbeted in his dramas; Elespurn, for instance, is one of the fools in *Cromwell*. Triboulet, in that most terrible of all the plays, *Le roi s'amuse*, and Quasimodo, in *Notre Dame de Paris*, are reproductions of the strange, red-faced hunchback, who, in red coat, blue plush breeches, and yellow stockings, used to wake the pupils every morning at five o'clock. The contrast between the two French lads (Abel, the eldest, was page to King Joseph, and used to come sometimes and astonish them with his gorgeous uniform), and their Spanish *confrères*, was most strikingly seen in family interviews. M^{me}. Hugo, Voltairian though Royalist, and Breton to boot, was by no means so demonstrative as Frenchwomen in general; yet she did hug and kiss her boys, while a Spanish mother would stalk in in grand satin dress and hold out her hand to her sons to be kissed according to seniority. This, too, finds its parallel in the plays; and it is the sum of such experiences which made Hugo's plays so much more life-like, despite their glaring faults, than the conventional dramas of the classical school. In 1812 began the *saute qui peut*, and M^{me}. Hugo was glad to escape under the escort of a retreating marshal. At Vittoria they saw a frightful instance of the war of reprisals. Las Minas's brother had been cut to pieces by his captors; the soldiers put his limbs together and nailed them on a cross.

At last they got back to the Feuillantines, and lessons began again, along with gardening, on which their stern mother insisted, with the result of inspiring Hugo with a life-long hatred of everything but wild gardens. Soon came the sad episode of General Lahorie, the friend and godfather who, disguised as an eccentric relative, had long remained safely hidden in the Feuillantines. He joined in Mallet's plot; and (says the author of *Hugo raconté*) was for some hours virtually master of Paris. The firmness of Commandant Hulin saved the Empire. No doubt the general's death tinctured Hugo's

views of Imperialism years after the world had forgotten Mallet and Lahorie and their plot.

By-and-bye the home, no longer in the Feuillantines, but in Cherchemidi Street, was invaded by "the allies." With a Prussian colonel and forty men quartered on her, Mdme. Hugo must have realized the feelings of the Spaniards in whose houses she had sojourned. Young Victor found the street, right up to the doorway, full of sleeping Cossacks. "How shall I get out?" he asked the colonel, who was standing by. "Don't mind them; walk over them," was the answer. The Cossacks, however, he found quite unlike what he had expected—mild and polite, and ill at ease in the midst of a great city. While her husband was still holding Thionville, Mdme. Hugo grew young again under the influence of the Restoration. She blossomed out in white muslin, her hat trimmed with tuberoses, her shoes green—in sign that she was treading under foot the Bonapartist colours. On his entry into Paris, the Count of Artois sent her sons the Order of the Lily, with an autograph letter; but her husband was put out of his command, and his brave defence was called "the revolt of Thionville."

Then followed three years of regular schooling at the Pension Cordier, over which the two Hugos reigned as princes, Victor's subjects being called "dogs," Eugene's "calves." One of the pleasantest "dogs" was a half-boarder, Joly, the spoiled child of rich parents, who always sent him to school with his pockets full of bon-bons. In 1845 the then famous poet met close to the Institute a wretchedly-clothed, wretched-looking man, who said, thou-ing him, "Dost not know me?" "No." "I don't wonder. I'm Joly." "Who's that?" "Why, Joly of old Cordier's school. . . . Yes, I'm handsome little Joly. I knew you in a moment. A peer and an Academician doesn't change so fast as a galley-slave." And then he told how, losing his parents while quite young, he spent every penny and had then taken to forgery. Hugo's hand went to his purse. "No, not here," said the poor fellow. "I should be taken up for begging. I've broken my ticket-of-leave, and run from that dull hole Pontoise. I scarcely ever venture out by day; and

at night, for fear of being caught in a lodging-house, I sleep out of doors. I knew it was your day at the Academy. That's why I came." He drew Hugo into a dark alley, where the poet gave him five francs, and told him to call on him very soon. But Hugo in 1845 was not able to set up again one who had fallen so low. Joly steadily refused to do anything except to take money; and when this seemed likely to fail he grew abusive. Had he then thought out the touching character of Bishop Myriel, the poet might have succeeded. As it was, Joly, in his relations with the police, doubtless furnished some hints for Jean Valjean.

Laid up at Cordier's with a wound in the knee (a school-fellow had struck it with a stone), Hugo luxuriated in poetry. Edward killing the Scotch bards, the last of whom cries—

"Du haut de la voûte céleste
Fingal me voit, Fingal m'écoute."

shows that, thus young, he suffered from the literary indigestion which turns most of his historical pieces into wild travesties. Among these early poems is his first drama, "Inez de Castro." He aimed high; in 1816, being then fourteen years old, he wrote—

"... Je veux être Châteaubriand ou rien."

And Châteaubriand was then in France the cynosure of all literary eyes. No wonder that, with such an aim, he made his *début* as a Catholic Royalist. With his Odes to Mdle. de Sombreuil, to the Maidens of Verdun, on Quiberon, on the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, he was no less in earnest, or rather far less consciously unreal, than the man whom he took as his model. This is always the way with Hugo; to the end of his life he reflects the colours of the life around him, just because, least of all great poets and thinkers, has he any fixed system, any metaphysical armour to protect him from outside influences. All that he has is a real love of truth; and this, though it does not secure to him even the pretence of consistency, saves him from floating about with every wind of circumstance.

The character of the man not only explains how the author of *Les Châtiments* and *Napoléon le Petit* could, years before,

have written *Lui*, that grand poem of which perhaps the most striking lines are :—

“Qu’il est grand, là surtout ! quand, puissance brisée,
Des porte-clefs Anglais, misérable risée,
Au sacre du malheur il retrempe ses droits ;
Tient au bruit de ses pas deux mondes en haleine,
Et mourant de l’exil, gêné dans Sainte-Hélène,
Manque d’air dans la cage où l’exposent les rois !”

but also how he could begin his career as an orthodox Bourbonist. He was not, however, in 1821, Catholic enough to actively help “the cause,” much in want just then of young men of talent. His friend, the Duc de Rohan, who, when his newly-married wife had been burned to death, had taken Holy Orders, introduced him to the sleek Abbé Frayssinous, who vainly tried to entice him into politics. Failing here, De Rohan took him to Lamennais, the still orthodox author of that French “Serious Call,” *The Essay on Indifference in Religion*. It is curious how by-and-bye both preacher and poet drifted from their moorings. Perhaps the De Rohan connection was a little oppressive. Victor, shy despite of (rather by reason of) his consciousness of talent, somewhat brusquely refused to stay at La Roche-Guyon till the Duchess of Berri’s visit, and wrote : “Je ne veux pas que ma position particulière m’expose à devenir le client d’un homme dont ma situation sociale me permet d’être l’ami. J’aime le Duc pour lui, mais non pour les services matériels qu’il peut me rendre.”

Meanwhile he was writing reviews in the *Conservateur Littéraire* and elsewhere. One gets a notion of the worth of reviews in general when one finds him saying of Lamartine, with whom he shortly after became very intimate : “I’ve read this strange book (the *Meditations*) twice over from beginning to end ; and despite the carelessness, the neology, the repetitions, and the obscurity of which I find traces, I am tempted to say to the author : Courage, young man. You are one of those whom Plato wished to load with honours, while banishing them from his Republic. You too must expect to be banished from our land of anarchy and ignorance, and your exile will lack the triumph which Plato granted to the departing poets.” Both Lamartine and Hugo, by the way, sought

inspiration in the East ; the former travelled there, the latter followed up his *Odes et Ballades* with his *Orientales*. Of the former some are full of fire and life. The *Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean*, beginning—

“Nous qui sommes de par Dieu
Gentilshommes de haut lieu,
Il faut faire bruit sur terre,
Et la guerre n'est qu'un jeu,”

always reminds us of Browning's *Cavaliers' Song* :—

“Kentish Sir Byng stood for the king,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And heading a troop impatient to stoop,
And see the rogues flourish and honest men droop.
March 'em along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song. . . .”

With the *Orientales* we have no sympathy ; they are even less Eastern than the tales into which Byron always read himself and his surroundings. Hugo is fairly successful in local colouring, but he wholly misses the subtle spirit of the East ; he had not a trace of that philosophic faculty which, in Goethe's *West Oestlicher Divan*, enlarges on the value of the meditative East as a counterpoise to the bustling practical culture of the West. As yet there was certainly very little of the reflective element in Hugo's poetry. His royalism, however, though it had not taken him into politics, had sufficed, aided by friends like De Rohan, to get him from Louis XVIII. a pension of 3,000 francs. On this he married his early love, Adèle, daughter of his mother's neighbours, and his father's very old friends, the Fouchers ; and, having written his first novel, *Hans of Iceland*, a very bad one, he was straightway drawn into the forefront of the battle between Classicists and Romanticists. It is impossible to measure the mischievous effect of this on Hugo's style. Instead of maturing calmly till it became the fitting expression of his thought, it began at once to be exaggerated in order to suit the necessities of a theory. Style in France was fenced in by the laws of the Academy ; those who set them at nought were literary rebels ; and, whereas in England they would simply have been attacked, perhaps laughed at, by the critics, and then left to

themselves, in France their conduct was held to be subversive of life and morals. What Châteaubriand, with his sublime mysticism, his glowing descriptions, had begun, was carried on by a group of young men—Deschamps, Hugo, Nodier, De Vigny—who called themselves the *Cénacle*, and met oftenest at la mère Saquet's. To them came David, the sculptor, Boulanger, the painter, Sainte-Beuve, not yet developed into the satirical critic, Alfred de Musset, and Theophile Gautier. Their aim was to enlarge the vocabulary of France by seeking words and phrases from Rabelais, Montaigne, Villon, and such like; and also to substitute natural language for conventional—to do for France what Cowper had begun and the Lake school had completed for England. Their difficulties were all the greater that, whereas our reformers could point to the glories of the free Elizabethan era as greater than those of Queen Anne's "Augustan age," nearly the whole of French literature had grown up in Academic swaddling-clothes. If the new men were right in the main, they were undoubtedly often wrong in details; as Hugo is, for instance, when he says: "What is really true and beautiful is true and beautiful everywhere." He forgets that, the dramatic style being wholly different from that of the ode, words which are appropriate to the one are wholly unsuitable to the other. The battle was fought on the stage. *Cromwell*, a drama never meant to be acted, prepared the way for *Hernani*. In both the grotesque is fully introduced; for (in Hugo's words) "the union of the grotesque and the sublime is what has given birth to modern genius, so complex and varied in its forms, so inexhaustible in its creations, so alien to the uniformly simple genius of the ancients." We, whose literature so abounds in examples of the grotesque in high art, whose great writers, from Chaucer to Carlyle, have combined it with the sublime, must feel that he is right, and must rejoice in the victory which, early in 1830, followed the representation of *Hernani*. It was, indeed, a new idea to bring Charles V. on the stage, not as a great emperor, but as a jealous lover; but the most indulgent criticism must confess that Hugo is weakest when he attempts to be familiar. He cannot write like Molière. Nevertheless, with all its shortcomings, *Hernani*, backed by a *claque* made up of the whole

body of the Romanticists, was a great success. It was followed by half-a-dozen other plays, over which the same battle was fought with the same result; and by the time *Ruy Blas* and *Les Burgraves* appeared, and the poet's faults had grown more accentuated, the boxes had come to support him, the pit having gone round to the opposition. Will he live by his plays? *Le Roi s'amuse* is constantly being acted, and is a terrible picture of the reckless selfishness of king and nobles under Francis I.; but to the English reader it seems, like the rest, in its own way as exaggerated as the old classical French dramas were stilted. In all the plays there is enough of the democratic spirit to justify Charles X.'s censors in suppressing *Marion de Lorme* and altering *Hernani*. Hugo's idea seems to be to put forward defective and degraded types of humanity, and, by showing the good that is still in them, to awaken sympathy with mankind as a whole. Triboulet certainly awakens our sympathy; the scene in *Le Roi s'amuse* which Mr. Cappon compares with one in Calderon's *Alcalde of Zalamea* is one of the strongest in any drama ever written.

Hugo's dramas carry us on to 1843; and simultaneously the poet was publishing volume after volume of lyrical pieces, from the *Feuilles d'Automne* to *Rayons et Ombres*. During this time he was breaking with Catholicism and adopting that broader faith which we scruple to call Deism, because so much Christian feeling interpenetrated it to the last, which finds expression in the beautiful *Prière pour tous*.

The contrast between Tennyson's

" . . . More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,"

and Hugo's

"Va donc prier pour moi. Dis pour toute prière
'Seigneur, Seigneur, mon Dieu, vous êtes notre Père,
Grâce, vous êtes bon ! grâce, vous êtes grand !'
Laisse aller ta parole où ton âme l'envoie ;
Ne t'inquiète pas, toute chose a sa voie,
Ne t'inquiète pas du chemin qu'elle prend,"

sums up the whole contrast between the French and English spirit as expressed in their respective poetry. It is not a

question of sentiment as opposed to dogma; for in this the two are much on a level. The difference lies in the Englishman's compressed thought and latent force, so different from the Frenchman's self-emptying exuberance. Hugo strains to give you everything that he has; Tennyson always leaves you with the feeling that he has far more in reserve than what he has expressed. Hence that tendency to bombast which is such a trial to Hugo's out-and-out admirers. Nothing is easier than to say too much on this subject, to heap ridicule on a writer who continually offends our canons of taste, while we forget the wide difference between the genius of the two languages. Thus, while much of Hugo's best prose is untranslatable—becomes in English mere rhodomontade—according to French views it is really admirable. Take the following extract (*Napoléon le Petit*, p. 372):—

“L'homme qui fait un serment n'est plus un homme, c'est un autel; Dieu y descend. L'homme, cette infirmité, cette ombre, cet atome, ce grain de sable, cette goutte d'eau, cette larme tombée des yeux du destin; l'homme si petit, si débile, si incertain, si ignorant, si inquiet; l'homme qui va dans le trouble et le doute, sachant d'hier peu de choses et de demain rien, voyant sa route juste assez pour poser le pied devant lui, le reste ténébres; . . . l'homme enveloppé dans ces immensités et dans ces obscurités, le temps, l'espace, l'être, et perdu en elles; ayant un gouffre en lui, son âme, et un gouffre hors de lui le ciel; . . . l'homme qui ne peut lever la tête le jour sans être aveuglé par la clarté, la nuit sans être écrasé par l'infini; l'homme qui ne connaît rien, qui ne voit rien, qui n'entend rien; qui peut être emporté demain, aujourd'hui, tout de suite, par le flot qui passe, par le vent qui souffle, par le caillou qui tombe, par l'heure qui sonne; l'homme, à un jour donné, ce hochet du hasard, jouet de la minute qui s'écoule, se redresse tout à coup devant l'énigme qu'on nomme vie humaine, . . . et, seul faible et nu, il dit à tout ce formidable mystère qui le tient et qui l'enveloppe: fais de moi ce que tu voudras, mais moi je ferai ceci et je ne ferai pas cela. . . .”

It is a grand passage, by no means so extravagant as many in the same volume; and in it rings an echo of the grand style which, but for Mr. Bright, would be only a tradition in our oratory. But it will hardly do in English. And in poetry this extravagance is yet more marked, because it is still more foreign to our usage. *Ibo*, a poem with some fine points, in *Les Contemplations*, liv. vi., in which he says he means to solve the riddle of life, to push on into the tabernacle of

the unknown, and force his way across the threshold of the void, is marred by this wild conceit:—

“J’irai jusqu’aux portes visionnaires
Du ciel sacré;
Et si vous aboyez, tonnerres,
Je rugirai.”

This beats anything even in the *Epopée du Ver* (*Légende des Siècles*, nouvelle série, tome ii.), in which he spoils much fine work by overdoing it. Thus, those who have sorrowfully felt that “Death is a full stop,” will grieve that the grand line: “Mon nom est Fin, j’efface la possibilité,” is weakened by what follows:—

“J’abolis aujourd’hui, demain, hier. Je dépouille
Les âmes de leur corps ainsi que d’une rouille;
Et je fais à jamais
De tout ce que je tiens disparaître le nombre
Et l’espace et le temps, par la quantité d’ombre,
Et d’horreur que j’y mets.”

The whole *Epopée* is a mass of stilted commonplace, of which there is too much also in *Que les petits liront quand ils seront grands* (*L’Art d’être Grandpère*). Conscience, for instance, has often been compared to Prometheus’s vulture; Hugo likens the bird to God, who, with that steel beak, conscience,

“Fouille dans votre poitrine et, quoique nous fassions,
Jusqu’aux vils intestins qu’on nomme passions.”

In the same poem there is what is meant to be a very fine passage about the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; but, bad enough in the original, what wretched stuff it becomes when translated: “Say what we will, the Furies are in our religions. Megæra is Catholic, Alecto is Christian; Clotho, that blood-stained nun, sang in tune with the anthem of Arbuez; the Bacchantes of murder harked on Louvois; and the hills were full of the cry of these mænads when Bossuet was urging Boufflers to the dragonnades.” Always there is the same posing, the same straining after effect which marks the old French school; only in Hugo the verse is of lower texture and the phrase less refined. At bottom the “genius” of the nation is seen to be the same. The French are now, as always, the

slaves of words; and Hugo is certainly a potent word-weaver, though sometimes even in his hands the shuttle follows its own course. Seldom, however, is this the case than we might fancy. One finds whole poems in which he is either laughing at his public or betraying an absolute want of humour, of the power of discerning the relative fitness of words and things, of that proportion which is the charm of the Greeks and is never lost sight of even in the wildest choruses of Æschylus. Such a poem is *The Abyss* (*Légende des Siècles*, tome ii.). Here sun, moon, and stars come in one after another, each extolling its own greatness, like the Paladins in *Les Burgraves*. Sirius bullies the Sun as a poor insignificant creature:—

“ . . . Allons, soleil, poussière,
Tais-toi ! Tais-toi ! fantôme, espèce de clarté !
Te voilà-t-il pas fier, ô gardeur de planètes,
Pour sept ou huit moutons que tu pais dans l’azur ! ”

Aldebaran tells Sirius, “ I have three suns, a white, a green, and a red one ; ” Arcturus boasts that he has four. Then Charles’s Wain remarks :

“ Ma rone écraserait tous ces soleils fourmis. ”

And, lastly, when the Milky Way and the Nebulæ have had their word, God ends with the pitiable commonplace :—

“ Je n’aurai qu’à souffler, et tout serait de l’ombre. ”

Surely a tirade like this is enough to drag down a reputation.

We can admit, in the first place, that, owing to the difference in national “genius,” we do not really understand a good deal of what shocks and disappoints us ; and, in the next place, that Hugo, as the poet of a new epoch, has wholly cut himself adrift from those traditions of the dignified old French style to which we had got used, though Byron’s sneer about “monotony on wire,” shows that we did not understand even them ; but, every admission made, we cannot help being sorry that *The Abyss* was ever printed, just as we are sorry that a striking tale was marred by the eccentric absurdities which are foisted into *L’Homme qui rit*. It is vexatious to find such coarse daubing in a volume which contains such delicate work as *Petit Paul*. But Hugo is almost always at his best when he writes about children. *L’Art d’être Grandpère*,

contains, along with some turgid stuff, many beautiful touches. Children sleep more than their elders, because this earth is so ugly when one is fresh from heaven that they have more need to dream of what they've just left. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven" runs well in French thus:—

"L'enfant c'est de l'amour et de la bonne foi ;
Le seul être qui soit dans cette sombre vie
Petit avec grandeur puisqu'il l'est sans envie."

Les Enfants pauvres, again, is just what the man who so often had poor children's feasts at Hauteville House would write. It is Hugo-ish to say :

"S'ils ont faim le paradis pleure,
Et le ciel tremble s'ils ont froid."

But the thought which Lowell brings out so grandly in *A Parable* ; "Lo, here," said He, "the images ye have made of Me," is equally present in the lines which tell how when God entrusted to our keeping these poor little creatures, now so smirched and ragged, they were bright angels with wings. But best of all, in *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, is the love for Jeanne and Georges, especially for the former, for whom he steals jam when she is put on dry bread, whose white lies he condones, to whom he would give the moon if he could, whom he spoils as only a grandfather can, whom he teaches to forgive the priest-led Belgian lad who threw the stone that only just missed her. His theology is of the vaguest. Georges will have to unlearn, perhaps by sad experience, the foolish dictum, "*aimer la femme c'est prier Dieu*" (p. 184) ; the question of original sin cannot be settled by abusing Veuillot and Trublet ; Church and State is not condemned by outcry against *la bête féodale*. And, as usual, Hugo's rhyme, or that affectation of singularity which he takes for greatness, so often runs away with him that we hope some one, in full sympathy with him, and yet alive to his weaknesses, will publish a selection from this strangely mixed volume. What, for instance, could be more provoking than to be told

"C'est mai, c'est floréal ; c'est l'hyménée auguste
De la chose tremblante et de la chose juste" ?

And what are we to think of the *Epopée du Lion*, a mere nursery tale in bombastic verse, as if one should write *The*

Seven Chamoions of Christendom in the style of *Paradise Lost*? or of *The Soul in Search of Truth* (such a contrast to Tennyson's *Two Voices*, of which yet somehow it reminds us) brought in in a children's volume? Yet there are passages whose sweetness and beauty atone for all shortcomings. Here is one:—

“Le berceau des enfants est le palais des songes ;
 Dieu se met à leur faire un tas de doux mensonges ;
 De là leur frais sourire et leur profonde paix.
 Plus d'un dira plus tard : Bon Dieu tu me trompais.
 Mais le bon Dieu répond dans la profondeur sombre :
 —Non. Ton rêve est le ciel. Je t'en ai donné l'ombre.
 Mais le ciel, tu l'auras. Attends l'autre berceau
 La tombe.”

The morality, too, not taught but implied, as matter of course, is of a high order. Children cannot learn too soon that “l'orgie est un lâche bonheur,” and that “on est responsable au ciel plus qu'on ne croit.” In fact those who want to form a fair idea of Hugo and yet have only patience to read one book, should take up *L'Art d'être Grandpère*. Of course, for those who would understand him more thoroughly there is the *Légende des Siècles*, a grand attempt to show by a series of pictures that “through the ages an unceasing purpose runs,” marred by a great deal of sound and fury, and yet “good reading” for the unimaginative Englishman, who will marvel at the new light which this strange interpreter throws into the pages of history. Here is one instance, intended to show the worst side of that feudal despotism of which Hugo thinks the world has ridden itself for good and all. Gaüffer-Jorge (how Hugo rejoices in impossible names, such as any one else would be afraid to use), Duke of Aquitaine, who had stabbed his brother, sold his friend, and stolen the heritage of his neighbour's orphans, wants to see what underlies his castle. So he sets men digging, and after a week's work they came on a corpse with the inscription—Barabbas. A week more brings them to Judas. Yet another week to Cain; and then, when Duke Jorge insists on going deeper, two more blows of the pick suffice to bring out a burst of lurid flame, and a lamentable voice from underground says: “Don't dig any deeper; you'll come upon hell.”

It is like a transformation scene in an extravaganza, and the horror which the poet meant to produce is, for the English reader, done away with by the feeling how absurd the whole thing is. Such passages make one feel that the restraining power of the Academy, comparable with that which University training exerts on most cultured Englishmen, is not a bad thing after all. And yet Mr. Cappon is right in calling *The Legend* Victor's *magnum opus*, and in claiming that "this sombre retrospect of the past evokes a consciousness of it so complete and so just as to be a fatal judgment on it, and on the principles and ideas by which it existed." By the way, as another volume is promised, we cannot help remarking that even in the second series several poems are introduced, seemingly because they were ready written, and not for their bearing on the "spiritual development of humanity." *Petit Paul*, for instance, saddest of all idylls of childhood, has no necessary connection with the present century. It is just the story of a stepmother; and its modern form can only mean, if it means anything, that with all our progress we are not yet free from the curse of selfishness. The grandest of all the pieces in *La Légende* is undoubtedly that styled *Renaissance Paganisme*, in which a satyr, taken up to Olympus to make sport, astonishes the gods with his song, diviner than that of Silenus in Virgil's *Eclogue*, and ends by declaring that he is Pan, the moving spirit of all things. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Cappon in his estimate of *La Légende*; indeed, the great novels, also begun in exile, can alone stand in comparison with it. Almost everybody knows their defects as well as their grandeur. The dramas, on which Hugo (herein again like Dickens) so prided himself, we give up; the characters are often unnatural, the dressed-up fancies of the playwright, as far removed from living men and women as are "the Vice" and "the Virtue" in the mediæval plays. When the time comes for this spoiled child of French political literature to be rated at his true value, a proper selection will be made of prose and poetry alike, and his reputation will stand all the clearer because this heap of weak bombast has been removed from it.

Of Hugo's later and political life it is not needful to say much. Always so popular that at elections he

came in at the head of the poll, he had little influence with working politicians; his wordy rhetoric was felt to be impossible in practice. In fact, the little heed given to the newspaper, *L'Événement*, which he edited along with his two sons, would have soured a less sanguine man. But Hugo's wonderful health, the secret of his optimism, kept him from getting soured. When the *coup d'état* came, he, who had spoken for four hours against the resuscitation of the Empire, was at first overlooked by the clever myrmidons of Napoleon the Little. He might have sunk back quietly into his place if he would have consented to "efface himself" for a time. But, though he left the barricade business (as patriots generally do) to the rank and file of the working classes, he was unceasing in his efforts to rouse the faubourgs. However, the massacre of December 4, when eight hundred men, women, and children were shot down like dogs on the Boulevard Montmartre, and buried with their heads above ground, that their friends might come and recognize them, virtually put an end to the hopeless attempt to pull Louis Bonaparte out of the saddle. On the 14th, finding that nothing was doing or likely to be done, Hugo stole across the Belgian frontier; and, when driven from Brussels, took refuge in Jersey, only to be involved in the banishment which befell the editor of *L'Homme*. Then, separating himself from the fanatics of his party, he went to Guernsey, and, resisting all the Emperor's overtures, began writing simultaneously his scathing denunciations of the Empire (often too like the scream of an angry woman), and his prose and poetical masterpieces. His return to France after Sedan must have been heart-breaking. He had been right in denouncing the Second Empire; nothing that he could say was too severe for an adventurer aping the audacity of the great men of old, and thinking he could "intriguer un Austerlitz" with a sufficient number of police spies and newspaper editors at his back. How wonderfully these lines—

"Joseph pseudo-César, Wilhelm prêtre-Attila
S'empoignent aux cheveux; je mettrai le holà, . . .
Et j'aurai cette gloire, à-peu-près sans débats,
D'être le Tout-Puissant et le Très-Haut d'en bas—"

express the policy of which the key-note was to play off one Power against another. It was a false position, as Hugo has proved over and over again; and its falseness forced Napoleon on to his ruin. But, then, the poet must have reflected that, through all those twenty years, France, Paris, the home of intelligence, the eye of the world, had accepted the unscrupulous upstart; and what a pang to meet General Vinoy's troops in full retreat, and to get no response from the weary and disheartened groups to the cry, *Vive la France, Vive la patrie*, with which the old man greeted them out of the railway carriage window.

His compensation was an honoured life of more than twelve years in the city that he loved, among the friends who still remained to him. We have all heard of his simple tastes, the even tenor of his daily life, the triumphs which every now and then the people insisted on bestowing on "the poet of the Republic." One of these was the birthday fête of February 27, 1871, when from midday till dark the poet stood at his window in the Avenue named after himself, receiving the acclamations of an endless procession of people of all classes. And all this time he kept his faculties and his activity; as his son said, he had come upon old age before old age had come upon him. He had the restful existence so dear to the aged, combined with the public honours of one still in active life. "Il est entré vivant dans l'immortalité;" or in Mr. Cappon's words, while he was yet living, his life became a legend. He was happy, despite the death of all his children save the one, Adèle, who is in a madhouse; happy with the Lockroys (Mdme. Lockroy, mother of Jeanne and Georges, was his son Charles's widow), and his old friends, Vacquerie and Meurice, and his daily ride on the top of an omnibus when he was tired of conning over his MSS. "Adieu, Jeanne; adieu," were his last words; and if we cannot but regret the way in which he "repulsed religion," when the Archbishop of Paris offered "succour and consolation," we must remember the to him repulsive form which such a clerical visit must almost necessarily have taken. Men are often better than their words; the vague half-belief in metempsychosis which led Hugo to say: "Since 1802 there have been ten Victor Hugos in me. Think you I can

recall all their thoughts and actions? By-and-by, when I emerge into light, these Victors will be almost wholly strangers to me, but *it will be always the same soul*," does not, we are sure, represent his whole belief—the faith in which he lived and died. Such a man must not be judged by his occasional rhodomontade, but by the spirit which breathes through his prose and verse when he is at his best. Anyhow, he is the poet of France. A Frenchman now finds it almost impossible to conceive his having been four times an unsuccessful candidate for a chair in the Academy—of his having canvassed Royer Collard; and, when he named his works in support of his claim, having been coolly told: "I've not read a word of them." Striking the same note as Rousseau in some of his works—notably in *Chants des Rues et des Bois*, enlarging the view of history which Volney took in the *Ruines*—he completes for his country the great cycle which began at the Revolution; he is a part of her greatness, "the sign" (as Renan says) "that, despite the Second Empire, liberalism is the national work of France." France in honouring him justifies her own political career as a nation; and it is well for us English to know what the typical French writer is, and to study him, not in a few disjointed extracts, but in his works as a whole. Such a study cannot but widen our horizon; and, if it lessens instead of strengthening our prejudices, and leads us to make allowance instead of to be content with carping, it will increase our sympathies with our near neighbours, who are in mind as in institutions so unlike ourselves. As an introduction to Hugo we strongly recommend Mr. Cappon. He is an enthusiast; but he shows how strong a hold such a man as Hugo can take of an English mind, not ready prepared (as we might suspect Mr. Swinburne's to have been) for Hugoworship.

In conclusion, we give an extract from one of the best, if not the very best, poem in the *Legend* (2^e série ii. p. 284):

"Donc cet homme est muré
 Au fond d'on ne sait quel mépris démesuré;
 Le regard effrayant du genre humain l'entoure;
 Il est la trahison comme Cid la bravoure.
 Sa complice, la Peur, sa soeur, la Lâcheté,

Le gardent. Ce rebut vivant, ce rejeté,
 Sous l'exécration de tous, sur lui vomie,
 Râle, et ne peut pas plus sortir de l'infamie
 Que l'écume ne peut sortir de l'Océan.
 L'approubre, ayant horreur de lui, dirait : Va-t'-en,
 Les anges justiciers, seconant sur cette âme
 Leur glaive où la lumière, hélas, s'achève en flamme,
 Crieriaient : Sois d'ici ! rentre au néant qui t'attend !
 Qu'il ne pourrait ; aucune ouverture n'étant
 Possible, ô cieux profonds, hors d'une telle honte !"

They are on Marshal Bazaine ; and they are up to the measure of their occasion. In verse the whole poem (*Le Prisonnier*) is as fine a piece of work as *Napoleon le petit* is in prose.

ART. VIII.—PURITANS AND PIETISTS.

History of Pietism and Mysticism in the Reformed Church, chiefly in the Netherlands. By DR. HEINRICH HEPPE.
 Leiden : E. J. Brill. 1879.

EVEN those who persistently misrepresent and caricature Puritanism must acknowledge that it has made a mark on the religious life of England which will not be easily effaced. Its force is not yet exhausted. That force is only less felt in the schools of opinion most opposed to Puritanism than in its lineal representatives. But beside the effects, direct and indirect, which it has had in England, it had powerful effects abroad which have hitherto received little attention. It was the direct source of the Pietism which did much to revive true religion in Germany in an age of dead orthodoxy, and which under other conditions might have done for German Christianity what Puritanism and Methodism did for English. Spener, the founder of Lutheran Pietism, took his views and gained his impulse largely from the Pietism of the Reformed Church* of Germany and the Netherlands ;

* By the Reformed Church, in distinction from the Lutheran, is meant that portion of the Reformation which followed Calvin, being Predestinarian in doctrine and Presbyterian in polity.

and the origin of the latter in English Puritanism can be historically demonstrated. Amid the ecclesiastical changes, which succeeded each other so rapidly in the reigns of the later Tudors and the Stuarts, the Puritan leaders both within and without the English Church were often obliged to withdraw to Switzerland and Holland, sometimes permanently settling there. The latter country especially, on account of its proximity and the similar type of Protestantism prevailing there, was a favourite resort. Dutch and Swiss Protestants, on the other hand, often visited and even made a long stay in England. Intercourse between the two Churches was thus constantly going on. As we shall see, many of the Puritan manuals of piety were translated into Dutch, and became as popular in their new as in their old home.

The whole meaning and purpose of Puritanism is admirably seized by Dr. Heppe, when he says that its aim was to complete the work of the Reformation. What the latter had done for doctrine the former sought to do for individual and national life. The one Reformation was incomplete without the other. The only point in which Puritanism went beyond the Reformation in doctrine was in its effort to abolish teachings and practices which it regarded as relics of Romanism. Its chief aim, however, was practical. Experimental, spiritual religion was the grand theme of its preachers and writers. In this aim Puritanism was undoubtedly right, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of some of its methods. The danger of early Protestantism was that of degenerating into soulless, lifeless orthodoxy. The danger was escaped in England, but not altogether in Germany. Since Puritanism made religion essentially an inward, practical matter, it put conversion, union with Christ through faith, a life of practical holiness as the sequel of justification, in the front line of its teaching. Self-denial, mortifying of the flesh, assiduous prayer and Scripture-reading, meditation, family worship, hallowing of the Sabbath, godly conversation, catechizings, private meetings for devotion, were the means it employed. At some points Puritanism had affinities both with Millenarianism and Mysticism. As it aimed at perfect

Christian conditions, the thought might readily occur that these could only be secured by a personal reign of Christ on earth. In its insistence on the reality of a believer's union with Christ it touched on Mysticism, though true Puritanism never pushed the union to an identity which it is hard to distinguish from Pantheism. Thoroughgoing Mystics always supersede faith by love, justification by sanctification, the authority of Scripture by an inner light of revelation—errors from which genuine Puritanism kept itself free. It is therefore easy to see why Mysticism has prevailed chiefly in the Romish Church, while Puritanism or Pietism is essentially a Protestant phenomenon.

There can be little doubt that the harsh doctrinal system of the Dutch churches awakened the need for the more spiritual teaching of the Gospel, and thus prepared the soil for Puritan teaching. Since predestinarianism undoubtedly tends to favour antinomian teaching, the zeal of predestinarians for practical holiness must chiefly be explained by the law of reaction. Nature and truth are too strong for theory. Dr. Stanford tells a touching story of one of the later Puritans, who, when a row of catechumens had answered the question on "Effectual Calling," said: "Stop; can any one say this, using the personal pronoun all through?" Then with sobbing, broken breath, a man rose and said: "Effectual calling is the work of God's own Spirit, whereby convincing me of my sin and misery, enlightening my mind in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing my will, He doth enable and persuade me to embrace Jesus Christ freely offered to me in the Gospel." The rapid spread of the practical teaching of Puritanism on the Continent shows that it met a felt need.

One of the earliest and greatest names in the Pietist school of Holland is that of William Teellinck (1579-1629), who in his intense devotion and extraordinary labours reminds us forcibly of our own Baxter. He first learnt and became possessed of Christianity as a living power during a nine months' stay in the house of a Puritan citizen in Banbury, England. In the preface to one of his books he gives a graphic account of the daily life of such a family—united prayer thrice a

day, religious reading and conversation, the whole of the Lord's Day absorbed by religious exercises in public and private. The account concludes thus :—

"The fruits of these religious exercises were of a kind which made the genuineness and sincerity of this religiousness as clear as day; for one saw here how faith worked by love in various ways—in quiet pursuit of labour, in assistance to the poor, in visiting the sick, in comforting the sorrowful, in instructing the ignorant, in punishing the wicked, in encouraging the depressed. In the same way the fruits of these exercises were seen in the public life of the town, especially on Sunday; for both magistrates and heads of families insisted on the strictest observance of the day, so that disturbance and noisy indulgences were nowhere to be seen or heard."

Teellinck carried the fire to his own country. In both his ministerial charges, and especially in the town of Middelburg, his powerful preaching, his zeal in catechizing and pastoral work, and his numerous books, wrought a moral revolution. He lived but for one thing—to make the church committed to him really a "Reformed" church. No wonder that at his death and funeral the whole town was a scene of mourning. His life at Middelburg irresistibly recalls Baxter's at Kidderminster. Like Baxter, also, he did as much work through the press as might have sufficed for a whole life. The titles of many of his books are of a thoroughly Puritan stamp—*Resting-place of the Heart, Zion's Trumpet, Balm in Gilead for Zion's Wounds, A Coal from the Altar, Touchstone of Truth, Key of Devotion*. He is incessant in his appeals to the authorities and heads of households in behalf of morality and religion, and his works remained for a century and more the spring of the most earnest religious life of the country. What may be called his working principle was, that whoever would reform others must begin by reforming himself. The first business, therefore, of preachers, elders, deacons, parents, and members of the church generally, is to search the Scriptures in order to learn what God means by amendment of life. In all his preaching and writing he was trying to answer the question, What does a Christian life include? He has much to say of the death of the old and the life of the new man, of a life

of fellowship with and self-surrender to Christ or love as the goal and complement of faith. To believe in Christ simply in order to be forgiven and win eternal happiness, not in order to be strengthened by Him against sin, and to receive power from Him for a godly life, is a vain faith. After dwelling on love as the goal of spiritual effort, he exclaims: "O Lord, when shall it be, when shall the hour come, that Thou wilt visit Thy unworthy servant: that Thou wilt come to draw me to Thee that I may follow Thee. My soul's longing and hope is for this, and in expectation of it my heart beats high. Already this hope refreshes my soul in anticipation of the joyous bridal-day, when my heavenly Bridegroom shall come to me."

Not only popular preachers like Teellinck, but University professors like Ames, Voetius, and Hornbeeck took part in the movement. The first was an Englishman, a student under the great Puritan, Perkins, at Cambridge. Excluded by his Puritan leanings from office at home, he found a sphere of usefulness at Franecker University. Voetius (1585-1676) is one of the greatest names of Reformed theology. He was Professor at Utrecht more than forty years. He owed his conversion to Teellinck's sermons and writings, and speaks of him in the highest terms. "In these writings," he says, "he has abundantly shown how conversant his mind was with Holy Scripture, how his heart was penetrated by a sense of divine things, and his spirit lifted above the world's turmoil in heavenly contemplation—so that with right he may be regarded as the Thomas à Kempis of our days (a Reformed one, however)." "What he had in his head and heart I know not; one thing I know well, that by his writings he has by God's grace opened my eyes and touched my heart, and those of thousands besides." "How Scriptural, thorough, penetrating, living, stirring, his sermons were, is best known to all the good souls who heard him, to whom he was and still is a good savour of Christ." Through these University teachers Teellinck influenced many generations of ministerial students. All the three teachers just mentioned insisted on the necessity of religious experience to the student and preacher. With great earnestness Voetius exhorted the youth of the

University to begin and end every day with God, every day to practise the study of Scripture, prayer and other devotional exercises, and to devote the Sunday entirely to God's service. In 1636 he made a journey to England in order to study Puritans and Puritanism in their own home. He was master not only of the chief works of Puritan literature, but also of the mystical writers of the Middle Ages. In 1643 he published a Dutch translation of one of the most popular English manuals of devotion, *The Practice of Piety*, by Lewis Bayly, Bishop of Bangor, which appeared in 1741 in a fifty-first edition, and was translated into most European tongues. Ames's definition of theology well expresses the spirit of his teaching, "the doctrine of living to God."

The effects of this work soon appeared. Multitudes were heard asking, "What must we do to be saved?" Pulpit and press rang with an earnest Gospel. The whole of Holland was flooded with a "pietistic literature," original and translated, English writers like Downname, Bolton, Cotton, Bunyan, contributing to the latter class. Three results of the movement are specially noticeable—the strict observance of the Sabbath, the extension of family religion, and the private meetings for religious communion and devotion. The last feature gave special offence to the opponents of Puritanism. The "conventicles" were the butt of much poor wit and ignorant contempt. The mistake of the national Church, both in England and on the Continent, was in not making better provision for deep spiritual wants which the "conventicles" met.

In its next stage, the Puritanism of Holland, according to Dr. Heppe, took on a somewhat mystic tinge. The names representing this stage are John Teellinck (son of William), Brakel, Lodensteyn, and Anna Maria Schürman. At the same time we confess the examples given of their teaching scarcely bear out the charge brought against them. Our learned author, like many German scholars, has an instinctive fear of any direct communication between God and the believing soul. John Teellinck's long exposition of the simile of the Vine in St. John scarcely goes beyond the common interpretation. He says that a Christian, in order to retain or

recover the fellowship and presence of Christ, must employ a "holy violence" of prayer and tears. We do not see that trust in Christ's intercession in heaven implies any neglect of Christ's work of atonement accomplished on earth. Yet Dr. Heppe says that Teellinck's energetic exhortation to the Christian to strive after a sensible indwelling of Christ in his soul, in order to fruitfulness in good works, is an exhortation to a "mystic piety." Nor does Brakel go much farther. His was a case of self-dedication to God from childhood. His early and only passion was for Scripture, prayer, sermons and public worship. Having often heard from the pulpit of the "joys of the Spirit" and a "foretaste of heaven," he threw himself on his knees when alone once at home, pleaded with God the promise to give the believer whatever he asked in Christ's name, and asked for this foretaste. "Praying thus and reminding the Lord of His promise, I was at last transported with such joy, and my thoughts were so drawn upward, that, beholding the Lord with the eye of my soul, I felt myself one with God, changed into God's nature, and filled with joy, peace and sweetness beyond the power of words to describe. Two or three days I was in spirit altogether in heaven." It is evident, however, that this state of rapture was not permanent. In him, as in others, the flesh and temptation and earth made themselves felt. His chief works are *The Spiritual Life*, *Christian Meditations*, and *The Stages of the Spiritual Life*. True piety, he says, consists in fellowship with God in Jesus Christ. This fellowship is procured for us by Christ, and brought to us outwardly by the Word and inwardly by the Holy Spirit; it is enjoyed in believing, in spiritual seeing and feeling, and begets special love and holiness. We do not see what fault is to be found with Brakel when he makes perfect holiness a higher stage than justification. No doubt he lays great stress on spiritual feelings. Still, the feelings are involved in spiritual life. Through a long ministry Brakel was revered as a model of sanctity, an indefatigable preacher, catechist, and pastor. He died in 1669. The mysticism of Lodensteyn (1620-1677) was much more pronounced. He lived in constant intercourse with Labadie, Anna Schürman, and other mystic pietists. With all his defects he was a noble

character. He practised the severity which he preached. He never married and lived sparsely. A gifted preacher, he gave a wonderful impulse to religious life in Utrecht. He was one of the first in the Reformed Church to advocate missions to the heathen. His chief insistence was on the necessity of a spiritual understanding of the Scriptures, effected by an immediate enlightenment of the believer by God's Spirit. "Bodily things are seen by the bodily, spiritual only by the spiritual eye. Man must therefore be taught the truth and significance of spiritual things by the Father himself, on which account we must give no rest to our soul, but continue without ceasing in earnest prayer, until we get this light." He often says in the strongest terms that reading the Scriptures without such special illumination is quite useless. In other matters also he went to extremes. Rather than incur the risk of partaking of the Lord's Supper with unbelievers, he abstained from the ordinance altogether for the last twelve years of his life. Anna Schürman (1607-1678) was one of the wonders of her age. Coming of a noble family, she spoke and wrote Latin, French, Italian, and English; was familiar with Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Coptic; was at home in history and mathematics; besides being accomplished in music, painting, embroidery, engraving. Queens and scholars were among her visitors. But she renounced all thought of worldly fame in order to live entirely for Christ. Voetius, her teacher in Greek and Hebrew, was also her spiritual guide. From Ames also she received much good. For the last fourteen years of her life she was a closely attached follower of Labadie, one of the leading mystics of the day. Labadie's influence in Holland is too long a story for us even to touch here. We can the better afford to pass it by because he was a foreigner, and therefore his work scarcely belongs to our subject. A French Catholic priest of mystic views, he passed over into the Reformed Church, came into Holland, quarrelled with the Church, and established a semi-monastic community of his own, which did not long survive his death. He had devoted friends who thoroughly believed in him, among whom Anna Schürman, and other "honourable women not a few," held a high place. Their faith is perhaps the best testimony to a somewhat mixed

character and changeful life. It may be mentioned here that many of the Protestant mystics have been converts from Rome. Dr. Heppe gives several instances.

Some sects of extreme views which appeared about the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, need not detain us long. The "Hebrews" derived their name from the odd but harmless notion that every Christian, without exception, ought to know Hebrew in order rightly to understand the Scriptures. Of Greek nothing is said. Less harmless were the views which they shared with the Hattemists, who held the undisguised pantheism and fatalism of Spinoza. Both ministers and laymen were among those who taught these blasphemies. According to Hattemism, "true, saving faith is a perfect confidence which no doubt can move. The elect sinner is already justified before God by Christ's death and resurrection, even before he arrives at faith, which is the inevitable effect of justification. A justified, believing man has nothing to fear, but has only to await passively all good from God. Christ is in him and he in God, so that man is nothing and God all in him. The man rests, sleeps in God, whom he leaves to care for everything. God is all, man nothing." The distinction of good and evil, the necessity of repentance, God's anger at sin, Christ's atonement for it, were all denied. Man's only sin, so to speak, is in thinking that there is such a thing as sin. True faith and conversion consist in getting rid of this notion. Man was justified before he was born; though we do not see how he could be justified, if he had not sinned. It would not be difficult to show how these wild, wicked errors might grow out of predestinarian soil.

It would lead us too far afield to mention all the points of controversy which arose, and all the notable preachers and writers whom the movement produced. A common end of controversy was for the Government to issue an order that preachers should cease to dispute on questions which gave rise to angry feeling, which may be called "a short and easy method of silencing debate." As to the extent of the movement Dr. Heppe says, "Pietism had numerous representatives in every province and district; in every church there were numerous families who gave themselves zealously to the

'practice of piety,' according to the direction of pietistic preachers, and who took the liveliest interest in all church efforts and controversies." Among these preachers William Brakel (1635-1711), son of Theodore mentioned before, was long remembered for his spiritual power. In answer to the question, whether one of weak faith, who is not assured of his adoption, may call God his Father, he says, "No prayer is acceptable to God but what springs from faith. Faith, however, does not consist in assurance, but in the trust of the soul in Jesus as man's ransom and righteousness." William Brakel was only one of a great number of godly, earnest pastors.

The name of Schortinghuis (1700-1750) of Mitwolda is too considerable to be entirely omitted. He was a powerful preacher, and his adhesion to Pietism, some would say Mysticism, gave it immense impetus. His views were embodied in a book of nearly 700 pages, entitled *Inward Christianity*. Isolated passages may be quoted which seem to favour Spinozism and Hattemism, but of course it is out of the question to suppose that the author held such opinions. The most serious objection lies against the way in which he disparages reading and study as a means of understanding the Scriptures. All is made to depend on a special divine illumination or spiritual experience peculiar to the believer. "Divine and spiritual truths are not rightly learnt by hearing, disputing, reasoning and much study, but only by feeling and experience." "Divine learning is essentially a supernatural science; therefore it can only be understood through a supernatural light," and much more to the same effect in the style of the Mystics. If this is only a strong way of saying that reason and learning alone will never give saving, spiritual knowledge of divine truth, it is right enough. The knowledge of Scripture enjoyed by many an unlettered Christian is far preferable to the knowledge of many a scholar. But both are valuable in their respective kinds. The error of such writers is more in what they deny than in what they affirm. If they were right, study would be a mistake and learning useless lumber. Even the moderate Heppe says of Schortinghuis, "In place of the clear evangelical doctrines of repentance and faith, conversion and the new birth, justification and sanctification, we have confused

expositions about feelings and raptures, lights and visions, about losing oneself, about convulsions which even affect the body, about floods of tears, about despair and inward terrors, and then exulting," &c. An opponent said, the question is not whether the truth of Scripture is to be matter of inward experience (which no one denies), but whether the experience, by which one becomes assured of his faith and salvation, is immediate or is to be tested by experience. The controversy was long and fierce. Synods were divided on the subject. Even Government decrees failed to reduce the disputants to silence. On the whole, the issue of public controversy was against Schortinghuis. He was not, however, disturbed in his pastoral charge, the great usefulness of which was scarcely called in question. At his funeral one of his lifelong friends reminded the hearers that "the departed one had fulfilled his ministry with much spiritual wisdom, with unwearied zeal, with great humility, and complete devotion to the souls entrusted to him, as a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, one who adorned his doctrine by a godly life, and was a true pattern to his church, in abstinence and moderation, in the fear of God and righteousness of life—one who in intercourse with church-members and others ever showed himself humble, friendly, modest, meek and merciful—in short a faithful servant of Christ, adorned with many gifts and graces, a labourer who was not put to shame."

About the middle of the last century, the time of the Methodist revival in England, the earnestness of the Pietist preachers awoke no little excitement in the congregations. Many fell into convulsions, others called aloud to God for mercy, on every side were seekers of salvation. The excitement was not confined to the churches; it filled the houses and streets. "Everywhere sobbing and wailing; often whole crowds on their knees wringing their hands and crying to heaven in prayer." The very fact that these manifestations occurred under the ministry of different preachers, without concert or connection, and over the whole country—in Amsterdam, Nieuwerk, Groningen, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, &c.—should have taught the authorities that they were genuine. But the movement was unwisely treated. Instead of being guided it was met with

indiscriminate suppression. The authorities of the day were evidently of the opinion of the historian, who writes, "The fire kindled by Mysticism was not the fire which the Lord of the Church came into the world to kindle; therefore it was destined to vanish like smoke." It may be so, it may be otherwise. If there is a fanaticism of ignorance and zeal, there is also a fanaticism of wisdom and moderation. From which the Church has suffered most, it would not be easy to decide.

From the Reformed Church in Holland the Pietist movement spread into the Reformed Church in Germany, and was the means of reviving religious activity in it. There is no need for us to enter into particulars on this point. The phenomena were the same, the preaching of inward religion, the methods used, and the results witnessed. Here also the translation of works of English Puritanism played an important part. The adhesion of Lampe of Bremen, the eminent commentator, who was also a Millenarian, gave influence to the movement. The invasion of Labadistic Mysticism from Holland at the same time seems to have suggested to the Church leaders in Germany the sensible course of meeting it by giving better teaching and better work on the same lines. A mystic of the Reformed Church, who is not unknown in England, is Gerhard Tersteegen (1691-1769). Thoroughly given up to "Quietist" views, refusing, like all mystics, to join with others in the Lord's Supper, and holding aloof from the Church, he preached mystical Christianity both with voice and pen, and was looked up to as a spiritual guide by great numbers, not only in the towns of Germany round his home, but also in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, America. He tried to do justice to the doctrine of justification, acknowledging that "if we had no Jesus *for* us, we should have no Jesus *in* us." He lived a life of unbroken contemplation and devotion.

In the Lutheran Church of Germany many felt the same desire for a reformation of life to go hand in hand with reformation in doctrine. Preachers who worked for this end often recommended the works of Pietist devotion coming from Holland and England. The movement gained a leader in

Philip Jacob Spener (1635-1705), who best deserves the name of the German Wesley, and who more than any one else helped to preserve in German Protestantism the light of evangelical truth and the warmth of spiritual life. If the revival of earnest, living Christianity, which he was the means of initiating, did not entirely prevent the ravages of Rationalism, it greatly mitigated them. But for him and his like-minded successors it seems probable that German Christianity would have relapsed into the barest, coldest Deism. Their influence is felt still. We cannot here even touch upon their history. Suffice it to say that Spener drew much of his light and inspiration from the works of the Puritans of Holland and England, many of which appeared in translations. Bayly's *Practice of Piety*, Dykes on *Self-Deception*, Baxter on *Self-Denial*, were among these. It is natural and significant that the Rationalists of to-day manifest the greatest antipathy to "Pietist" conceptions of Christianity. According to them all ideas of immediate divine communications to the soul fellowship with God, assurance of salvation, are the veriest fanaticism.

We have thus traced briefly the connection between English Puritanism and the Pietism of the Continent. Dr. Heppé says, "Spener in his whole work held exactly the same views which had been taught by the Pietists of England and Holland in their 'Practice' and 'Exercise of Piety'; and thus the light which arose once in the Reformed Church of those lands became through Spener a light of truth and life to the Lutheran Church." It is often matter of sorrow to English Christians that continental Rationalism was the outgrowth of English Deism. The early Rationalists of France and Germany assimilated and reproduced the ideas of Morgan and Tindal and Woolston and Evanson. Over against this we may set the fact that Baxter and Bayly and Sibbes and Perkins and Dykes and Goodwin still live in the evangelical teaching and life of continental Protestantism.

ART IX.—THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

1. *Ragged Schools. Quarterly Review*, No. CLVIII., December, 1846, pp. 127-141. (Article by Lord ASHLEY.)
2. *Speeches on the Claims and Interests of the Labouring Classes.* By the Right Honourable the Earl of SHAFTESBURY. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.
3. *Talks with the People by Men of Mark. Vol. I. The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.* Edited by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. London: *Home Words* Publishing Office.
4. *Shaftesbury: his Life and Work.* By G. HOLDEN PIKE. London: Partridge & Co.

THE history of England in this nineteenth century will go down to posterity marked deeply and abidingly with the name of one noble man, who might fairly have adopted the words of the modest Abou Ben Adhem to the recording angel, and bidden the coming Macaulay or Green,

“Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

How much we, as a nation, owe to the wise philanthropy, the steady courage, the persistent activity of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, it is almost too soon to estimate. Yet a cursory glance at the annals of the last fifty years will show that while many statesmen have devoted their best days to reforming the constitution, serving the interests of a party, flattering or irritating Foreign Powers, one at least has held undeviatingly on his course of practical usefulness, and has confined his ambition to the higher work of helping the helpless, raising the fallen, and earning that golden sentence from the lips of the King, “Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, thou hast done it unto Me.”

We are not going to assume that Lord Shaftesbury was the prime originator or sole actor in all the benevolent movements with which his name is inseparably allied. But there can be little doubt that to him the majority of them largely owe their success. To his sympathy and help, to his advocacy and pilotship, the many Acts of Parliament which have been passed in amelioration of the condition of

women and children, of the operative, and of the poorer classes generally, and the numerous societies which throw oil on the troubled waters of modern life, owe an incalculable debt. Favoured with longer life and more pervading influence than John Howard, his work has happily covered a larger field of English needs, and his fame is inwoven and lastingly emblazoned in the marvellous advance which this country has made in civilization during the middle of the century.

That this our Lord Shaftesbury had illustrious ancestors, is a fact that affords neither matter for special wonderment, nor a basis for theories of intellectual heredity. Not one of them seems to have possessed the force of character, the unflagging devotion to duty, which were part and parcel of this man's nature. The first Earl of Shaftesbury was as prominent a figure in the historic gallery of the seventeenth century as his descendant in the nineteenth. And we must remember that the age of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth was, in many respects, an age of giants. Our fathers of that period were so large in their notions, so ardent in their politics, so deadly in their conflicts, so deep in their theology, so unlimited in their oratory, that the family must have been ignoble indeed which did not furnish a man of some mark to the one side or the other. It was an age fitted to bring out all that was in a man; and it is doubtful whether we of the present day, however great our advance in physical science and mechanical skill, are at all to be compared, either in earnestness or in capability, with the rank and file of those bright and picturesque times. We need scarcely marvel, therefore, that the alliance of two ancient families produced a man of such notability as Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Baron Ashley and first Earl of Shaftesbury.

To sketch his career, even faintly, would be to trace the history of the main part of the seventeenth century. His mother's father was a notable knight, Sir Anthony Ashley, of St. Giles's House, who had been war secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and to whom posterity owes a debt of gratitude for the introduction of that useful esculent, the cabbage, from Holland. The historians tell us how this good man's grandson shifted from side to side in the civil war, standing up first

for King and then for Parliament; how he became Privy Councillor to Cromwell, boon companion to Charles II., unprofessional, yet excellent Lord Chancellor, a constituent vowel of the famous Cabal; then a refugee to the land of his aversion, but also the land of liberty—Holland; and finally, to crown all his anomalies, the bosom friend of straightforward John Locke, who honoured him with a flaming biography.

A modern poet—the late Lord Lytton, in his *St. Stephen's*—has well put the difficulty of unravelling the mystery of this first Shaftesbury's character :—

“ Yet who has pierced the labyrinth of that brain?
 Who plumbed that genius, both so vast and vain?
 What moved its depths? Ambition? Passion? Whim?
 This day a Strafford, and the next a Pym.
 Is it, in truth, as Dryden hath implied?
 Was his ‘great wit to madness near allied?’
 Accept that guess, and it explains the man:
 Reject—and solve the riddle if you can.”

But the “madness” was simply an overweening ambition, and a readiness to shift his principles which was peculiar, neither to Shaftesbury nor to the seventeenth century.

The third Earl is known to fame as the author of the *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*—a work which once made a great noise in the world, but is now familiar only to the curious student. His merits as a writer and thinker are not too leniently handled by the poet Gray, in a letter to his friend Stonehewer: “You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue. I will tell you: First, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe anything at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it,” &c.

The fourth Earl was not without his good points. An enthusiastic collector of shells and minerals, he was also a patron of literary men, who in those days were usually in sore need of a helping hand. We can forgive him the extravagance of spending many thousands in the construction and adornment of a grotto for the sake of the kindness which he is said

to have shown to Thomson in his last illness; though that may be simply a tradition, based on the possession of the poet's-writing table and other relics at St. Giles's House.

It certainly was not from the versatile politician, nor from the shallow philosopher, nor from the trifle-loving *dilettante*, that the seventh Earl derived his characteristics. His life, prolonged to just double the length of that of the third Earl, was not wasted in vain speculations, set forth in affectedly fine language, but was filled from end to end with an amount of practical philanthropy which has scarcely had a parallel in our island story. Born at the beginning of this century—on April 28, 1801—Anthony Ashley Cooper was educated at Harrow, and thence went to Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1822, he took a first class *in literis humanioribus*. We get a glimpse of his college life from his fellow-student, Bishop Short, of Adelaide, who, meeting his old friend sixty years afterwards in the chair at the Victoria Institute, told the audience that he well remembered "watching Lord Ashley day after day walking up the great hall of that ancient house on his way to lecture, assiduous in his duties, diligent in his studies," and thinking, "If that is a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no rival throughout the world."

Leaving college with all the advantages of success and high position, he had now to choose his career; and in one of his later speeches he has told the world of his dilemma, and how he had felt the strong attractions of the siren sisters, Science and Literature.

"In early life I was passionately devoted to science, so much so that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away, and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career; and now I find myself at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old man who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."

In deciding on a career of public usefulness, we may conclude that he was not uninfluenced by the good principles imbibed in childhood from the humble source to which in after

life he was not ashamed to trace whatever was admirable in his long course of benevolent action. In a letter quoted by the Rev. C. Bullock, in *The Fireside News*, the Earl expresses his obligation to

"The very dear and blessed old woman (her name was Maria Millas) who first taught me in my earliest years to think on God and His truth. She had been my mother's maid at Blenheim before my mother married. After the marriage she became housekeeper to my father and mother, and very soon after I was born took almost the entire care of me. She entered into rest when I was about seven years old; but the recollection of what she said, and did, and taught, even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the days that I heard her. The impression was, and is still, very deep that she made upon me; and I must trace, under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life to her precepts and her prayers. I know not where she was buried. She died, I know, in London; and I may safely say that I have ever cherished her memory with the deepest gratitude and affection. She was a 'special Providence' to me."

It was in 1826 that Lord Ashley, then twenty-five years of age, entered the House of Commons as member for Woodstock, by favour of the Marlborough family, to which his mother and the borough, in those pre-Reform Bill days, belonged. From his first entrance on public life he took that independent position which he kept through nearly the whole of his career. It was towards the close of Lord Liverpool's life, and to his administration Lord Ashley gave a general support, as also to Canning in his brief premiership. His first speech of any importance was delivered in support of a motion for providing for Canning's family when the great orator and statesman was stricken down at the zenith of his brilliant course.

It was a fine school for a young politician. The House, when he entered it, was adorned with great orators, like Canning and Brougham, and able matter-of-fact speakers, like Huskisson and Peel. Wilberforce, in declining health, had but just retired from his illustrious work of six-and-forty years; and, having effected so much for the abolition of the slave trade, had left the final blow to West Indian slavery to be dealt by the worthy hands of Fowell Buxton. Lord Ashley's kindred spirit could not but be impressed by that splendid

career; and, while lending his best aid to the Emancipation cause, we can see how, looking round on the abuses and oppression of ordinary English life, he would resolve, by God's help, to do for the slaves of the factory and the mine what Wilberforce was striving to effect for his sable brethren in the tropics. So a succession, truly royal and apostolical, was established, which, we trust, will never die out.

The times were of a sort to put to proof the skill and nerve of the men at the helm of affairs. The preceding year—1825—had seen a great commercial crisis, in which sixty banks suspended payment, and more than 200 merchants became insolvent. The consequence was stagnation of trade, want of confidence among capitalists, and want of employment amongst operatives; and the summer of 1826 brought fresh trouble in a long drought, which added to the distress both of farmer and labourer. In many parts the labourer, in these years of leanness and tumult, with starvation staring him in the face, took the illogical course of setting fire to barns, ricks, and farm buildings, so burning up grain and live stock, and considerably reducing the already scanty supply of food. In home politics the three thorny questions of Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, were being hotly discussed. Lord Ashley voted in favour of the first, but opposed the second, and became ultimately a convert to the last of these three great points. When, in 1828, the Duke of Wellington formed an administration, he accepted office as a Commissioner of the Board of Control, a post which he held for two years. In 1830 he was returned for Dorchester, and in 1831 for the county of Dorset, which he continued to represent till 1846. With the exception of his brief spells of office under Wellington and Peel, under the latter of whom he was Lord of the Admiralty for a few months, he pursued a perfectly independent course, untrammelled by the ties of party and unhindered by the struggles for place and power.

On these early years a passing ray of light is thrown by Earl Granville in his speech at the Mansion House in October last, when he said:—

"I think it was at Tunbridge Wells, when I was a schoolboy, that I saw Lord Shaftesbury first. He was then a singularly good-looking man,

with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty, but a type of all that is manly. And such looks, and a striking presence, though inferior to the influences of mind and character, yet help a man more than we sometimes think, when he endeavours to inspire large assemblages with noble and elevated opinions. These good looks he retained to the end of his life. At the time I am speaking of he was seeking to marry that bright and beautiful woman who afterwards threw so much sunshine upon his home. A schoolfellow told me several anecdotes, all singularly characteristic of that energy and that earnestness, and especially of that tenderness of feeling, Lord Shaftesbury exhibited in all the great and lesser actions of his life."

To this period also belongs his friendship with Southey, whom he cites as an authority on the advantage of change of occupation in his address to working men on "Work and Influence," and whom he speaks of as " :great and learned friend of mine, a man of the most profound and varied knowledge, and who was a great poet."

In 1830 the happiest event of his life took place in his marriage with the lady mentioned by Lord Granville—Lady Emily Cowper, who was spared to him, a lovely and loving consort, till 1872. In her he found an unselfish abettor in his grand assault upon the abominations of the old factory days. When the private discomforts of such a crusade were set before her, in their early married life, she said, "Go on, for God has called you to it;" and we may conceive how deeply her heart was touched when some five-and-twenty years later—August 6, 1859—she received a marble bust of her husband, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Emily, wife of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by the operatives of the manufacturing districts of the North of England, as a token of their esteem and regard for the persevering and successful efforts of her noble husband in promoting by legislative enactment a limitation of the hours of labour of children, females, and young persons employed in mills and factories," and when 7,000 persons insisted upon kissing the hands of the original.

It was early in his parliamentary career that Lord Ashley was interested in the great reform with the promotion of which the first half of his life was identified, and in the pursuit of which he became thoroughly acquainted with the woes and

wants of the poor. The introduction of machinery in cotton manufactures, and the consequent erection of large factories in the Northern and Midland districts, had created a demand for juvenile labour which was not easily supplied ; and when all the ill-fated children of the factory districts had been gathered into the mills, still there was room. Some ingenious and unscrupulous mill-owner, however, hit upon a brilliant idea, which was speedily carried into action. This was, to induce the guardians of the poor, in the parishes of London and some large towns, to supply small boys and girls from the overstocked wards of the workhouses for the consumption of the greedy Mammon of the mills. Despatched in barge-loads to their goal, these poor, defenceless little creatures, ill-treated and over-worked, were done to death by their merciless masters. The factories were filled with legions of women and children, working long weary hours in a polluted atmosphere, and, in some cases, travelling from twenty to thirty miles a day in their monotonous labour.

Who that has sojourned in the outskirts of a factory town in the depth of winter, and, lying awake in warmth and comfort, has heard long before dawn the clatter of many clogged feet hastening toward the mills, has not felt strangely moved at the sound, and been thankful that it was not his daily lot to traverse dark moor and muddy street at such untimely hours? But the factory operative of to-day has a princely time of it compared with his or her ill-fated predecessors. Poor little creatures of but five summers were carried to work in the cotton Bastilles "from five or six in the morning to eight at night." The results of their sufferings were seen in the early death of the majority of the children, and in the crippled and distorted forms of the minority who survived. On the women and grown-up girls the effects of long hours and wearisome work were equally disastrous. A curious inversion of the proper order of things was seen in the domestic economy of the victims of this cheap labour system. Women were superseding men in the factories ; and thriftless, shiftless husbands had in consequence to attend, after a fashion, to the household duties which mothers and daughters, hard at work in the mills, were unable to fulfil. Worse still, mother and

father too, in some cases, lived on the killing labour of their little children, letting them out on hire, to the destruction, not only of all parental affection, but of that modicum of self-respect which helps to preserve the poor from the depths of vicious selfishness.

We are not to suppose that no efforts had been made, before Lord Ashley's entrance on public life, to remedy this disgraceful state of things. In 1802 Sir Robert Peel, the father of the great statesman, introduced into Parliament a Bill for the better treatment of pauper children; but, when passed, it proved to be useless. Again, in 1819, Sir John Hobhouse carried through a Bill to limit the labour of young persons under eighteen years of age to sixty-nine hours per week; little children getting no more favourable terms than the elder ones. Yet, even this absurdly slight restriction was an advance on the right road, as attempting to fix some limit to the rapacious tyranny of parents and masters; and though, through the non-appointment of inspectors to see it carried out, it failed to effect any alleviation, it established the great principle, that the iron laws of the political economy of that day must be made to bend before the higher law which proclaims the sacredness of human life and limb, and demands adequate protection for things so precious. Again, in 1825, Sir J. Hobhouse succeeded in reducing the hours of labour in cotton factories from twelve to nine hours on Saturdays; and subsequently nightwork was disallowed for all under twenty-one years of age. But these reforms were trifling and touched but the very borders of the abuse. At last, as Lord Shaftesbury has put it, "the question was taken up by Mr. Sadler and Mr. Oastler—marvellous men in their generation, and without whose preceding labours nothing could have been effected—at least, by myself."

The honoured name of Michael Thomas Sadler now came to the front, and, from 1830 to 1833, his clear statements and telling oratory produced a great impression on the House of Commons and on the country. In December, 1831, he brought forward his "Ten Hours Bill," and urged the claims of the factory children in a powerful speech, which concluded with these words:—

"I wish I could bring a group of these little ones to the bar. I am sure their silent appearance would plead more forcibly in their behalf than the loudest eloquence. I still hope that their righteous cause will prevail; but I have seen enough to mingle apprehension with my hopes. I have long seen the mighty efforts that are made to keep them in bondage, and have been deeply affected at their continued success, so that I can hardly refrain from exclaiming, with one of old: 'I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed; and on the side of the oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.'"

The Leeds philanthropist lost his seat at the general election of 1833; but his standard found a bearer as ardent and untiring as himself when Lord Ashley took it up, and began that career of active humanity which has but just reached its goal. In him the cause of the weak against the strong gained an advocate who had two prime qualifications: First, he had the love of God and of his fellow-man, and no mere evanescent sentiment, no political war-cry, as the motive power of his earnest work. Secondly, he made it his rule, now, as in all his subsequent life, to gauge by personal observation the evils which he sought to cure.

"Well I can recollect," he said, in the House of Lords, in 1873, "in the earlier periods of this movement, waiting at the factory gates to see the children come out, and a set of sad, dejected, cadaverous creatures they were. Then one asked, 'Can any one of them reach their homes alive?' . . . In Bradford especially the proofs of long and cruel toil were most remarkable. The cripples and distorted forms might be numbered by hundreds, perhaps by thousands. A friend of mine collected a vast number together for me: the sight was most piteous, the deformities incredible. They seemed to me, such were their crooked shapes, like a mass of crooked alphabets."

We meet with an interesting mention of him at this time in a letter from his friend Southey to Mr. John May. The poet's soul had been much distressed by reading the evidence as to the treatment of children in factories, and he writes, under date "March 1, 1833"—

"The slave trade is mercy to it. . . . Once more I will cry aloud and spare not. These are not times to be silent. Lord Ashley has taken up this Factory question with all his heart, under a deep religious sense of duty. I hear from him frequently. If we are to be saved, it will be, I will not say *by* such men, but for the sake of such men as he is—men

who have the fear of God before their eyes, and the love of their fellow-creatures in their hearts."—*Life*, vol. vi. pp. 200–201.

A remarkable testimony this to the impression which Lord Ashley's character had already, more than fifty years ago, made on one of the leading minds of the age. Subsequently, in May, 1834, we find him endeavouring to obtain information for the poet about Cowper, and Southey declaring: "There is no person on whose obliging kindness I can rely with more confidence than on Lord Ashley's."

The measure which he introduced into the first Parliament elected under the great Reform Bill was supported by petitions signed by more than 200,000 persons, and was discussed in an animated debate. Though it was not passed in its original form, the Government modification of it, founded on the Report of a Commission, was a notable advance on all previous legislation, and would have abolished much abuse had its provisions been efficiently carried out. But it proved totally ineffective; and in 1838 Lord Ashley again took up the matter, and brought forward a motion: "That this House deeply regrets that the law affecting the regulation of the labour of children in factories, having been found imperfect and ineffective to the purpose for which it was passed, has been suffered to continue so long without amendment." Presenting a formidable array of facts, he showed that the law was set at defiance; that certificates of permission to work in the factories were given wholesale and without personal examination; and that mill-owners sat as magistrates and imposed only nominal fines on those who broke or evaded the law. In burning words he warned the House of the fearful consequences of apathy and inaction in so vital a matter. But though the Government opposed his motion and nothing was accomplished at the time, he felt that the question had now got such hold on the public conscience that the success of his efforts was certain; and he told the House, that though he should hold his peace, the very stones would immediately cry out.

While awaiting a favourable moment to carry his Ten Hours scheme to complete victory, Lord Ashley took up another branch of the subject, and extended the area of his beneficent legislation. In 1840 he moved for a Commission to inquire

into the state of all children and young people unprotected by the existing Factory Acts. It was late in the Session, and with a very select audience—"with nobody in the House but the Speaker, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Ewart, and myself"—that he made the memorable speech which produced the Commission out of which arose the Collieries Bill and other measures.

The trades and occupations to which this Commission was to apply were many, and some of them were stained with wrongs of deepest dye. There were the tobacco manufacturers, who employed little children of seven years; the bleachers, who kept their lads at work, day after day, in an atmosphere of 120 degrees, and often required much nightwork from them; the carpet-weavers, who frequently called their boys up at three or four in the morning, and kept them at work right on for sixteen or eighteen hours; the pin-makers, who were veritable slaveholders, having their little workpeople secured to them by bond, and using them very badly, besides keeping them long hours in an atmosphere poisoned with aquafortis. In this black list the calico-printers held a bad pre-eminence, it being the custom of their trade to have a great deal of nightwork; and in the cold, snowy nights of winter, mothers—we cannot call them "tender"—might be seen hurrying along, carrying their hapless, tearful little victims to the shrine of this mercenary Moloch.

It was about this time that Elizabeth Barrett—afterwards Mrs. Browning—told the sorrows of the little serfs of the factory and the mine, and struck a tender chord in the heart of the nation. The fire of genius was never put to better purpose than when in words of flame it set forth the *Cry of the Children* :—

" 'For, O,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

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A A

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
 Through the coal-dark underground—
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

“ ‘For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
 Their wind comes in our faces—
 Till our hearts turn—our head, with pulses burning—
 And the walls turn in their places—
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
 Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all—
 And all the day the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray,
 “O ye wheels,” breaking out in a mad moaning,
 “Stop! be silent for to-day!”’ ”

Of all branches of industry none cried so loudly for reform as the mines and collieries. Employment underground, with its oppressive atmosphere and manifold dangers to life and limb, was, one would think, the least adapted of any for the young and weakly. But it was proved, by the evidence brought before the Commission of 1840-42, and by Lord Ashley's statements in the Commons, that these dark places under the earth were full of cruelty, and bore away the palm for detestable treatment of the young of both sexes. Take his account of the ages at which the troubles of these little gnomes began in various districts:—

“In South Staffordshire it is common to begin at seven years old; in Shropshire some begin as early as six years of age; in Warwickshire the same; in Leicestershire nearly the same. In Derbyshire many begin at five; many between five and six years; many at seven. In the West Riding of Yorkshire it is not uncommon for infants even of five years old to be sent to the pit. About Halifax and the neighbourhood children are sometimes brought to the pits at the age of six years. Near Oldham children are worked as low as four years old; and in the small collieries towards the hills some are so young they are brought to work in their bedgowns.”

And the mines in which these mere babes were employed were badly drained and ventilated; the ways were so low, in some pits, that only little boys could work in them, who had to work without any clothing, “and often in mud

and water, dragging sledge-tubs by the girdle and chain." The circumstances under which boys and girls grew up in these collieries were shockingly indecent and cruel; and Lord Ashley was fully justified by his facts in assuring the House, in reference to the vile system of long apprenticeships which prevailed in South Staffordshire and other districts, that "anything more enormous was never brought under the notice of the legislative assembly of a free country."

Taking the Report of the Commission in 1842 as his basis, he introduced two Bills into Parliament: one for the removal of females from the mines and collieries; the other for the care and education of children in calico print works. "No more," he tells us, "was done at that time; for, although the ability and diligence of the Commissioners had collected a vast amount of evidence showing the fearful condition of some 150 trades, public opinion was not sufficiently ripe for so many extensive changes." His Mines Regulation Act was passed, and not only did away with female labour, but provided also that no lad under fourteen should be employed in any colliery; and his Calico Print Works Act, carried subsequently, lessened the hours, regulated the age, and provided for the education of the little workpeople. How keenly he at this time felt the necessity of education for the working classes will be best learnt from his own words.

"Time was," he told the House, "when men believed, or rather maintained, that utter ignorance and excessive labour were the best guarantees for the tranquillity of the people—a sad delusion; for the most hardly worked and the most brutally ignorant can ever find time and intellect for mischief. Hundreds throng to the beershops and pothouses, to listen to seductive compositions in prose and verse, in which vice and violence are dignified into heroism; compositions written with fancy and power and embellished with all the excellence of modern art."

Our limited space will not allow us to follow in minute detail the fortunes of the Ten Hours Bill. For some years the country was in a state of great excitement and unrest. Bad harvests, consequent scarcity and high price of corn, dearth of employment, Chartist riots, shooting at the Queen, and other enormities, fostered a feverish feeling of insecurity and impending horrors. Lord Ashley came in for a large

share of denunciation. For while the Lancashire mill-owners wished bread to be cheap, and the Corn Laws to be repealed, they had no desire for labour to have shorter hours, or for women and children to be protected by law from overwork and ill-treatment. Lord Ashley's persistence in meddling with the old-fashioned rights of property in human flesh and blood annoyed them much. It was no doubt very hard, they allowed, for children and women to be worked long hours; but then they must suffer for the good of the community, and rather than the amount of production should be lessened.

We can scarcely wonder at the mill-owners' lack of insight into the future, when we find an enlightened statesman like Sir Robert Peel, in 1838, giving utterance to such a sentence as this:—

"It is because I cannot fail to perceive the competition with which this country is threatened—it is because I see that the interests of humanity, in the large view of the question, are likely to be less consulted by the short-sighted restriction of labour than they are by its perfect freedom—it is because the fact is unquestionable that, though you may exempt the child from fatigue, you also deprive it of prospective employment, by driving the manufacturers to seek elsewhere that protection which is denied them at home—it is for these reasons that I implore Parliament to decide the question this night whether it will legislate or not."—Martineau, *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, vol. v. c. 14.

And nine years later—February 10, 1847—we find Mr. Bright denouncing the Ten Hours Bill as "most injurious and destructive to the best interests of the country;" "one of the worst measures ever passed in the shape of an Act of the Legislature," &c. (See *Hansard*, Third Series, vol. lxxxix. p. 1148.)

A favourite argument in the controversy was a *tu quoque* thrust at the house of Shaftesbury. Lancashire operatives might be hardly treated, but what about Dorsetshire labourers? It is but fair to Lord Ashley to state that he took these sayings to heart, and when he came into the earldom soon made his Dorsetshire estates a model for the landed proprietors of the kingdom. Taking as our authority Mr. Holden Pike, in his very interesting book, we hold the village of Wimborne

St. Giles, bordering on Lord Shaftesbury's family seat, to be as near an approach to an Arcadian ideal as we can expect to meet with in this mercenary world of to-day. He was himself the best of landlords, just, generous, and thoughtful; and his interest in the sons of the soil was further shown by his efforts to remove the scandal of the agricultural gangs formerly common in some parts of England.

Early in the Session of 1843 Lord Ashley moved an Address to the Queen, praying that she would give immediate and serious consideration to the religious and moral education of the working classes. In consequence of this motion, which was agreed to, Sir James Graham, on the part of the Government, introduced, in conjunction with a Factory Bill, a scheme of education which, with some admirable points, tended to throw an undue amount of power into the hands of the Established Church, roused great alarm and indignation throughout the country, and finally had to be dropped. In 1844 Sir James brought in his Factory Bill, *minus* the education clauses, but providing that the children should not work more than six hours and a half per day. Much to his disgust, Lord Ashley moved the introduction of a clause by which the working day for women and young persons should be reduced from twelve to ten hours; and characterizing their excessive labour as only one branch of the tree of evil, expressed his hope to lop it off; at which the irate baronet exclaimed, "Does the noble lord know what tree it is he talks of lopping? It is the tree of the wealth and greatness of the country." The clause, however, was carried; but Sir Robert Peel, with the autocracy he wielded over the House, got it to reverse its decision. Ultimately the Bill was withdrawn, and a new one brought in, which, while leaving the ten hours question untouched, made several useful regulations in favour of the children, and gave special protection to women and girls. Lord Ashley hailed with pleasure such an important instalment of the reforms which he had so long been advocating; and in the following year, having resigned his seat for Dorset on account of adopting Corn Law abolition views, gave the conduct of his Ten Hours Bill into the able hands of Mr. Fielden, who carried it to a successful issue in 1847, and whose name

deserves to be held in high honour for his zealous and disinterested labours.

We have devoted as much space as possible to the Factory movement, because this was the grandest reform with which Lord Shaftesbury's life was identified, the one which has left the deepest mark on the nation's life, crowning its author in his riper age with glory, although for many years he had been, on its account, the best abused man in England. But this was only the foremost among a large number of remedial measures which owed their success to his energetic pilotship. In 1843 we find him lending hearty support to Mr. Charles Buller's motion in favour of extensive and systematic colonization as a means of lessening the excessive competition in the labour market at home; and in 1845 he himself introduced two Bills for the better treatment of lunatics—a subject to which he devoted unremitting attention throughout his life, acting as Chairman of the Lunacy Commission for more than half a century, and exercising a kindly personal supervision, which has led to a greatly improved condition of these unfortunates.

Among the friends whose society beautified and cheered the activities of his middle life, Lord Ashley had the happiness to reckon the philosophic Bunsen, who seems to have loved the young peer at first sight, and to have entered heartily into his philanthropic schemes. In Bunsen's *Memoir*, by his widow, may be found several interesting notices of their intercourse. The Baron speaks of him as "the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley;" and under date, "November 11, 1841," has this record:—

"Lord Ashley has sent me his portrait and a book (collection of prayers out of writings of the English Fathers), with most affectionate words:—'Nov. 9, 1841.—To my dear friend Bunsen, the worthy minister of the best and greatest of the kings of this world, as a memorial of our solemn, anxious, and, by God's blessing, successful labours, which, under His grace, we have sustained for the consolidation of Protestant truth, the welfare of Israel, and the extension of the kingdom of our blessed Lord.—ASHLEY. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends."'—*Bunsen*, i. 629.

It is now more than forty years since Lord Ashley's name began to be associated with the cause of Ragged Schools. In 1844 the Ragged School Union was formed, with him as its President—an office which he was proud to fill to the end of

his days. Ten years previously he had become connected with the London City Mission, which furnished him with valuable aid in his exploration of the dens and slums of the great city. Some of the results of his investigations are to be found in an article on "Ragged Schools," which he contributed to the *Quarterly* for December, 1846, and in which he gave a striking account of the subjects for whom these schools were intended. It is a paper of considerable literary power, and shows him to have possessed a rare talent for description, and the ability to enforce his teachings and pleadings in a lively and captivating style. "The bitter cry of outcast London" was at least as loud in 1846 as forty years later, and Lord Ashley thus drew attention to it in the chief literary organ of the day:—

"The *Ragged Schools* are a symptom alike of the prevailing disorder and the attempted resistance; their title proclaims the class for whom they are destined; and the class itself proclaims that, so long as our neglect permits it to exist, it must be encumbered by a machinery suited to its peculiar characteristics. Few of our upper ranks, however, have much practical knowledge of any class greatly removed from their own—how few of the very lowest!—and hence, we believe, arise the indifference and the impediments that discourage and defeat the undertakings of those who, like the founders of these schools for the wretched, toil without fee or reward in the service of the public."—*Quarterly Review*, No. clviii. p. 127.

"Well, then, we discover that they are beings like ourselves; that they have long subsisted within a walk of our own dwellings; that they have increased, and are increasing, in numbers with the extension of this overgrown metropolis; and that they recede, if to recede be possible, in physical and moral condition, as the capital itself advances towards the pinnacle of magnificence and refinement. Will no one roll away the reproach? We have an Established Church, abundant in able and pious men, and she boasts herself to be the Church of the people. We have a great body of wealthy and intelligent Dissenters, who declaim, by day and by night, on the efficacious virtues of the voluntary principle. We have a generous aristocracy and plethoric capitalists, and a Government pledged to social improvements. Who will come forward? Why not all?"—P. 130.

As to the inventors of Ragged Schools, he says:—

"The *Ragged Schools* owe their origin to some excellent persons in humble life, who went forth into the streets and alleys, not many years ago, and invited these miserable outcasts to listen to the language of sympathy and care. We are not able to say when exactly the first beginning was made, nor to apportion the merit of the earlier efforts;

but praise and fame are the last things such men thought or think of. Much, no doubt, must be ascribed to the zealous humanity of the City missionaries."—P. 131.

Having re-entered Parliament in 1847 as member for Bath, Lord Ashley was able to state the case of the Ragged Schools with vigour and effect in June of the following year, when pleading in favour of a scheme of State-aided emigration on a large scale, which would have taken a thousand boys and girls *annually* from alley and slum and gutter, to the rising towns and limitless plains of Australia. The Government of the day, however, could not expand its views to such a magnificent plan in its entirety, but made a grant of £1,500 for the benevolent purpose.

What the results of forty years' work in this department were, may best be learnt from Lord Shaftesbury's speech at the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union in 1883:—

"Did we not," he asked, "during the palmy days of the Ragged Schools, pick up from the streets some 300,000 boys and girls, all of whom, if they had not been taken up, would have been found, ere long, among the dangerous classes? We picked them up, we trained them, we taught them to fear God and man; we sent them into trades, into domestic service, and far off into the Colonies. Have any of them broken the hearts of their teachers? Have any of them proved a disgrace to the tuition they received? None, I tell you. We have, by the blessing of God, turned out 300,000 children as good and industrious citizens, who, but for the intervention of these Ragged Schools, would have gone to join the dangerous classes, and would have been a curse to this great country."

In 1851 Lord Ashley succeeded his father as Earl of Shaftesbury, and left the lower for the upper House. He was now in the height of his activity, and in the height of his public influence, lending the weight of his name, the eloquence of his advocacy, and his faculty of successful organization, to almost every cause of religious, moral, and physical progress. Standing free from the trammels of political partisanship which have hampered many well-intentioned men, and narrowed down to wretched nothingness the broadest and noblest aspirations, he gained the truly national influence which these smaller minds aimed at and missed. He had, too, the advantage of having served a working apprenticeship as a commoner, fighting many a good battle in the Commons, exploring many a dark nook of the great city, and threading the crowded mazes of the factory

districts ; and though his name had been loaded with reproach and calumny by the excited owners of interests supposed to be assailed, a happier phase of public regard illumined it as he assumed the family title, to which he was destined to add such lustre.

Lord Palmerston having married Lady Cowper, the mother of Lady Shaftesbury, it was but natural that the domestic relationship should lead to greater intimacy between the political and the philanthropic leader ; and as the former increased in influence and gained the premiership, it was soon taken for granted that Lord Shaftesbury was his chief adviser in the ecclesiastical patronage which fell to his share in his years of office. Certainly there could be no mistake as to the Earl's Evangelical leanings ; but neither the bishops nor the deans appointed under that dynasty belonged exclusively to one school, and the entire list is one of which no good Churchman can be ashamed, including as it does such names as Tait and Thomson and Ellicott and Harold Browne, Liddell and Trench and Alford and Jeune, to name no more. In his public career Lord Shaftesbury had an immense advantage in his firm hold of orthodox, yet truly liberal, opinions. Free from the retrogressive realism which delights in coloured glass and big candles and gorgeous garments, on the one hand, and, on the other, from the affectation which would gain credit for grazing the rocks of infidelity without suffering total wreck, he was saved from wasting precious time in inventing or promulgating novelties of ritual or of faith. If at times he expressed his contempt or disgust at Romanizing or rationalistic vagaries in plain emphatic English, it was but the natural outcome from a mind that was healthily made up on vital matters, and that regarded the infinite littlenesses of ecclesiastic wrangling and unphilosophic hair-splitting as a miserable way of wearing out energies all too inadequate to redress the wrongs that crowded around.

But while he felt strongly as to the internal enemies of the Established Church, he was thoroughly unbigoted in his appreciation of all evangelical efforts by Churchman or Dissenter, at home or abroad. The work of the great undenominational Societies—such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sunday School Union, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission—was an especial delight to him, and for half a

century claimed his earnest help and sagacious counsel. To him was due the experiment for reaching the non-worshipping classes by religious services in the London theatres on Sundays; an innovation which so shocked Lord Dungannon that he brought forward a motion of censure, and maintained that it was calculated rather to retard than to promote "the progress of sound religious principles." In his reply Lord Shaftesbury observed, "The noble Viscount says we are endangering the Church. Just the reverse. I believe that the movement of which this is a part has done more to strengthen and perpetuate the Church than any other cause; and the clergy of the Church who have participated in these services have gone far to rivet the hearts of the people to the Establishment."

His sympathies were not confined to the land for which he worked so well. All forms of true missionary effort were very dear to him. The Church Missionary Society, of which he was president, naturally held a foremost place in his regard; and the Turkish Missions Aid Society claimed him as its leader from its beginning. For he was not one of those peculiar Christians who of late years have held up the Turk to the hatred of Englishmen as being "unspeakable," outside the pale of humanity, and only fit for slaughter. On the contrary, he was disposed to hold that Turkish was preferable to Russian civilization, and he contrasted the freedom allowed to religious effort in many parts of Turkey with the embargo placed on it in Russia. With the struggles of Italy for freedom from the Austrian and the Papal yoke he had strong sympathy, as well as great admiration for the gallant Garibaldi, one of whose written utterances was in strict accord with the Earl's cherished principle: "The best of allies that you can procure for us is the Bible, which will bring us the reality of freedom." So we find him one of the brilliant party which welcomed and dined with the hero at Stafford House in April, 1864, when the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland conferred such a distinguishing mark of favour on Garibaldi in allowing him to smoke in that *sanctum sanctorum*, her boudoir! And five years previously we see him at the head of the Committee formed to collect subscriptions for Poerio and the other Neapolitan refugees. His interest in the rights

and wrongs of more distant lands was shown by his endeavour, as far back as 1843, to get the House of Commons to suppress the infamous opium traffic, which has wrought such ill to the Chinese empire.

But while Lord Shaftesbury's benevolent spirit took all countries under its protection, his special personal work lay in his own native land. The Shoeblack Brigade movement, which was originated by Mr. John Macgregor at the opportune season of the Great Exhibition, and has effected a marvellous amount of good among the poor lads of London, from the first received his cordial aid. The Reformatory and Refuge Union, also, owes much to his advocacy and help. To sanitary reform he devoted much of his time, holding strong opinions as to the close alliance of cleanliness with godliness. Amongst the most useful measures which he carried through Parliament was that for the Registration and Inspection of Common Lodging Houses, which Charles Dickens—who had a strong *penchant* for the exploration of the dismal old dens—declared to be the best law ever passed by Parliament. In August, 1872, he laid the first stone of the Shaftesbury Park Estate buildings, which constitute a model town for clerks and artisans, containing 1,200 houses, schools, ornamental garden, lecture hall, &c., but no public-house or pawnbroker's shop.

The later years of Lord Shaftesbury's life, with their wealth of good works, are fresh in the memory of our readers. Who has not heard him plead, with an earnestness that ignored the infirmities of advanced age, the cause of the Bible, of Missions, of Education? It would be difficult to mention any form of evangelic or sanitary aggression on the strongholds of evil which did not claim his help and counsel as the representative man—the David, in the grand struggle with the Philistines. “Narrowness” he had none: his clear head and warm heart were broad enough to find room for any new and promising mode of action, while keeping alive the old and well-tried forms. Even the propositions of the Cremation Society, which so shocked the late Bishop Wordsworth, were considered with calmness by Lord Shaftesbury, who, in last April, thus replied to an objection attributed to the Bishop: “There is another argument, urged on religious grounds—that it will annihilate all hope of a resurrection. I have never heard the

question discussed theologically, but surely it may be met by the interrogation: What, then, will become of the thousands of blessed martyrs who have died at the stake in ancient and modern persecutions?"

If in his outward bearing there was a touch of aristocratic loftiness which was liable to mislead those who judged by the surface, the warmth of his heart was appreciated to the full by his friends and *protégés*, the leather-lunged merchants of the streets. The costermongers of Golden Lane and of Hoxton hailed the well-born Earl as their brother, and were won to better manners and higher hopes by the charm of a manly sympathy, in which they—sensitive though they are as a class—felt no chill of icy pride or patronizing superiority. In Mr. Orsman's invaluable work amongst the street traders he took a lively interest, and enrolled himself in the Barrow Club, and so became a member of the noble order of Costers. In March, 1875, on occasion of a donkey show, a fine ass, named "Coster," was presented to his lordship by the exhibitors with much enthusiasm; and when he went to open Costers' Hall in Hoxton, it was through crowded streets and amidst deafening cheering from his brethren and sisters of the barrow and the stall. Plainly they were of the judgment of Lord Granville—that the Earl's character might well be condensed into the simple words, "A friend of the poor."

Of the personal interest which he took in the individuals benefited by the institutions with which he was connected, and of the affection which they in return felt for him, many pleasing anecdotes might be told, did space allow. His "yearning pity for mankind" was shown, not in words only, but in deeds of minute and persevering kindness. And his was no exception to the rule which so often blends a quick sense of humour with the tender gravity of a large-hearted benevolence. Lord Granville, in his Mansion House speech, assures us: "I hardly knew any man who had greater humour himself or a greater appreciation of humour in others." We may easily conjecture, then, how he would have enjoyed the exquisite absurdity of the title posthumously conferred on him by some imaginative admirers, "the last of the Puritans!"

How different was the treatment which this good man experienced in his later from that of his earlier days! The

bitter scorn, the spiteful detraction, the personal hatred of those against whom his only sin was that he had carried measures for the good of women and children in factories—measures whose success happily belied the prophecies of interested and jaundiced onlookers—all this had either died out, or been shamed into obscurity by the national voice, which had quietly adopted the name of Shaftesbury into its vocabulary as a synonym for “whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure.” Honours poured in upon him—not bestowed by queen or prince, but such as a lover of his kind holds very dear—the thanks of the thousands of factory workers; the freedom of the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and—last, that should have been first—London; presents of bust and portraits and things of small pretension, but precious as the outcome of loving gratitude from the lowly and those who thought, for a time, that they had no helper.

His long career may be said to have been one of great happiness. For, though the middle part of it was marked with much conflict, and his sensitive spirit had to bear the brunt of political warfare, in counterbalance he had not only the brightness of a loving home circle, but the consciousness that he was doing, however imperfectly, the work given him to do by the Master. And as his strength abated, his work, though spread over a wider field, was perhaps more easy and less straining to the heart-strings; and his occupations and engagements, excessive though they were in number to the last, yet brought this blessing with them—that they left little time for sorrow, and seemed to hasten on the day when the aged Earl should rejoin the dear ones who had preceded him. To that happy reunion he looked forward with touching eagerness of anticipation; and when the day arrived, it found him awaiting his change with calmness and perfect trust. The mourning thousands who thronged in and around Westminster Abbey at the funeral service, of all ranks, and representative of such an array of benevolent appliances as no other land can show, were at once a testimony to the greatness of the national loss, and an earnest that the race is not yet run out of those who, like Earl Shaftesbury, “have the fear of God before their eyes, and the love of their fellow-creatures in their hearts.”

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

The Apostolic Fathers (Part II.) St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp.
Three Vols. Revised Texts, with Introduction, Notes,
Dissertations, and Translations. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT,
D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. London:
Macmillan & Co.

WE should have to travel a long way back to find so noble a work of ecclesiastical learning as Bishop Lightfoot has here given us. There are no remains of antiquity superior in interest, there are very few equal in value, to the Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp. There are none around which more difficult and intricate problems have coiled themselves; none around which, and the problems connected with them, questions so critical and cardinal in regard to the earliest post-apostolic shaping and development of the Christian Church have gathered. Here, in fact, lie the *origines* of all the controversies as to Church-order which have vexed the Church for the last three centuries. To deal candidly, equitably, and with adequate critical ability with these problems, demands not only the widest ecclesiastical reading and the most profound and masterly scholarship, but, what is almost as rare, an absolutely dispassionate mind. How far the Ignatian Epistles are genuine, is itself a question which for two centuries has been in debate.

Within these splendid volumes are found not only all the materials, all the critical apparatus, needed for the study of the subjects involved, but the Bishop's own exhaustive discussions relating to the whole. Here are the revised texts with introductions, notes, dissertations and translations. The Bishop gives not only the Epistles in the revised Greek text, and also translated, but the Acts of Martyrdom. There is also an *Appendix Ignationa*, containing an Anglo-Saxon Version, Syriac Remains, Greek Epistles of the Long Recusion, Coptic Remains, Arabic Extracts. Then, besides the Polycarpian Epistles, there is an Appendix containing Polycarpian Fragments and a Life of Polycarp, followed by translations of the same. The whole is crowned with admirable indices. Bishop Lightfoot has changed his opinion as to the Ignatian Epistles. Years ago he agreed with the opinion that Canon Cureton's short Syrian text represented the original Greek letters. He now believes that Archbishop Ussher's learning and genius pointed out to criticism the right pathway on this subject, and that the Vossian text, published two years after

Ussher's work, of six out of the seven Epistles (Amstel, A.D. 1646)—that to the Romans was missing from the MS.—represented the authentic body of Ignatian letters, the missing one being discovered half a century later by Ruinart (Paris, A.D. 1689). The whole of this question is discussed in detail by Dr. Lightfoot. We presume it will bring this long controversy practically to an end.

Incidentally this work abounds with interesting and luminous comments and suggestions on the condition of Christianity and the Christian Churches, especially in Syria, Asia Minor, and Rome at the opening of the second century, as described in the Ignatian epistles.

The Polycarpian Remains are treated with equal learning and ability.

This great and masterly work—a work in which the erudition and ability are alike extraordinary—will be a treasure and storehouse for ecclesiastical students.

Methodism in the Light of the Early Church. Being the Fernley Lecture of 1885. By the Rev. W. F. SLATER, M.A.
London: Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room. 1885.

This is one of the ablest lectures hitherto published on the Fernley foundation. Its argument is close and acute; the style is the pure English of a scholar, always lucid, and, when fit occasion offers, eloquent, while the learning used in the text, and indicated in the notes and appendices, is singularly wide and exact, including both ancient and modern writers, and of modern writers all the best, both English and Continental, especially German. Mr. Slater's task was not in itself difficult, because the case of Methodism as against its ecclesiastical critics is very strong, and the materials for use are abundant and not very far to seek. But it is his merit to have done his work excellently, and in such a way that no scholar dealing with the same theme can afford to ignore him. After an excellent introduction he proceeds to consider the argument in regard to the position and claims of Methodism in the following order:—First, as to "The Work of the Spirit," and then, in succession, as to "The Development of the Church," "Apostolicity," "Unity and Catholicity," "Order and Progress." This arrangement enables him to pass briefly in review all the "notes" of a Christian church, and to weigh in the critical balance the pretensions of those who would fain deny the ecclesiastical status of Methodism, especially the "Anglo-Catholic" school. Exactness in statement, terseness in argument, or in that sort of argumentative suggestion which is often better than syllogistic reasoning, and scholarly accuracy throughout, characterize this small treatise, which is a veritable *multum in parvo*. We could wish, however, that under one of his references to Methodism he had placed a note of detailed explanation, such as he has given in hundreds of other cases, to the great enrichment of his lecture. It is perfectly correct, as a general statement, to say, as Mr. Slater does

twice, that "through life Mr. Wesley declined to permit his preachers to administer the sacraments." Nevertheless, it is also true, and Mr. Slater makes an incidental reference to the fact before he comes to the end of his lecture, that Wesley, though he did not *permit* his preachers, as such, to administer the sacraments, did *formally ordain* some of them, so to do, and that not only for America, when the United States were founded as an independent Republic, but for Scotland a little later, and, last of all when his brother was dead, and the work of administering to the Societies throughout England and Ireland had become altogether too great for Dr. Coke and himself, for England also. In this case, however, Mr. Slater's statement is in itself strictly true, although it would have been well, we think, to supplement it in the way now indicated. In another instance, standing in relation to the same general subject, he is hardly quite accurate. He speaks of the preachers whom Wesley left behind him as unable to be "content so long as their people flocked to the altars of an unfriendly clergy." But the pressing and decisive truth, the fact that settled the course of development after Wesley's death, was not that "the people flocked," but that, in general, they refused to attend where and when the Lord's Supper was administered by clergy who showed themselves hostile to Methodism and its doctrines. The people rose against the preachers, at least against many of them, and among these not a few of the leaders, because they were, if not "content," at least patient and submissive under what was felt by their flocks to be an intolerable grievance.

Sermons. By MARK PATTISON, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mark Pattison's autobiographical *Memoirs* left a very unpleasant taste in the reader's mouth. From the bitter, sarcastic tone running through the book one would infer that the writer was the enemy of all, the friend of none. The views taken of men and things are most gloomy, not to say pessimistic. The writer's final attitude towards the Christian faith is left in doubt. The present volume, to some extent, happily corrects these impressions. Not much is said or suggested about Christian doctrine, but what is said is on the right side. Only the first sermon is on a properly religious subject, and it is an argument for the supernatural origin of Christianity. It is true the date of the sermon goes back to 1850; but, unless it expressed the preacher's mature judgment, it would surely not have been published. Dwelling on our Lord's teaching respecting the two great commandments, Mr. Pattison argues that the contrast in that teaching to the traditional, hair-splitting style of the Rabbis, refutes the notion that Christ's teaching is merely a new edition of Rabbinical Judaism. "That out of the bosom of the Rabbinical school should issue an utterance which upset the principle on which that school was founded . . . would be without parallel

in the history of religion and philosophy." He guards the true relation of the two Testaments against the two extremes which would confound or entirely divorce them. The unity of the representation given in the two respecting the divine character in its severer aspects is ably argued. The conclusion is, "So far then from its being a mark of superiority in the Scriptures of the New Testament, that they present to us the Deity divested of the terrible and avenging aspect which he wears in the Old, it would rather create a presumption, if they did so do, against them. If Christianity does offer us a Deity who can behold moral iniquity without offence, Christianity is less, instead of better, adapted to the circumstances of man, and responds less to the demands of his moral nature than the older dispensation."

The other discourses are scarcely to be estimated as "Sermons." They treat of general academic subjects. Even the "Assize Sermon" is a subtle, yet broad discussion of the relation of religion to morality. The subject discussed at greatest length is the ideal of education, as the culture of individual character, in opposition to the theory of education as a mere communication of knowledge. This was a question on which the late rector had a mission, and to which he returned on every opportunity. The modern mania for examinations was his abhorrence. The subject is expounded, and the writer's own theory vindicated, with all the breadth of historical learning, the philosophical acumen, the grip that we might expect. These discourses give a far more adequate impression of the rector's great powers and a far more pleasing impression of his temper and spirit than the *Memoirs*. They abound in broad, just generalizations and pregnant sentences. The pessimistic tone is quite absent. "Let us not think that sympathy is little to give. Sympathy is no substitute for alms; it will not clothe the naked or feed the hungry. But in spiritual and intellectual things a true sympathy is the most powerful aid which one human mind can lend to another; of far greater efficacy in stimulating to new effort, and in bracing to high resolve than the most correct instruction or most luminous exposition of science." The scientific temper is admirably hit off in the following passage: "Scientific culture resides not in the knowledge of certain classes of facts, but in the habit of mind with which those facts are regarded. The scientific man employs no other methods of investigation than those which we are all habitually using, only he does it consciously, with exactitude and consistency. Scientific investigation is not a novel and peculiar art, applicable only to the less obvious phenomena of Nature—its perfection lies in its exclusion of extraneous and irrelevant evidence. To have a scientific mind is not to have observed much but to know how to observe; it is not to know in any peculiar way, but simply to know, as we all know, where we do know, where the reason acts upon the phenomena unimpaired and unclouded by opinion, imagination, conjecture, prepossession, authority, or prescription." The four college sermons added to the nine university

ones are full of lofty counsel and sentiment. To transcribe all that is good in the second one would be to transcribe the whole. The ideal of study proposed is the noblest possible. "Cultivation of the whole mind and character" is to be the aim. "We should not distinguish our day into one part given to God and the rest to ourselves, but it should be all of one colour and texture. . . . We should not have *any* worldly employments, for our whole life should be a religious act."

Mr. Pattison is grievously astray in his estimate of Methodism and even of Puritanism. The contents of this Journal are enough to show that Methodism is not the unintellectual thing he supposes. It knows how to prove all things and hold fast that which is good in *Sermons*. Of course the latter course implies the rejection of the bad. On the whole, the present volume intensifies our regret that the late rector has left nothing but the life of Casaubon as a monument of his great powers. The absence of titles to the sermons is a defect.

Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D. London : Longmans, Green & Co.

In the present work Dr. Tulloch has supplied a worthy companion to his *Rational Theology in the Seventeenth Century*. The subject is a congenial one. The Doctor is perfectly at home in painting graceful, spirited sketches of leaders of movements of thought. No one better hits the mean between profound discussions of principles, which are instructive without being interesting, and superficial sketches which are interesting without being instructive. He always writes with sympathy, with vigour, and, we need scarcely say, with almost perfect literary skill. The subjects included in the present volume are full of interest. They are such as Coleridge and his School, the Early Oriel School, the Oxford Movement, Religious Thought in Scotland, Carlyle as a Religious Teacher, Stuart Mill and his School, Maurice and Kingsley, F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing.

We were somewhat surprised to find the following announcement on the fourth page: "I do not mean to characterize what may be right or wrong in these movements. My aim will be to show in a purely historical spirit how naturally they connect themselves with one another." This profession of neutrality is happily soon departed from; judgments are passed freely enough on the writers and movements reviewed throughout the work, but we do not see why the profession was made. In the very first lecture (p. 13) we have the most sweeping condemnation in the whole volume, the one passed on the Evangelical School. On p. 11 we find this note: "This idea is elaborated in a clever, but somewhat narrow book, *Modern Anglican Theology*, by the Rev. James H. Rigg, 1857." This does not look like neutrality. "Narrow" is a relative term; all depends on the

medium of comparison. No doubt the position taken by Dr. Rigg is "somewhat narrow," compared with that of the Broad School represented by Principal Tulloch. But we must not forget that Carlyle and Mill, and many more, would pronounce Principal Tulloch's own position "somewhat narrow."

With most of Dr. Tulloch's judgments on the different phases of faith he discusses we are in perfect accord. We rejoice that he has the courage to say so plainly what he thinks about schools of thought on which it is too much the fashion to lavish indiscriminate praise. It is not often that the deficiencies of the High Church school, of Maurice, Carlyle, and Mill are criticized so firmly. Carlyle's weakness in disparaging merit near at hand, and exaggerating merit at a distance, is happily touched on. "Cromwell, Danton, Goethe remained glorified in distance and imagination. He holds his breath over a somewhat emptily complimentary letter of Goethe's at the very time that he is abusing his literary contemporaries in London. Had he visited the old intellectual sensualist at Weimar and seen all his ways there, we should perhaps have had a different portrait. For admiration with Carlyle was seldom able to withstand personal contact, and all imagery save that of his early home became blackened as soon as the veil of distance was removed." The description of the "right and wrong" in his teaching at p. 206 is excellent, but too long for quotation. In the Tractarian School, Dr. Tulloch, like many others, is struck with the contradiction between the personal kindness and gentleness of many of its members, and the fierce intolerance of their language. Indeed, Dr. Newman somewhere assures us that the burning of a heretic would be too much for his feelings; while, to judge from his language, burning would be too good for heretics. Dr. Tulloch says of Keble, "There was a gentle but immovable obstinacy in his Anglican convictions. I have never seen in any one a more steadfast and unmoved faith—faith not only in the Christian but in the Anglican verities. And this is the secret of what must be called, even with his higher temper and range of intelligence, his intolerance. It has a sort of innocence. It is a Christian virtue. He has no idea how essentially offensive it is." There is great truth also in the remark (p. 120) that Newman never was an assured Anglican like Keble and Pusey. Anglicanism was to him "only a state of transition from Evangelicalism to Romanism." The doctrine of Newman's *Grammar of Assent* is truly described as "a process of make-belief. Only assent strongly enough to anything, and it will imbed itself in your mental constitution as a verity of the first order." The character and amount of the evidence on which certitude rests is a secondary question. Another prophet of the same school, Hurrell Froude, is justly appraised. His *Remains* "are full of violent misjudgments, riotous prejudice, silly introspection, and here and there of downright nonsense. It fills one with amazement, I confess, that men like Keble and Newman should have sanctioned, even taken a pleasure in, their publication. Many of the

sayings are more like those of a foolish clever boy than anything else. His Oxford learning seems not only to have fostered his essentially narrow spirit, but to have added to it a species of intellectual petulance which would be offensive, if it were not ludicrous in absurdity." But his worst sayings are not worse than some of Keble and Newman.

Although we think highly of Milman, we are scarcely prepared to accept Dr. Tulloch's estimate. "In combination," he says, "of pure genius with learning, of sweep of thought with picturesque and powerful variety of literary culture and expression, he has always seemed to me the first of modern English churchmen." The paradoxes of Maurice's character and teaching are well brought out. His central doctrine of universal pardon as a fact only needing to be recognized by the individual is traced up to Erskine of Linlathen, and McLeod Campbell. Dr. Tulloch says, "If I am asked to pronounce an opinion, I must often agree with his orthodox critics against Mr. Maurice. Sin is certainly more than selfishness, and the atonement more than the perfect surrender of self-will to God. It is a satisfaction of Divine justice, as well as a surrender to Divine love. God is not merely love but law, and Divine righteousness is strong, not merely to make men righteous, but to punish all unrighteousness." The account given of the Scotch heretics—Erskine, Campbell, Irving—is very interesting. Arnold and F. W. Robertson seem to be Dr. Tulloch's heroes. The portraits given of them are without shade. The sketch of the latter is particularly vivid. We have no wish here to suggest drawbacks. Mill and his disciples are justly estimated. It is shown how Grote echoed even Mill's antipathies. He took his prejudices on trust. "It is indeed a pitiful comment on the weakness of human nature that the anti-Christendom of modern times has reproduced in flagrant forms two of the worst vices of Mediæval Christendom—its intolerance and vulgar deference to authority." If anything, we are inclined to think that Dr. Tulloch rates Lewes and his work far too highly. His sole excellence is one of style, a superficial one after all. "Much of a Frenchman in many of his ways, he had the French gift of facile and happy expression," and, it might have been added, the French fault of superficiality in thought. He had, in fact, the one gift of "lucidity," which, despite Matthew Arnold, is not much.

The Evangelical school is the one which, in our opinion, receives least justice at Dr. Tulloch's hands. He uses it in the first lecture simply as a foil to set off the merits of Coleridge's teaching. Reversing the order followed elsewhere in his work, he puts the supposed faults of Evangelicalism in the foreground, while the merits are scarcely, if at all, recognized. Our space is gone, or we think there would be no difficulty in showing that Dr. Tulloch has misunderstood the teaching of Evangelicalism. The hard, external way of regarding Christian doctrine (p. 19), rather characterizes High Church than Evangelical teaching. The inward experience of truth, on which the latter school has ever insisted, is the

very opposite of such a view. The charge of clinging to "a mere formal orthodoxy" is the last one that should be brought against a school which always lays the chief stress on a Divine life in the soul.*

PHILOSOPHY.

Works of Thomas Hill Green. Edited by R. L. NETTLESHIP.

Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885.

THE edition of the late Prof. Green's works, of which this is the first instalment, will be welcomed by all serious students of philosophy. Green will, if we mistake not, hold a permanent rank in the history of philosophy among the few really great speculative thinkers of the nineteenth century. Cut off in the very prime of life, and with his work but half accomplished, his influence has nevertheless been immense, and is steadily growing. Profoundly read in English and German philosophy, he early discerned that the popular empiricism of the day was no less inconsistent with itself than with common sense and reason, and he set himself to demonstrate this threefold inconsistency by exhibiting the logical result of its fundamental principles in systematic form. For this purpose he reviewed the course of English philosophy from Locke to Hume, showing with elaborate minuteness how Berkeley and Hume, between them, by merely purging Locke's system of its inconsistencies, proved the incompatibility of unadulterated empiricism, not merely with scientific, but even with empirical certitude, and with any other theory of ethics than pure Hedonism. This work, which was originally published in the shape of prolegomena to the Oxford edition of Hume, is reprinted in the present volume, of which it occupies the greater portion. The rest of the volume contains a reprint of two articles on the philosophy of Mr. Spencer, and one on that of the late G. H. Lewes, which appeared originally in *The Contemporary Review*. A second article on Lewes, which was withheld in consequence of that thinker's death, is now published for the first time. The gist of the criticism of Spencer and Lewes is to show that their application of the theory of evolution to psychology presupposes principles inconsistent alike with empiricism and with the essential nature of experience. Those who approach philosophy in a spirit of mere dilettante curiosity, as if its mighty dialectic movement were but an interesting spectacle, will find little to gratify them in Green's writings. Those, on the other hand, who realize the momentous character of the issues which, in this age of criticism, depend upon the determination of speculative questions, can hardly fail to find in this truly noble thinker a sure guide through the labyrinthine mazes of modern metaphysics.

* Many pages of notices relating to Theology, Philosophy, Science, and all departments of reading, which are already in type, must wait for our next issue.

Religion without God and God without Religion. By WILLIAMARTHUR. II. *Agnosticism and Mr. Herbert Spencer.*

London : Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room.

Mr. Arthur has acted wisely in making his examination of Agnosticism more detailed and complete than his examination of Positivism. Agnosticism is more decidedly a product of English thought and more likely to make way on English ground. An enumeration of the heads of Mr. Arthur's chapters will show how completely he has swept the Agnostic position, and how surely he has struck its vulnerable points. They are "Mr. Spencer's array of things Unknowable; What suffices, according to him, to place a thing beyond the line of the Knowable; In what consists, according to him, Knowing a thing and not Knowing it; Is not all our Knowledge partial and yet real? Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Illusion and Phenomena; Mr. Spencer on Necessity and Free Will; his view of the Origin of the Universe; his Replacement of God; his Substitute for Christianity."

Mr. Spencer is only formidable as long as he keeps in the cloudland of generalities. He is a master of phrases and definitions. Mr. Arthur is a troublesome critic, because he is constantly insisting on testing definitions by facts. When exposing one fallacy he says, "Suppose that instead of the banks of iridescent scientifico-philosophical cloud which hover over Mr. Spencer's speculations, we descend to an experiment" (p. 372), a necessary, but often inconvenient, course. In this way not a few high-sounding phrases are shown to contain either a very small truth or a very big sophism. "When Mr. Spencer describes acts of intelligence as adjustments of inner relations to outer relations, he means that our ideas of objects answer to the nature of the objects; and what he calls adjusting internal relations to it is what we ordinary mortals call forming a just idea of it" (p. 269). So fond is Mr. Spencer of these phrases, that he uses them to define such different objects as intelligence and life. Life, according to him, is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations. Elsewhere we read, "Every act of intelligence being in essence an adjustment of inner to outer relations" (p. 258). Again, Mr. Spencer defines a living body as one which effects "a continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." On this Mr. Arthur observes, "Now, of all things, air is just such a body. Its internal relations are those of oxygen to nitrogen and carbon, and these are adjusted to the external relations of heat, light, water, plants, lungs, gills, wings, and hosts of other things" (p. 352). Therefore, according to this master of definition, air is a living body. Mr. Spencer makes the difference between an involuntary and a voluntary movement slight indeed. "The difference is, that whereas the involuntary one occurs without previous consciousness of the movement

to be made, the voluntary one occurs only after it has been represented in consciousness; and as the representation of it is nothing else than a weak form of the psychical state accompanying the movement, it is nothing else than a nascent excitation of the nerves concerned preceding their actual excitation." The ruthless critic translates these abstractions into concrete thus: "So, therefore, that which makes the difference between the involuntary movement of a villain's leg when it is pushed aside by a comrade and its voluntary movement when he lifts it and kicks with it till he puts his wife to death is—what? It is 'nothing else than a nascent excitation of the nerves concerned!' Or it is 'nothing else than a weak form of the psychical state accompanying the movement.'"

The juggle which Mr. Spencer plays with the double meanings of "unknowable" and "inconceivable" is thoroughly exposed. When God is declared to be unknowable, it is some comfort to find that the same is said of time, space, the earth, matter, mind, force, motion, self. In what sense can all these things be said to be unknowable or inconceivable? Only in the sense that in their nature they are incomprehensible. It is impossible to frame any definition of them that would not be open to exception. But in another and most real sense they are not only knowable and conceivable, but the most certain of all existences, the basis of all life and thought, the permanent amid the changing elements of existence. It was worth while to show the fallacy of Mr. Spencer's doctrine in detail in respect to motion (p. 196-218). The other examples are dismissed more briefly. Dr. Mozley's discussion of the same question in his lecture on "Mysterious Truths" (*Lectures, &c.*) is well worth attention. He says, "Our minds are so constituted that we have the knowledge of the existence of certain truths, of which truths themselves at the same time we have no distinct idea or representation in our minds. Were the alternative of pure ignorance or pure knowledge necessary, it is evident that, when we left the sensible world, which supplies the subject-matter of simple apprehension, and the sphere of demonstrative reasoning, we should be immediately in a state of absolute ignorance and utter darkness; we should not only be ignorant of the nature of other truths, but should have no sort of idea what those truths were of which we were ignorant, and should be wholly unable to think of or discuss them on that account." In other words, Mr. Spencer utterly ignores the distinction between apprehension and comprehension. If his position is right, the latter only is knowledge. Mr. Arthur says, truly enough, "The doctrine that our condition as to mind or matter, space or time, motion or force, as to the system of the universe and the existence of our Creator, is a condition of nescience, is in flat contradiction to experience and reason. In these cases, as in every other, our condition is one of partial knowledge. The alternative which would confine us to either absolute knowledge or absolute ignorance is one that has no place in practical thinking, a mere puzzle for boys at school."

What can be more thoroughly sophistical than the way in which Mr. Spencer proves that mind is Unknowable? In order to be able to know a thing you must be able to compare and class it with other things of the same kind, but mind is unlike everything else. That is, instead of taking two individual minds, Mr. Spencer takes mind in the aggregate. In the same way, our author observes, he might prove fish, the sun, earthquakes, and many other things unknowable. Besides, is comparison the sole means of knowledge?

Mr. Spencer's portentous inconsistency in first affirming that the something behind phenomena is unknowable, and then crediting it with all the powers and attributes of Deity, is strikingly shown. The position that there is a something, a potency, or whatever it may be, behind phenomena, is affirmed by Mr. Spencer to be "a moral deliverance of consciousness." This something is described as the "infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed, the substratum at once of material and mental existence, the ultimate reality, the sole existence, all things present to consciousness being but shows of it, the All-Being, the ultimate cause from which humanity, individually and as a whole, in common with all other things has proceeded," and more to the same effect. And yet this is the Unknown and Unknowable!

The last three chapters of Mr. Arthur's work, in which Agnosticism, Positivism and Pantheism are compared with each other, and with Christianity, are very masterly. The logic is clear, pure, resistless as the light of heaven. The bareness and cynicism of Agnostic teaching are remorselessly shown up.

That the present work will have much effect on Agnostics, we do not expect. They, along with Positivists, are the Pharisees of philosophy, and, like their Jewish prototypes, are so hardened in pride and prejudice as to be impervious to reason and argument. But we have no doubt that the work will do much to preserve those who are in danger of being led astray by the fallacies of Agnostic philosophy "falsely so-called." To true philosophy and true religion Mr. Arthur has rendered no mean service by these exhaustive and forcible studies of the leading errors of the day.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN.

Vols. I.-IV. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

It has long been an anomaly that, while we have Dictionaries of Christian and Classical Biography, which are a real help to scholars as well as to mere students, our Dictionaries of English Biography should be behind the age both in date and in character. We have a right to

know as much about our own people as about obscure mediæval Saints or generals of the later Empire. The want had long been felt; and Mr. Leslie Stephen has taken the very best measures for adequately meeting it. In such a work, everything depends on how the staff of fellow-workers is composed; the labour is too great for any one man; anything like an attempt at thoroughness demands the collaboration of several specialists. It is sufficient to name a few of the writers on Mr. Stephen's list to show how exceptionally fortunate he has been, and how skilfully he has in each case suited the task to the man. When Mr. Austin Dobson Mr. R. E. Graves, and Mr. Wedmore undertake the engravers; Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, the printers; Mr. Thompson Cooper, F.S.A., the Roman Catholic theologians; and Mr. J. M. Rigg, the early judges and famous legists, we have security that the work will be well done. In some cases it is so thorough as to make reference to any other books on the subject unnecessary. To Lord Bacon, for instance, are devoted more than thirty-one pages, divided between two writers, of whom Professor Gardiner has undertaken the life, and Professor Fowler an analysis of the works; and the way in which each part is dealt with is worthy of these two well-known authors. Such lives as Professor Creighton's Bale (the "Bilious Bale," of the anti-Popish plays), Canon Overton's Barrow, and the same writer's Basire, the Royalist theologian, who had a craze for converting the East to the unity of the Anglican Church, may be cited as models of terse fulness. Mr. Rigg is equally at home with old world lawyers, like Nicholas Barham or Elias Beckingham, and with moderns like that C. C. Barber who held a brief against "the Claimant" in the Tichborne case. Bakewell, the sheep-breeder, is, perhaps, a little inadequate, considering the length at which some far less important lives are given; nor does Mr. James Gairdner's notice of John Ball add anything to what is known from the ordinary histories. We demur to "the mad priest of Kent" being called the only man who, in mediæval times, aimed at social equality. We cannot help thinking that the leaders of Continental *jacqueries* had the same aim. The song of the Norman peasants who rose in the days of Duke Robert, seems to claim this:

"Nos telles sumus que ils sunt,
Tex membres amus que ils unt."

Mr. Axon deserves credit for having gathered interesting information about Mrs. Hannah Ball, who began a Sunday School in 1769 (Robert Raikes did not begin his till 1783), and for incorporating in his too brief notice a good deal of information about still earlier Sunday Schools. Mrs. Ball, after the old Wesleyan fashion, used to take her school children to church at High Wycombe, where she lived; but once, at the funeral of a relative, the clergyman said: "If an Arminian entered heaven the angels would cease to sing," whereupon she rose, and gathering her

little flock, marched out and never entered the church again. Mr. Barnett Smith takes what most critics will deem too high an estimate of Joanna Baillie. We are not disposed to think that "some of her songs, such as 'Woo'd an' Married an' a' and 'Saw ye Johnnie Comin'?' will doubtless always live;" and if her tragedies are "the best ever written by a woman," the sex cannot be credited with having done much in this particular line. Mr. Garnett's name is warrant that lives like his Beckford are adequately detailed; but in noticing such a work as this, it is invidious to draw distinctions; and to verify moot points would involve an amount of research which would be beyond our scope. All we can do is to state that, comparing this with other biographical dictionaries, we find it immeasurably the best, full in detail, complete (the most insignificant names finding a place in it), and comprehensive (going further afield than Kippis), and yet losing nothing of their researches. From Baeda, and Beornwulf to Dr. Biber, is a long period; and through all this, Mr. Leslie Stephen's fellow-workers have omitted, so far as we can see, no name which has the smallest title to be put on record. A good biographical dictionary is by no means uninteresting reading. One is sure to learn from it a great deal more about the minor celebrities of one's country than one knew before. How, for instance, save from such a work, would one know anything of people like Luffman Atterbury (*d.* 1796), the carpenter-musician; and Hugh Audley (*d.* 1662), the money-lender, who had always a book of devotion at his elbow, and used to descant on the expensive habits of the clergy; and George Bennis (*d.* 1866), the Irish Quaker and editor of *Galighani*, whose valuable library was destroyed by the burning of the French Government bakeries during the Crimean war; and James Barry (*d.* 1815), Inspector-General of the Army Medical Department, who had passed through all grades, from hospital-assistant to the rank which she held at her death, without her sex being suspected, even by the landlady of her lodgings, or by the black servant who waited on her; and such a traveller as Andrew Battel (*d.* 1614) whose accounts of the African tribes about the Congo comprised, until quite lately, all that we knew on the subject; and such a legislator as Michael Bass, the great brewer, who received the thanks of Carlyle, Tennyson, Millais, and other authors and artists, for his Bill empowering householders to order street-musicians to move on? Happily Mr. Stephen has given to each of his staff, not only the work for which each was fitted by special training, but that with which each is in thorough sympathy. A notable instance of this is Mr. Grosart's life of Baxter, full, discriminating, kindly, a model bit of biography. In short, the work, as far as it has gone, is worthy of the subject. We shall look forward with great interest to the appearance of successive volumes. The only puzzle in consulting the book is, that names are placed not chronologically, but according to the initial letters of their Christian

names. The other arrangement, of course, would have had disadvantages of its own; yet it is puzzling to find Elizabeth Barton, "the Nun of Kent," placed after Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet.

Life in the English Church (1660-1714). By J. H. OVERTON,
M.A. London: Longmans. 1885.

Canon Overton is well known by the share which he had in the excellent and now standard work on *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, Mr. Abbey being his associate in that work. He is also the author of a valuable biography of *William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic*—the only adequate record, so far as we know, of that remarkable man. In writing on these subjects he had made a special study of the Wesley history, and he may, we presume, be congratulated on now holding the preferment of Epworth rectory, where he can congenially pursue his favourite studies in the parsonage built by one to whom, and to his sons no less, he has, as an historian, done justice in a kindly and generous spirit. The present volume finds its conclusion almost where the volumes on *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century* find their beginning. From the Restoration to the end of Queen Anne's reign is the range of its reference. The same qualities which distinguish his former writings as an historian and historical critic also distinguish the present volume. There is the same genial sympathy, the same wide-looking kindliness of spirit, the same considerate weighing of conditions and situation and character. Canon Overton is a decided Churchman—we presume also that he is a High Churchman. But there is in him no narrowness of temper, no bitterness or bigotry of spirit. He pays his own tribute—a most just tribute—to the generous spirit of fairness in which Dr. Stoughton has written his history, traversing the same ground over which he has himself to go, only wider in its range; and the tribute he pays to Dr. Stoughton might be, with equal justice, yielded to himself. Perhaps he is somewhat more of a Churchman than Dr. Stoughton is of a Nonconformist. Perhaps no Nonconformist could be so gentle to the faults, not quite concealed by Mr. Overton, of some very stern and hard Churchmen, great Bishops, or would think it right to throw into such high and broad relief their merits as the Canon. But, at any rate, Mr. Overton himself is gentle and kindly in his references to Nonconformists, notwithstanding the sharpness and bitterness of the ecclesiastical controversies which divided the nation during the period with which he deals. We advise every Nonconformist to read this volume. If they are of a noble or truly Christian spirit, they will rejoice—no doubt many will be greatly surprised—to learn what wealth of worth there was in the Church of England during that period; although the age of the Restoration, as is indeed almost admitted in this volume, was one in which there was

much in Anglicanism, especially as corrupted by its servile Erastianism under such a monarch as the second Charles, to make its friendly historian blush for shame as he takes account of its annals.

The introductory general sketch of the state of the Church during the Commonwealth—Canon Overton says always “the Rebellion”—and the following reigns to the death of Queen Anne, is very interesting. It shows the Church to have been spiritually in its best condition when it was in adversity—during the Rebellion and during the reign of James II. Under the Restoration it rapidly and deeply deteriorated; under the favour of Queen Anne it lost the improvement it had gained under the Popish James; it became inferior indeed to what it had been under the austere coldness of William. Referring to the reign of James II., Mr. Overton says: “If one had to pick out a period when our Church was at its strongest and its best, it would be hard to select a better than when its temporal defender was one of the bitterest foes it ever had.” At this time Dissent was at the lowest ebb. “The Church,” says our author, “hardly realized her own strength; she could well have afforded to dispense with those artificial defences which a mistaken zeal had raised about her—in fact, she would have been stronger without them.” A generous and inclusive policy on the part of the Church of England, might indeed, at the epoch of the Revolution, have done much to obliterate Dissent. But how any such policy could have been adopted whilst Anglo-Catholic principles—the principles of Sheldon and Cosin, on whom Mr. Overton bestows such high and large praise—were the generally accepted principles of the Church of England, we do not see. Erastianism has, no doubt, been a curse to the Church of England, as Mr. Overton shows; but the curse of curses, from the age of Bramhall down to the present day has been the apostolic-episcopal claims of Churchmen. This has rivetted the clasp and curse of Erastianism on the Church and realm, and has greatly aggravated its evil. This has, in fact, made such measures of reform and rectification impossible as might have changed the character of the State-alliance, as, in fact, has been done in Scotland. But while that evil holds its position and exercises its fell influence within the Church, the severance between Anglicanism and the principles of true Christian brotherhood and fellowship, as between Anglicanism and national liberty in its deep, grand sense, in its essential largeness and majesty, cannot cease to exist. Neither the evangelical Christian nor the true freeman—the man who really knows what freedom means—can cease to regard Anglo-Catholicism as the great curse of the country. It is more easy and more safe to be generous to Popery, which plainly confesses its claims and character, than tolerant to a system which denationalizes the national Church and Papalizes the communion that calls itself Reformed.

Mr. Overton's volume gives characteristic sketches first of the clergy,

and then of the faithful laity, men and women, of the half century reviewed. A chapter is given to the "Restoration of Order," in which however, nothing is said as to "Convocation" or ecclesiastical discipline, or the measures pursued against Nonconformists. Other chapters treat of "Religious and Philanthropical Societies," the "Preaching of the Period," "Devotional and Practical Works," the "Church and Social Life," and (but this is a very slight and brief chapter, in which six pages suffice for the Nonconformists) the "Church and Other Religious Bodies."

Historical Richmond. By EDWIN BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

Illustrated. London: George Bell & Sons. 1885.

We gather from a note at the close of Mr. Chancellor's preface, joined with a reference in another part of the volume, that the author of this book is only eighteen. If this is so, it increases our interest in a singularly attractive book. The facts are told with skill and good taste. Difficult and uncertain questions are handled with great judgment. In some respects, perhaps, the book is not quite so popular as Mr. Crisp's. We miss the graphic sketch of that famous battle of the pews waged by Mr. Savage and the Richmond Vestry; and the account of the monastic brotherhood is not so complete, nor the sketch of the Wakefield family. The amusing description of the poet Thomson's hair, and Charles Mathews' début at the Richmond Theatre, are omitted. This only shows, however, that the wealth of associations, which the charming Royal residence possesses, cannot be exhausted in one volume. Mr. Chancellor's extracts from old documents are of great interest, and will be highly valued by all lovers of Richmond. His account of Thomson's house is excellent. In another edition, perhaps, some facts might be gleaned from *Mrs. Delany's Autobiography and Correspondence*, by Lady Llanover. The Hon. Mrs. Frances Boscawen, to whom Mr. Chancellor refers, was Mrs. Delany's constant correspondent, and gives, in 1787, a most interesting account of the first Sunday School at Richmond (vi. 467). The description of the parish church is admirable. All through his work, Mr. Chancellor succeeds in giving a clear idea of localities, so that readers, who are not familiar with Richmond, could at once find their way to almost every scene of interest without a guide. In this respect his work is much clearer than Mr. Crisp's. Perhaps a simple ground plan might be added with advantage. We must not forget the illustrations. They are "ink-photos," taken from old views, and harmonize perfectly with the antique paper on which this book is printed. Besides portraits of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, there are ten of these illustrations which add further interest to a book that is full of research, and will delight all readers by its pleasant incidents.

John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work. By JOHN BROWN, B.A., Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. With Illustrations by Edward Whymper. London: W. Isbister. 1885.

This fine volume is the most notable book on our great English prose-poet yet published. As Bunyan's successor, Mr. Brown has devoted himself with untiring zeal to this work. For twenty-one years he has welcomed an ever-growing stream of pilgrims to the scenes hallowed by the immortal dreamer. Their questions led to researches which became the relaxation of all his leisure hours, and thus Mr. Brown was gradually drawn by force of circumstances to this task. All the great libraries have been searched, and the records of the Bunyan Meeting are for the first time woven into the story of its most illustrious pastor. The volume might, indeed, be fairly styled, "Bunyan and the Bunyan Meeting." The whole compass of the subject is grasped in this painstaking study of the man and his times. Every spot where Bunyan can be traced is accurately described, both with pen and pencil. Mr. Brown examines the statements of previous writers, and often throws much fresh light on well-worn themes. He shows good reason for his opinion that Bunyan's Pilgrim was the child of his third imprisonment—a six-month duration in the town gaol over the Ouse. The twelve years, divided into two terms, forming a first and second imprisonment, were, there is now little doubt, spent in the county gaol. This theory will be considered with great interest. The chapter on the editions and versions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a mine of information. The "Early Church Life of Bedfordshire" is a singularly interesting study. All phases of national and religious life, which serve to illustrate the subject, are treated with abundant knowledge. John Gifford, the Royalist major, who was condemned to die for his part in the fight with Fairfax's army at Maidstone, escaped the night before his execution, when the sentinels were drunk, to practise as a doctor in Bedford, and to become Bunyan's pastor. Few pages in the book are more interesting than this strange history. Mr. Whymper's illustrations are exquisitely done, and add much to the pleasure with which one turns these pages. In every respect the book is worthy of one of the most illustrious names in literature.

A Christian Mother. Memoirs of Mrs. Thornley Smith, with Extracts from her Letters, &c. By HER HUSBAND. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

Mr. Smith lingers lovingly over all the scenes of labour in which his devoted wife was associated with him for thirty-six years. His readers have little opportunity of forming a judgment of their own as to her

natural ability or her saintliness, for few of Mrs. Smith's letters have been preserved, and even those few relate for the most part to matters of purely family interest. The words of her last pastor (the Rev. A. E. Gregory) show, however, the high respect and love which her character won from those who knew her best. The memoir will give many readers a glimpse of the ordinary life of a Methodist preacher's home. Quiet loving work for God is seen on every page of this record. The description of Christian perfection on page 63 is not satisfactory. If nothing more can be said, we are at a loss to know how such experience differs from that of any truly earnest Christian. Mrs. Smith visited Bethshan and was on intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Boardman. Her husband guards her statements on faith-healing; but we should have liked to see more care used in this respect. An admirable story is told of a night spent together by a priest and a Methodist preacher, which led to the priest's conversion, though, like much else in the book, it is not the life of Mrs. Smith. The book is got up in excellent style.

Short Biographies for the People. Vol. II. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

The second volume of *Short Biographies for the People*, will maintain the high reputation won by the first series. It contains twelve succinct and judicious sketches of Lord Lawrence, Clerk Maxwell, Paul Rabaut, Augustine, Erasmus, Latimer, Cowper, Tyndale, Baxter, Bugenhagen, Sir David Brewster, and Carey. Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, has written three. Paxton Hood prepared the account of Lord Lawrence. The volume is the essence of biography, and most interesting it is. It will be welcomed on all hands. Science, literature, theology, statesmanship, are represented side by side with the great names of the Reformation and the mission field. Each life is accompanied with a capital portrait.

BELLES LETTRES.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

IN *La Gravure en Italie avant Marc Antoine*,* the Vicomte Henri Delaborde traces, with full learning and fine critical faculty, the history of Italian engraving in metal during the fifteenth century, from the invention of the art by the Florentine *niellatore*, Tommaso Fiuiguerra, in 1452, through the period of Botticelli and Baccio Baldini, Pollaiuolo, and their successors, to the critical epoch when the seat of its culture was

* Paris: J. Rouam. London: Remington & Co.

transferred from Florence to Padua by the mighty genius of Andrea Mantegna, and then follows its varying fortunes in Venice, Modena, Bologna and Milan. A chapter is added on the history of wood engraving, as practised at Rome, Florence, Venice, and elsewhere, during the same period. The author is justly eloquent in his praises of Mantegna's engravings. The very qualities which detract from that great artist's fame as a painter, his excessive love of the statuesque leading to a certain rigidity in the pose of his figures, and a preference for stiffly pleated overflowing draperies, his passion for all things quaint and curious indulged at the cost of occasional *bizarrie*, serve only to add energy and expression, while his perfect mastery of composition gives unity and completeness to all his work with the burin. The highly finished plates which illustrate the volume afford a very clear idea of the vast interval which separates Mantegna from his contemporaries, for Marc Antonio Raimondi, whose earliest work was done shortly before Mantegna's death, can hardly be reckoned as such. Artists such as Mocetto and Nicoletto da Modena are capable craftsmen, but the touch of genius and high seriousness is wanting in all their work.

Lady Charles Dilke's biographical and critical study of Claud Lorrain* is very entertaining reading. We do not know that the work will contribute materially to the formation of a juster estimate of the greatest of Turner's predecessors, but it condenses into comparatively brief compass, and presents in an eminently readable form, a mass of interesting matter concerning the history of the painter, the development of his style, his modes of working, the vices and virtues of his engravers, and the like. It concludes with a complete, or what purports to be a complete, catalogue of his works, both in private and public collections, including the drawings in the *Livre de Vérité*. It is profusely illustrated with engravings and heliogravures of his pictures and etchings, for the most part admirably executed.

M. Georges Duplessis' catalogue of the editions of the Emblems of Andrea Alciati† should be acceptable to all who are interested in the quaint allegorizing style of engraving so much in vogue in the sixteenth century. The emblems of the Milanese jurist enforce no great moral truths, but they will always have a certain charm, difficult perhaps to analyze, for quiet meditative people. The speciality of the present catalogue consists in the plates.

L'Encaustique ‡ is an attempt to recover, by the help of such notices as are to be found in the classical and post-classical writers, eked out by an examination of the few extant monuments of ancient painting, a practical idea of the process of painting by wax and fire in use amongst the Greeks and Romans. The work exhibits great learning, care and skill.

* *Claude Lorrain. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Paris: J. Rouam.

† *Les Emblèmes d'Alciati.* Paris: J. Rouam.

‡ Par Henry Gros et Charles Henry. Paris: J. Rouam.

La Tapisserie * gives an account of the arts of embroidery as practised in ancient Egypt, Asia Minor and Greece. It concludes with an interesting chapter on the *τέπλος* of Athens. The value of both these works is much enhanced by the engravings. M. G. Dargenty's compilation *Eugène Delacroix, Par lui-même*,† gives a lively picture of this great painter's character and mode of life. The book consists chiefly of extracts from his correspondence and literary remains. In his *Histoire Artistique du Métal*,‡ M. René Ménard takes a comprehensive survey of the development of the methods of torturing metal for artistic purposes known in Europe from their origin to the present day. We think he devotes too much space to modern work. The chapter on enamels strikes us as the best. We do not share M. A. Genevay's§ high estimate of Le Brun, holding indeed that his style is thoroughly debased; but we are grateful to him for the careful manner in which he has done his work. Mr. Charles Perkins' *Ghiberti et son école* || is in every way praiseworthy. The letterpress puts us in possession of all that need be told about Ghiberti's life and the history of his works, while the plates admirably illustrate the latter. M. J. Rousseau's little monograph on Holbein is full of appreciative criticism; the plates are good.¶

The engravings in *L'Art*** (15 August and 1 September), by Leenhoff, of two very realistic pictures by Decamps, "Pierrot portant son déjeuner" and "Pierrot troublé dans son repas" hardly satisfy us. The figure of Pierrot is rendered with great care and skill, but the backgrounds are decidedly slovenly. On the other hand, the plates of the bas-reliefs by MM. Oscar Roty and Chaplain, which accompany M. Maurice Albert's appreciative letterpress, are in every way admirable. With Alessandro Vittoria, to whom M. Victor Ceresole devotes, in the September issue, another article, the great age of Venetian sculpture came to an end, and the signs of decadence are visible in a certain theatricality of pose which characterizes both the statues of Atlas, of which well-executed plates are given. The statue of St. Jérôme may evince, as M. Victor Ceresole says, a thorough mastery of anatomy, but it was surely inexcusable to make the saint support an open book, which he is not reading, insecurely against his thigh, for the sole purpose of displaying the muscles of the hand and arm that keep it from falling.

M. Dietrichson, Professor of Fine Art at the University of Christiania, contributes a very interesting paper on Norwegian mediæval architecture. The churches, it appears, were mostly built of wood and in the Roman

* Par Louis de Ronchaud. Paris: J. Rouam. † Paris: J. Rouam.

‡ Paris: J. Rouam. London: Remington & Co.

§ Paris: J. Rouam. || Paris: J. Rouam. ¶ Paris: J. Rouam.

** Paris: J. Rouam. New York: Macmillan and Co.

style, elaborately decorated with carving of grotesque, yet far from unpleasing, designs, as the very finished engravings from W. Peters' drawings abundantly testify. The October issues contain a masterly etching by M. Rohr, of Adrian Brauwer's "Partie de Cartes" (Munich Gallery), and an interesting article by M. Léon Hugomet on the two Fornarine, in which it is suggested that the Uffizii picture may be a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, the drawing being by Michael Angelo, and the painting by Sebastian del Piombo. This sounds very plausible, and certainly nothing can be less like Raffaele's indubitable Fornarina than the noble if somewhat cold beauty of the lady of the Florentine gallery. M. Oscar Berggruen continues, in the October and November issues, his study of Rubens as a portrait painter, and M. Paul Leroi his memoir on the Florentine Museums in the first December issue, to which M. Emile Michel contributes an article on the last years of Rembrandt. The text is, as usual, illustrated by exquisitely finished engravings. Of M. Collignon's study of the Parthenon friezes we shall speak on a future occasion;

We have received the first instalment of a biographical history of art, published under the happy auspices of the Librairie de l'Art (Paris : J. Rouam). This new enterprise is well begun by M. Eugène Müntz, with the first two chapters of a life of Donatello : we need hardly say that the letterpress is scholarly, and the illustrations all that could be desired. We have also received *Etudes Dramatiques*, by M. Charles de la Rounat,* and the weekly issues of the *Courrier de L'Art*.

The King's Windows ; or, Glimpses of the Wonderful Works of God. By Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. With Forty-four Illustrations.

Hymns of the Present Century. From the German. Rendered into English Verse by the Rev. JOHN KELLY. London : The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

Last July Paxton Hood, who was just setting out for an Italian holiday, left the manuscript of this book, *The King's Windows*, with the editor of the Religious Tract Society. Next day he left London, but he never reached Italy. This volume will be greatly prized by the host of readers who owe many a pleasant hour to its gifted author. Like his other books and sermons, it is "garnished with all manner of precious stones." Its thirteen chapters are crowded with incident and poetry. Mr. Hood culls flowers from every garden to adorn his own. His

* Paris : J. Rouam.

chapters on the winds and flowers will not add much to any one's store of scientific information; that is not the aim of the writer. He wishes to open his reader's eyes to the poetic suggestions of wind and flower, and he does not fail to do so. A more beautiful gift-book than this it would be hard to find.

Mr. Kelly's translation of Hymns from the German, with the brief biographical notes at the end of the volume, will introduce most lovers of sacred song to a new world. His book is the eighth in the Series. "Companions for a Quiet Hour," "Bethel," and "Pilgrim and Citizen," strike us as specially beautiful. Julius Sturm's "For the Desert Journey" is a sweet fragment. The hymns are translated by a loving hand. One can almost catch the flow of the German originals in this English dress. The style in which this little volume is got up is neat and attractive.

Norwegian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil, containing also a Glance at Sweden and the Gotha Canal. With a Map and One Hundred and Twenty-Seven Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

This is one of the series of superbly illustrated volumes of "Pictures" of different countries that have been for some time in course of publication by the Tract Society. Those who have seen them—and who has not—will not have forgotten Dr. Green's French and German "Pictures," Dr. Manning's "Pictures of Egypt and Sinai," or Lord Lorne's "Canadian Pictures." It seems to us as if this last series was still better than any of the others. Nothing can be more beautiful or more striking than the engravings; the map is excellent, and the letter-press descriptions are clear, careful, and altogether worthy of the series and the subject. No pains have been spared to make the book in all respects accurate. Here is a truly valuable, though not a costly, volume for the drawing-room table.

The Leisure Hour. 1885. Sunday at Home: Family Magazine for Sunday Reading. 1885. London: The Religious Tract Society.

These splendid volumes have lost none of their attractions. The bright covers and the wealth of pictures add a charm to the varied contents. The *Leisure Hour* has two interesting serial stories, with papers on almost every topic. "Berlin and the Berliners" is a capital glimpse at the German capital. "Ocean Speed" is the title of two delightful papers, one on the Atlantic, the other on the Indian and Australian

routes. The "Varieties"—short paragraphs on every subject—are a storehouse of information. *Multum in parvo* is the rule here, and it is carried out admirably. The high rank of this popular periodical has been well sustained during the year.

The *Sunday at Home* is even more attractive than the *Leisure Hour*. Its range is somewhat more limited, but the variety that has been secured is a notable feature in the success of the past year's work. The volume has twelve beautiful illustrations, coloured or on toned paper. The reproductions of Tinworth's panel on the "Entry to Jerusalem" and "Preparing for the Crucifixion" are very fine. His "Release of Barabbas" is also well executed. Dr. Rigg's series of papers on "Wesley as an Evangelist" are fresh and forcible. Sunday cannot be a dull day with such a volume. Serial stories, missionary papers, biography, poetry, religious intelligence, and papers on many other topics, are crowded together here.

St. Austin's Lodge ; or, Mr. Berkeley and his Nieces.

Daisy ; or, Old Meadow. By AGNES GIBERNE.

The Rover of the Andes. A Tale of Adventure in South America.

The Island Queen. By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Yoked Together. A Tale of Three Sisters. By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS.

Michael's Treasures ; or, Choice Silver. By EMMA MARSHALL.

That Aggravating School Girl. By GRACE STEBBING.

Cassandra's Casket. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Grace Murray. A Story. By ELIZA STONE.

Widow Winpenny's Watchword. (Knapsack Series.) By J. JACKSON WRAY.

Mrs. Lester's Girls and their Service. By the Author of *Mrs. Marston's Girls and their Confirmation.* London : James Nisbet & Co. 1885.

St. Austin's Lodge is a really superior story, thoroughly Christian, but with no forced sentimentalizing or cant phrasing. It is very interesting, not improbable, and in good taste throughout. The lessons it teaches are wholesome, and such as are needed in the vicissitudes of life. The characters are well conceived and well sustained. The dialogue is natural, and the whole book has the tone of good society and liberal education, as well as of Christian conviction and feeling. It is an

important benefit when such books are provided for the use of educated young people. *Daisy ; or, Old Meadow* is a little book written by the same hand. This is a story of village life, suitable for Sunday School libraries. It teaches the curse and peril of avarice, as well as of drunkenness. We need hardly say that it is interesting and very well written.

The Rover of the Andes and *The Island Queen* are two of R. M. Ballantyne's amazing stories, also published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. They are the sort of story that boys revel in—full of wild adventures, absolutely superior to all care about probability, and relating to wonderful foreign parts, where strange people and marvellous phenomena are to be met with. The natural history and the descriptions of natural scenery are authentic and accurate, and thus these books become instructive as well as entertaining. Religion is very oddly dragged in, and, we think, for the most part would be better left out. Experimental touches and devout reflections do not well assort with the wild adventures of books which the boys that read them will hardly feel to be more like reality than one of the Arabian Night's tales.

Yoked Together is well written and interesting. Rosalie Marshall is the chief figure of the book. She is converted at a Mission Service, and marries a barrister who is not a decided Christian. His brilliant talents and large professional income, as well as his fine character, gave the young lady every prospect of happiness, but her husband's influence soon weakened her piety. His death is a *dénouement* of the plot which all readers will regret. We regret that such a beautiful story has not a more happy close; but the writer thus makes the moral which her title suggests more impressive.

Michael's Treasures is the story of a little child washed on shore from a vessel wrecked off the coast at Cromer. Michael Henderson, who had gone in haste from a neighbouring village to get some medicine for a baby sister, found that the doctor would not be at home for an hour. He went down to wait on the shore, and there found his treasure. The little maid thus came in time to fill the place of the dying baby. Some three years later Michael had to part with his foundling to her father, who had traced her in a strange way. The wretch was a cruel one for the boy; but some time after the little maid's health broke down, and as her father was leaving the country in straitened circumstances, he was glad to restore her to her former protectors. It is scarcely necessary to say that this pretty story ends with love and marriage.

That Aggravating School Girl seems to us somewhat overdrawn. Helen Edison is a great romp and sorely tries one of the teachers of her school, who is singularly unfit to manage such a high-spirited young lady. The story will, however, be read with interest, and will not fail to do girl readers good service by its timely words.

Cassandra's Casket is a beautiful story of girl life. Cassandra's victory over herself is well told. Nesta Short, who worshipped her

brilliant schoolfellow, saved her from drowning in a boat accident, but was so much injured in trying to rescue her friend, that she died two days after. The story has great merit, and the volume is beautifully got up.

Grace Murray describes the refining power of a great trouble on a young lady. A disappointment in love, following her father's failure and death, led her to gird herself for life's struggles with true womanly resolution. She became a great painter, and amid all her honours continued to be a simple devoted Christian. No girl will read this well-written story without feeling braced and helped.

Widow Winpenny's Watchword is a capital story of an old woman's faith and its reward. Mr. Wray sometimes gives his readers too many sermons; but he avoids that error here. The little book will both please its readers and do them good.—*Mrs. Lester's Girls* is a book for young servants. The members of the Bible-class are pleasantly sketched, with a fair measure of judicious counsel intertwined with the story. Faults are kindly pointed out, so that any girl who reads this book will find it a true helper. It is an attractive, neat volume, very suitable for a present. Many ladies will be glad to have such a story to put into the hands of their young servants.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Hallam Succession.*
2. *Thoughts on Holiness; Simon Jasper; Cornish Stories; Homely Talks.* By MARK GUY PEARCE.
3. *Life in a Parsonage; or, Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy.* By W. H. WITHROW, D.D.
4. *The Pride of the Family.* By ANNIE E. KEELING.
5. *The Man with the White Hat; or, the Story of an Unknown Mission.* By C. R. PARSONS.
6. *The Little World of School.* By ANNE RYLANDS.
7. *Early Days.* Volume for 1885.
8. *Bernard, the Little Guide.* London: T. Woolmer. 1885.

1. We have seldom read a more touching, or picturesque, or beautifully written tale than *The Hallam Succession*. It is instinct with genius as well as pervaded by earnest religious principle and feeling. The scene is laid sometimes in Yorkshire and sometimes in the Southern parts of North America—New Orleans, Texas, and Mexico. Whether the writer is an Englishwoman or not we cannot say. On the whole we should

think, especially from the hymns quoted, that she must be American. But her style and phraseology are purely English, except when she brings coloured people on to the scene. Then the genuine negro dialect comes out. All her characters, indeed, are either English or of recent English extraction; this, however, would not have prevented most American writers from putting into their mouth some phrases of American mint. Good as her English is, and cleverly as she hits off the Yorkshire dialect, we can hardly think that she is a Yorkshire woman. We never heard that nightingales were accustomed to sing in North Yorkshire, and even fifty years ago we can scarcely imagine that noblemen, who always spent the fashionable season in their own town-houses in London, were in the habit of talking broad Yorkshire to the neighbouring squires in the country. However, we commend this volume as a very charming book, excellent reading for any persons of taste and feeling, but especially suitable for Christian people. It is beautifully got up. The frontispiece, showing the fine old Yorkshire squire, Hallam, and his dogs, is a capital illustration.

2. These cheap and neat editions of Mr. Pearce's books need no recommendation to our readers. Some time ago a million copies of his books and tracts had been sold, and the demand increases. The *Thoughts on Holiness* are suggestive and helpful. Many a reader will find truths which he has only dimly seen lighted up by Mr. Pearce's apt illustrations. *Simon Jasper* deserves all its popularity. We are not altogether admirers of the *Cornish Stories*, but we are in a minority. The *Homely Talks* are full of tenderness and wisdom.

3. Dr. Withrow's *Life in a Parsonage* is a pleasant study of Canadian life. Lawrence Temple and his wife are worth knowing, and will stimulate many young people to earnest Christian work. Most English readers will find that the story possesses the charm of freshness. It is well told, and though some expressions want pruning, especially in the opening pages, it is well written. The account of Carrie Mason's trance is the most remarkable incident in the book. Dr. Withrow says that it is a description of what he has actually witnessed.

4. *The Pride of the Family* is written by a skilled hand. Its descriptions are very happy, its plot full of interest, its tone and teaching admirable. Some parts of the book are sad enough; but it is a delightful story, to which all who read Miss Keeling's *Oakhurst Chronicles* will give a warm welcome. Ruth Lucas, the faithful nurse, who sacrificed her own prospects for the family in whose service she spent her life, is one of the most interesting characters of the book. The humble little servant led the whole household into the way of peace. The first illustration is a curious comment on the description of the story—"A little fragile woman."

5. *The Man in the White Hat* is a notable book. Mr. Fraser, its hero, loses wife and children, and devotes himself to mission work. He is soon

known among his new friends as the man in the white hat. His labours and successes are told with rare pathos. His little addresses and prayers are admirable. Such a charming book must give an impulse to some lives. Its writer will not fail to accomplish that, and will interest many readers by this beautiful story.

6. *The Little World of School* is an entertaining story of boarding-school life, which will help young readers to do good and get good. There is not too much preaching; that will make the book more attractive. It is a happy success.

7. The volume of *Early Days* is crowded with pictures and pleasant reading such as children love. The monthly numbers must have given not a few happy hours, and now that the numbers are gathered together a larger circle of readers will share the pleasure.

8. *Bernard, the Little Guide* is excellent. The other two stories are fairy tales which have a capital moral. Small children will spend some pleasant hours with this pretty little book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Punishment and Prevention of Crime. By Col. Sir EDMUND F. DU CANE, K.C.B., R.E. Chairman of Commissioners of Prisons, Chairman of Directors of Prisons, Inspector-General of Military Prisons, Surveyor-General of Prisons. (English Citizen Series.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

THIS little volume is not nearly so well written as most of the others in this timely and serviceable series; but the general reader, for whom it is designed, will be able to gather from it a vast amount of interesting and reliable information. Half the book is prefatory and historical. It consists of four chapters under the headings—"Criminals and Punishments;" "Punishments in the Middle Ages;" "Capital Executions;" "Gaols in Former Times;" "Transportation." In each of these the English citizen will find matter full of curious interest, and will rise from the perusal of them wondering at the incredible cruelties and injustices attendant on the administration of our criminal laws until comparatively recent times, and grateful to those humane and Christian men and women, through whose self-denying and persistent efforts all these horrors and abominations have been swept away. The remaining chapters, those on "Modern Prisons," "Penal Servitude," "Supervision," and "The Preventive System," are valuable, chiefly as embodying the wide and varied experience of the author in connection with the working of our prison system since the great Act of

1877—the Act of Uniformity and Centralization—and also in connection with the beneficent activities of the numerous Prisoners' Aid Societies, and the happily increasing number of Reformatories and Industrial Schools, of which he gives so excellent a description.

If the object of the punishment of crime be penal and reformatory towards the criminal, and deterrent towards the community, that object can hardly fail to be secured by the admirable methods now employed throughout the United Kingdom; and that those methods are effectual is proved by the statistics with which these chapters abound. No doubt when summing up the causes of the recent marked and gratifying diminution of crime in this country, many other factors will be included by the historian besides those mentioned by our author—factors so potent and so patent, that he would have been sure to dwell upon them in a larger work. We refer, of course, to the manifold and deep-reaching labours of the various political, philanthropic, and religious organizations continually engaged in promoting the education, the sobriety, the industry and the piety of the people. Nevertheless, we are ready to admit that the present system of prison discipline—almost mathematical in its precision, almost military in its strictness and severity, and yet thoroughly humane and equitable in its provisions and adjustments—has had much to do with these results; it has succeeded to a considerable extent, both in reforming criminals and in preventing crime.

We may refer to the passage on p. 109 beginning, "During the present year," as a sample, at once, of the average awkwardness of the style, and of the uniform interest and excellence of the matter of this valuable and handy book.

The Chain of Life in Geological Time. By Sir J. W. DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Second Edition. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

The first edition of this interesting and valuable little book appeared several years ago, and was noticed in our pages. Several alterations and additions, rendered necessary by recent geological discoveries, have been made, but the text remains practically the same. Sir J. W. Dawson has special claims upon the more sober students of science, inasmuch as he is content to leave facts to speak for themselves, and shrinks from that wild speculation which, in the opinion of too many in our day, passes for science. The general reader who wishes to judge for himself as to the bearing of geology on the question of the origin and history of life on the earth, could not do better than procure this pleasantly written volume. All theories concerning the evolution of plants and animals, to be worth anything, must be based upon the facts of geology. Biology and such sciences only tell us what is, not how it came to be, and hence the most

speculative and imaginative writers of our time on questions which relate to the development of life are biologists and not geologists. Geology helps us to study the chain of life, link by link, by means of fossils preserved in the strata of the earth; and it is thus, and not by poetical dreaming or philosophical guesses, that any adequate and rational answer can be obtained to such questions. The author of this admirable book brings the links of the chain of life before us one by one; and, helped by a large number of excellent illustrations, makes it easy even for the non-scientific to read aright the history of life. The conclusion drawn from the whole survey is that those hypotheses which so many now regard as the true explanation of the origin and evolution of life on the earth "have no real foundation in Nature, and are indirectly subversive of some of the most sacred beliefs of mankind."

We regret to notice that one or two statements no longer accurate have been overlooked in the revision. On page 139 it is stated that the oldest air-breathers are the well known Devonian insects of New Brunswick, and a few pages further on it is said that the waters gave birth to the first insects. The recent discoveries of Silurian insects, and of scorpions in the Upper Silurian of Sweden and Scotland, render these statements erroneous, and as the first appearance of air-breathing creatures is of vital importance in the history of life, it is a pity these sentences were not remodelled. The difficulties of the evolutionist are certainly increased by pushing back the introduction of air-breathers from the Devonian to the Silurian epoch. These various discoveries are referred to in the book; but their bearing on the chapter which deals with air-breathers ought not to have been overlooked, both on account of their importance and because the general reader might fail to grasp their real significance.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Founded mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY, LL.D., with the Assistance of many Scholars and Men of Science. Part II. Ant-Batten. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1885.

We devoted a main article, as well as a brief, to the first part of this splendid dictionary, which marks the greatest advance yet made in the lexicographer's art among us. Dr. Murray has removed from Regent's Park to Oxford, where, by the liberality of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, he is now assisted by a much larger staff, so that the third part may be expected very shortly. The present instalment completes the letter A, and almost brings the work down to the end of Ba; 15,123 words have been treated under the first letter of the alphabet, which generally comprises about one-sixteenth of the words in an English dictionary. This gives a total of 240,000 words to be dealt with altogether. It is interesting to find

that of the 12,183 main words under A, to each of which a separate article is given, 8,184 are current, 3,449 obsolete, and only 550 foreign or imperfectly naturalized. Dr. Murray is assisted by many voluntary labourers. The stores accumulated by workers in similar fields have been put at his service with the laudable purpose of helping to make this colossal undertaking the *English Dictionary*. Material is prepared and revised by sub-editors. We are glad to notice the name of the Rev. E. H. Sugden among the voluntary sub-editors. All final revision, of course, rests with Dr. Murray himself. Some of the words of obscure etymology have been successfully explained by an exhaustive investigation of their derivation and history. Those difficult derivations that for the present prove insoluble are clearly pointed out. The information at present available is clearly stated, so that the ground is prepared for those who may wish to grapple with these problems. On *Anti* and its compounds there are forty-two columns, equal to about eighty of our pages. In Teutonic and Romanic philology, and in works from mediæval Latin, Dr. Murray has secured the help of the ablest workers in each department. Nothing has been neglected which would make the work perfect. The arrangement of the type is singularly clear and effective. Amid the vast mass of matter every point can be caught at a glance. The value of this work is becoming more and more evident. A press which undertakes such a task is conferring a national benefit.

A Concise Dictionary of the English Language, Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing. Containing a Copious Vocabulary with Careful Definitions, Explanations of Phrases, Proverbial Expressions, &c., Brief Notes on Synonyms and Grammatical Constructions, and useful Appendices. By CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

Mr. Annandale is the editor of the new edition of Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, on which he has based the present work, called a *Concise Dictionary*, to mark its relation to the *Imperial*, as well as to indicate that a vast mass of information is given in moderate compass. Careful explanation is given of terms used in art and science. The type is small but very clear, and is arranged in three columns on each page. There are 816 pages. The pronunciation of proper names, both Scriptural and classical, also of modern geographical and biographical names, and the explanation of words, phrases, and contractions of all kinds, are admirable. Etymology, pronunciation, and definition have all received careful treatment. Though based on Ogilvie, this dictionary is no mere reprint. Every effort has been made to provide for half-a-guinea a volume that will answer the

purposes of all kinds of students. It will also make an excellent household dictionary. The explanations are very clear, and the key-words for various sounds are given on each page. We feel convinced that this excellent dictionary will soon become a general favourite.

Literary Landmarks of London. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

All lovers of London and of English literature should have this interesting volume. It gives a short sketch of the literary men who are associated with the metropolis, arranged in alphabetical order, and is furnished with an index of persons, and a more copious index to places. Any one may thus trace their favourite writers to their London homes and associations. Mr. Hutton says that his pages are intended as a guide to details which have never before received particular attention. They are crowded with interesting facts, and the happy way in which quotations are introduced makes the book a mosaic of passages culled from the best writers. The Introduction gives some valuable information about directories and numbers of houses, which shows with what loving care this work has been done. The book will be a treasure indeed to all who wish to visit the famous places to which it refers. It gives the present number and position of each house with singular precision. We have been struck with the accuracy of its dates and facts. Mr. Hutton is in error, however, where he says that Byron was christened in St. Marylebone Church, in the Marylebone Road, near the High Street. That church was not built till after *Childe Harold* had made the poet famous. The little old church, still standing in the High Street, Marylebone, has the honour of this association with Lord Byron. In its graveyard Charles Wesley and his two famous sons are buried. Mr. Hutton has found no place for the great hymnist in his pleasant pages. We hope to find a sketch of Charles Wesley by the side of the capital account of his brother John, when a second edition of this book appears. He spent the last years of his life in Marylebone, where he has left the most interesting "*Literary Landmarks*." Anthony Trollope and Elizabeth Barrett Browning are somewhat strangely omitted. Save for occasional references made to them in the course of other sketches they have no place in this volume. Trollope's *Autobiography* will help Mr. Hutton to add a delightful page to his book, and the greatest of our lady poets should have a niche here. In early life she attended Paddington Chapel in the Marylebone Road. Dean Stanley, too, deserves a place, and Frank Buckland's name suggests some pleasant literary associations. Our interest in Mr. Hutton's pages leads us to make these suggestions. Such a work will grow more valuable with every edition, for fresh matter is constantly coming in. We hope that other volumes may be published on the painters and dramatists of the metropolis.

Chambers's Advanced Readers. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1885.

The selections made for this book are so admirable that it should find a wide circle of readers outside of the school-room. It contains seventy-six lessons in prose and poetry. The papers on General Gordon and the Congo have been specially written, and give the latest facts in a clear and interesting style. The story of the Congo is illustrated by a map and a picture of Stanley's party in full march with all their packages. The difficult words in each lesson are explained and their derivation given. Exercises and questions on parsing and analysis are also added, with a capital appendix on suffixes, prefixes and roots.

BLACKWOOD'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

Standard Authors: HAWTHORNE'S *Tanglewood Tales*. MITFORD'S *Our Village*. DEFOE'S *Robinson Crusoe*. GOLDSMITH'S *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Standard Readers: *The First Picture Primer*. *The Second Picture Primer*. *The Infant Picture Reader*. *Standard Readers*. Books I. to IV.

Historical Readers. Books I. II. III. *Stories from English History*.

Geographical Primer. *Geographical Readers*. Books I. to V. *Algebra for Beginners*. Specially adapted to the Requirements of the Mundella Code. Part II. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

Every one of these twenty-three beautiful little books may be pronounced perfect. All that good paper, clear type, profuse illustration, well-selected pieces and admirable arrangement can do to make the way to knowledge easy has been done here. The books are carefully graded so that the scholar is almost insensibly led on from one Standard to another. They have been submitted to experienced practical teachers who are familiar with the needs of children and the requirements of the Code, so that every confidence may be felt in their adaptation to daily school work. The titles of the *Standard Authors* show how they will please and instruct young people. The brief explanatory notes are clear and good. The *Picture Primers* are just the thing to catch a little child's eye. The *Readers* cover a large field of knowledge, with extracts of real value. These are not hackneyed passages, but new and old are happily blended together. A fine passage from *John Inglesant*, Thomas

Edwards *Adventure with the Polecat* and Carlyle's *Trial and Execution of Marie-Antoinette*, may be mentioned as specimens of the selection in the Sixth Reader. Excellent explanations and grammatical exercises are added to each lesson. The *Historical Readers* are so arranged as to lead on from the Roman Invasion to 1883. The medallion portraits of kings and queens are singularly good. Oddly enough Queen Victoria's is the worst. Her Majesty's position is anything but happy. Pictures play an important part here and in the *Geographical Readers*. We are sure that geography will be a favourite subject wherever these books are used. The style in which information is given is excellent. We have never seen such geographies as these, and almost wish to be at school again with these delightful lesson books in our hand.

The *Algebra* is intended for junior pupils and middle-class schools and for pupil-teachers. It treats of factors, greatest common measure, least common multiple, fractions, equations, and problems in a simple and clear style. Beginners will find it an excellent introduction to more advanced books.

Sacred and Historic Lands. Being a Record of Travels in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, Constantinople, &c. By the Rev. JAMES CUTHBERTSON. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1885.

The preface to this pleasant book reads like a page of romance. Sir George Eliot, to whom it is dedicated, was manager of the Marchioness of Londonderry's estates when the author was employed at her collieries. Twenty-seven years after Mr. Cuthbertson entered the Wesleyan ministry he was brought again into pleasant intercourse with Sir G. Eliot, by whose liberality he has been enabled to visit these Bible scenes. Mr. Cuthbertson has made excellent use of his opportunity. He seems to have seen all the famous Scripture localities, and gives his impressions with freshness. All who are interested in this delightful subject will follow him with pleasure. The suggestions made for the conversion of the East show that the writer has the eye and heart of a true missionary. He would like to see a great training college in Cairo to prepare young men for labour among the Mohammedans. At Cairo he thinks they would gain an early sympathy with Eastern life, which would form a fine preparation for such toil. Training in Europe steeps them in Western habits. Egypt awakened his special sympathy. The Bible, education and a better government are the levers by which he thinks that splendid country may again be raised to a place of honour among the nations. We commend this to our readers as a pleasant book on a delightful subject, written by a man whose heart is in his narrative.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October 1).—M. G. Valbert contributes an interesting article on "Bismarck and the Approaching Prussian Elections." He points out that Prussia is the only country where the conduct of affairs and the fate of Governments does not depend on a majority which loses power, or changes its views. Bismarck's contempt for mere politicians is specially dwelt upon. They seem to him to meddle with everything, and believe they know all, when they know nothing. To them he ascribes the wearisome length of the sessions. In resisting the proposal for the payment of deputies, Bismarck's intention was to free the Reichstag from these professional politicians. He pleases himself with the hope that the young people now studying at the Universities are thorough Imperialists, with a more lofty conception of political life than the men of the present, who, in passing through the events of 1847 and 1848, were marked by the party brand, and are unable to get rid of it. The official organs flatter themselves that the Progressionists will lose more than one seat in the coming elections. They also anticipate the happiest results from the union of the Conservatives and the National Liberals. M. Valbert says that he doubts whether Bismarck will ever succeed in gathering a Parliamentary majority around him.

(October 15).—M. Cuheval Clarigny writes on "General Grant." He leaves the task of deciding whether Grant was a great captain and a master of strategy to more competent judges than himself. He acknowledges, however, the constant success of the American soldier. If some of his victories were due to happy inspirations, others seem to have been gained mainly by his own indomitable energy, joined to the intrepidity of his heroic lieutenants and his brave soldiers.

(November 15).—Under the title "A Romantic Historian," W. Hepworth Dixon's three great works—*The Tower*, *The History of Two Queens*, and *Royal Windsor*—are passed in review by M. H. Blerzy. He says that though the national history of France is full of the rivalry between her and England, our history has comparatively few traces of it. For us the struggles were wars of conquest. France, on the contrary, stood for generations in jeopardy as to her independence, and even her very existence. M. Blerzy notes the fact that, despite the constant pressure of his work as editor of the *Athenæum* for about sixteen years, Hepworth Dixon found time to become a bold tourist. When he returned from Palestine, America, and Russia, he gave the results of his observation in such a happy way as to present old scenes under entirely fresh aspects. He never lost sight of the greatness of his own country, or failed to study the causes of its present prosperity and past misfortunes. Towards France his writings never had a word of hate, or even of spite; the Papacy and Spain were his great enemies. M. Blerzy shows that the early years of Catharine of Arragon were gloomy enough. Cardinal Ximenes admitted her at the lowest possible age into the Order of St. Francis; her father was entirely occupied by the cares of State; her mother was intolerant. Catharine lived a solitary life in the Alhambra, in the midst of a people terrified by religious persecution. No prince of her family escorted her to the place of embarkation for England. An escort of duennas, squires, and chamberlains alone accompanied her. One of the chamberlains—the guardian of her dowry—had special orders not to part with the treasure till the marriage was consummated. Her reception in England was as brilliant as her departure from Spain had been gloomy. When she landed at Plymouth, after a voyage that made her vow that she would never take another, she was received with enthusiasm by the noble families of England. This article points out that the facts of the case are opposed to the opinion that Henry VIII. repudiated Catharine in order to marry Anne Boleyn. Henry had consulted the Bishops about the legality of his union, and had already taken steps towards forming an alliance with a French princess before he saw Anne. Her beauty upset these plans, and made him do all in his power to hasten the divorce. Queen Elizabeth forms the subject of the second part of this interesting article. M. Blerzy says it was Dixon's rôle to present events under a dramatic colour, and paint men's portraits by the salient features of their character.

(December 1.)—"Scenes from the Siege of Sebastopol," by Count Leon Tolstoi, is one of the features of this number. The Count, who was an officer of artillery, took part in the defence of Sebastopol, and prepared an account of the besieged city in December, May, and August. The second of these narratives is here translated from the Russian. It gives a graphic account of some phases of the long struggle, with its disastrous casualties. M. Hallez writes on "The Question of Madagascar." He cherishes the firm conviction that the new conditions of peace, besides giving satisfaction to the interests which France feels bound to guard, and preparing the way for the preponderating influence which she will exercise by-and-by in that island, are likely to be accepted by the Hovas, whose independence is scrupulously respected in them.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (October 1).—In the letters on the policy of other countries, considerable space is given to Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto. The writer says that, before it appeared, English parties presented the appearance of the Bible chaos, but the manifesto has so united the Liberal ranks that the party now forms a compact mass ready to march to victory under the chief who has so often led it thither. Madame Juliette Adam, the editor of the review and the writer of this sketch, holds that the Conservatives made mistakes in the mission of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and the arrangement about the defile of Zulficar. She says, all Europe knows that the Pass has little importance. When the Tory journals boast that "the firm attitude of Earl Salisbury was necessary to bring that negotiation to a triumphant issue, we think of the smile with which the Russians will receive such a declaration, they who know by what a train of favours the Foreign Office has obtained such a miserable concession."

(October 15.)—Prince Georges Bibesco contributes a brief paper to this number on "Orthodoxy and Catholicism in the East." Himself a Roumanian, he holds that his country must keep her faith or abandon her nationality. A brochure on "The Re-establishment of the Pope's temporal power by Prince Bismarck" had fallen into his hands. This advocated the formation of a new empire of the East, which should again unite the ancient empire of the Danube to those brilliant traditions of the age when the imperial armies annihilated the military power of Turkey in so many glorious battles. Austria, and not Russia, this pamphlet said, was the civilizing State of the peninsula of the Balkans and Turkey in Europe. Then the writer stated that it was not necessary to show that the Roman Church was superior to the Greek Church of the Balkans. The latter, as a decentralized Confederation, would find itself without defence against the organization of Rome. The inhabitants of this district, he said, have also much sympathy with Rome. She has gained a footing in Bosnia and Herzegovina, numerous conversions have been made in Bulgaria, and little resistance would be encountered in Roumania. The Austrian Government has the strongest reasons for encouraging this Romanist propaganda with all her power. It concerns fundamental principles, not passing sentiments. The Prince quotes these statements to show that the Roumanian Association of the Orthodox Church needs to be vigilant. It is a struggle for life. Catholicism and Orthodoxy are face to face in the Balkan peninsula. He invites all Roumanian patriots to join the association as a sacred duty which well embodies the old watchword of their ancestors—"Forward! with the help of God and our country."

(November 15.)—The letters on Berlin, Vienna, and London are now followed up by a series on "The Society of Madrid." Society there is described as democratic, frank, and sincere. The people are very intelligent, but on those points where Catholicism represses intellect they are behind the times, for their city is more influenced than any other by the Church. They are careless about the study of politics, so that they easily and constantly fall a prey to the intrigues of every party in turn. You soon find that the immorality common to all the great capitals is doubled at Madrid by a strong infusion of hypocrisy, the natural result of its clerical education. The writer of these sketches advises the diplomatist who wishes to get on well in Spain to be as much a Spaniard as possible, to forget that he is a gentleman, and to become an *hidalgo*; to smoke everywhere; to honour the sacrament, and bow the knee to the ground whenever he encounters the priest bearing the host in the street. The king is ardently devoted to military life, an accomplished

riders, a fine shot, an excellent talker. His memory is prodigious. He knows the names, alliances, and genealogies of all his people. He remembers all that he hears or reads. At the little *soirées* often held in the Chinese Hall at the Palace, before playing at billiards, the king will recite from memory Calderon, Lope de Vega, and other writers. When he appears in the diplomatic circle, he is able to speak to each representative, save the Turk and the Russian, in his native language. The Queen lives a retired life. Her natural seriousness somewhat interferes with her popularity among the courtiers, but she is a perfect mother, a tender and devoted wife, simple and sweet, well informed, and desirous of making friends. The generosity of the ex-Queen Isabella II. amounts to prodigality. She seems to be always giving, and has no conception of the value of money. Besides the particulars about the King, Queen, and Royal Family, some notes are given on the Court circle.

(December 1.)—It is painful to read these chapters on "Society in Madrid" now that the young King who fills so large a place in them is dead. The first letter describes the charming manner in which he conducted himself at his receptions. Very amiable, very lively, seeking and finding the word as to their career, their profession, their tastes, or their country which might best please those whom he had to greet. Alfonso XII. was the most congenial of men. The royal palace is great, but forbidding. Its decoration and furnishing are not so sumptuous as those of most royal residences, and there are too many blank spaces. Carlism is said to be the one enduring State. Governments have followed one another, sometimes in rapid succession, but that remains. The royal household, the Cortes, and the Ministry are briefly described, but the sketches have no special interest. M. Canovas is described as a Bismarck on a small scale, whose Ministry is an agglomeration of functionaries whom he only regards as superior employés. Canovas is to have a paper to himself by-and-by.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (November).—Herman Grimm writes on "The First Chapter of Raphael's Life." It is now four hundred years since the great painter was born, in 1483. Rome and Florence are so greatly changed since his time that he would feel strange in his old haunts, but he would easily recognize Urbino, his birthplace. As a child he helped Perugino, but the earliest work that can be ascribed to him with certainty is preserved in the picture-gallery of the Vatican. The Apostles stand round Mary's empty tomb, gazing above it where she sits opposite Christ, bowing, her head to receive from Him her crown; angels surround the Saviour and His mother. When Raphael came under the influence of Michael Angelo his figures began to acquire the dramatic movement of the great Florentine. They no more appear to act in silence, but to speak and act together. After he became a Roman, the buildings and ruins of Rome appear in his backgrounds. In later life the repose of his earlier work finds its way again into his pictures.

(December).—An anonymous article, entitled "The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Pen and Pencil," is devoted to an account of the great work on this subject which is being pushed forward under the inspiration of the Crown Prince of Austria. His wife, the Archduchess Stephanie, has contributed to the first part a charming sketch of the castle and park of Laxenburg, and will supply other drawings as the work goes on. There are to be fourteen to fifteen volumes. The first part has had enormous success. The Crown Prince has always had a strong taste for scenery, and has published some interesting accounts of his travels on the Danube and in the East. Two years ago he conceived the idea of a great work devoted to the land and people of Austria and Hungary in every aspect. The Archduke John first shared his counsels, then a band of literary and artistic helpers were called in. The whole work is progressing rapidly. It is hoped that when it is finished in 1894 it will be a treasure-house of information about the lands over which the Crown Prince will some day rule.

UNSERE ZEIT (December).—Herr von Hellwald closes his third paper on "South Africa and the South African Complications" with some gloomy vaticinations. His papers are mainly taken up with a sketch of the history of the struggles about Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, and Zululand. He regards Sir Charles Warren's expedition as one which has destroyed the first germs of culture in Bechuanaland. All his sympathies are with Mr. Uppington and his party. He says that the hatred of

England is greater now among the Africans than before the Transvaal war. In the colony English and Dutch are on the worst terms. On December 24, 1884, a congress of delegates of the *Africander-Bond* was held, at which steps were taken to form an offensive and defensive union of the Transvaal and Orange Free States. The two Boer communities are thus being welded together. The writer of the article considers that we have such a number of colonies that we cannot find capital for South Africa, and that it is now a question whether it shall belong to the Boers or to England. It is scarcely necessary to point out that our German critic has only eyes for one side of this question.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October 16).—Signor Bonghi writes a short article on "The Papacy and Mediation" in his usual temperate tone. The subject is the recent arbitration on the Caroline Islands dispute between Spain and Germany which, at Prince Bismarck's suggestion, was submitted to the Pope. After a brief survey of events during the great age of maritime discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the relation of the Papacy to those events, Signor Bonghi gives a short description of the Caroline Islands, their inhabitants, and their capacity for trade. The great point on which he dwells, however, is that the Protestant Minister of a Protestant country should have sought the arbitration of the Pope. He says that Leo XIII. has acquired throughout the civilized world that reputation for impartiality and sound understanding which he certainly merits, and which Benedict XIV. also gained. Conduct so wise as his, so sincerely inspired by a desire for peace and for the general weal, an intelligence so enamoured of that moral and intellectual influence by which a Church becomes a true guide, and a heart so free from rancour, Signor Bonghi says, adorns his office and wins respect from all, independent of their belief. This is high praise. The writer of this article, who is a devoted supporter of the Italian Government, hopes that the free recognition which Germany and Spain have given of the moral authority vested in a person distinguished by holiness of life and mental excellence will help the Papacy to seek influence in such spheres. If she is content with that, she will find no field for the exercise of her power more great or more beneficent.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (November).—Mr. James Parton has contributed to this number a somewhat unusual paper, entitled "A Letter to the People of the United States upon their Conduct as Employers." He reminds his "dear people" that they are the largest employers of human labour in the world. In their character as the employed they sometimes strike at the most inconvenient time, and have even been known to leave trains full of women and children on the track in the woods, miles away from home. They obstruct the streets with processions, buy papers conducted by professional working men of such inane stupidity and such savage temper as to excite in reflecting persons almost as much wrath for the conductors as compassion for you." Then follows an amusing lecture on political economy to bring these deluded "people" to a better mind. He refers to the expenses of a senator. Mr. Seward received about four thousand dollars as Secretary of State, but the receptions and dinners which he had to give were so heavy that he spent sixteen thousand dollars a year at Washington. He urges them to pay the market price for the talent used in their service. Some servants of the State would grow rich in a few years if they devoted themselves to private enterprises. "Pay such men, in honour and in safety, the equivalent of a large capital; thus, as our President has happily stated it, putting the public service on a business footing." The concluding words are sharp. After begging them to learn to treat their public servants with politeness and consideration, he speaks of their childish system of appointments and removals: "Do not cherish the delusion that this barbarism is democratic. It is the precise thing which is farthest removed from every good meaning of that word. It is the system of favouritism, accident, and corruption. It gives every man a chance at public employment except the man who ought to have it. The most debauched hereditary despot never appointed and never removed with anything approaching your reckless and cruel precipitation. It recalls to mind those periods in the decay of nations when mercenary favourites and volatile mistresses ruled and ruined. It savours of the time when Madame Dubarry gave Talleyrand a bishopric for an indecent jest."

ATLANTIC MONTHLY (December).—Mr. C. F. Smith's article on "Southern Colleges and Schools," in the October number of this magazine, stated that there

had been no great advance, if any, in collegework in the Southern States of America since the war, and in "fitting schools," that is, those that prepare for colleges, there had been a positive decline in most of the States. He now returns to this subject. He explains that this statement referred to the whole field and to general tendencies, and does not ignore the advance made in individual colleges and schools. An interesting description is given of a preparatory school for the University of Virginia, conducted by Mr. McCabe. That gentleman seems to have gained something like Dr. Arnold's influence over his scholars. He accidentally overheard one boy say to a party who were discussing some question of honour, "Well, I think any fellow who would tell McCabe a lie is a dirty blackguard." "Snap" examinations held without warning are one of the main tests of work in this school. At the time when the account was written the highest classes were reading Tacitus in Latin, Thucydides and Plato in Greek, Molière's plays, Faust, and Todhunter's Calculus. Nearly all the great endowments given to Southern colleges since the war have come from the North. Virginia University receives honourable mention. Mr. Smith thinks last year's senior Latin paper cannot be paralleled in America, and it was once said by a Harvard professor that the standard in mathematics for undergraduates was then the highest in the United States. It was "the first University of an English-speaking people" which required students for its highest degree to pass in two modern European languages.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (October).—This splendid theological review is the organ of one of the most learned bodies of Christian ministers. Professor H. P. Smith's paper on "Old Testament Text and Revised Version" is a scholarly discussion of the Hebrew text, which only a highly educated circle of readers would appreciate. The Editorial Notes on Ecclesiastical Assemblies in Great Britain, Canada, and the States give a conspectus of religious work which is of real interest and value. Every page bears witness to sound scholarship.

METHODIST REVIEW (November).—In an article on the Congo, there are some references to Bishop Taylor's mission to Central Africa. It has been established with the intention that after the missionaries are fairly settled at their new stations, they shall provide, as far as possible, for their own maintenance. Dr. Curry, the editor and writer of this article, considers this proposal "wholly practicable," and quotes with approval the case of Mr. Ingham, of the Livingstone mission, who shot twenty-five elephants and obtained five hundred pounds for the ivory. "This seems," he says, "very much like 'self-support,' achieved without any neglect of real missionary duty." Readers of Robert Moffat's early missionary struggles will not, however, forget the mischief which followed when the early missionaries in South Africa became traders. Some grave mistakes have been made in Bishop Taylor's mission. One man took his wife, and four children under six years of age, and has returned home a sadder and a wiser man. Some refused medical aid, and one at least fell a victim to this strange folly.

ONCE A MONTH (September 15).—Among other papers of interest, this magazine for Australasia describes a visit to Thomas Edward, the naturalist, at Banff. He lives in a low two-storied house, commanding a fine view of the sea. One wall of his best room is entirely lined with cases of stuffed birds and animals. His native shrewdness may be understood by his answer when asked whether these cases represented all his collection. "Na, na! My collection is my purse. I sent three awa." Edward, "a little bent man, dressed in rough tweeds, with a shock of grey hair, and remarkably bright eyes," seemed delighted to be interviewed. He showed his treasures and the marks of attention he had received from all quarters with naive satisfaction. His son is about to enter the Scotch Church.

THE CENTURY (Oct., Nov., Dec.).—The papers on General Grant form a special feature of the October magazine. They describe his last days when the reprieve which death afforded was spent in a brave endeavour to make some provision for his family; then the friendship between Lincoln and Grant is pleasantly told; and in a third paper, General Wilson supplies some reminiscences of Grant's life in the field. Mr. Howell's "Tuscan Cities" weaves present and past together in his usual happy fashion. In November, "Living English sculptors" is a capital introduction to some of the best-known names of the profession. "A Photographer's Visit to Petra" is wonderland indeed. General Grant's personal memoirs of Chattanooga will go far to convince all readers that he was a great soldier, abounding in resource, in-

flexible decision, and full of hope. The account of Teheran, the capital of Persia, and the paper on "The Monitors"—a chapter of the American civil war—are features of the December number. John Burrough's little paper on "Bird Enemies" only whets the appetite for more. The protest against "Faith Cures" is excellent and timely. "The Bostonians," by Henry James, is one of the best stories of his that we have read. It is a woman's-rights story, but the fair advocate seems on the verge of a destiny which is as old as the race.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (Oct., Nov., Dec.).—In the October number, there are several articles of great interest. "Labrador" gives a capital sketch of the fisher-folk and their rough life; "A Glass of Beer" is a peep at one of the great American industries; "Back-yard Studies" describes the botanical treasures of a metropolitan garden in a way that shows what a world of interest may be found even in such unpromising soil. "A Model State Capital" takes the reader to Hartford and its public buildings. Harriet Beecher Stowe's home is described as a slate-coloured cottage of moderate size. The famous authoress is "a very quiet little lady, plainly attired, and apt during conversation to become abstracted, ... quiet and undemonstrative, with immense determination and character revealed in her face when seen at certain angles, but with an equally natural gentleness and benignity. She preserves in two dozen stout volumes the monster petition signed by half a million women, and presented to Congress on behalf of abolition. After she published "Uncle Tom," many frightful letters were sent from the South, one of which actually contained a negro's ear. The illustrated article on the "New York Stock Exchange," in the magazine for November, will be read with great interest. John Bigelow contributes "Some Recollections of Lord Houghton." He is not aware that Luke was not one of the Apostles. Lord Houghton was of the Epicurean faith. His curiosity for all strange things was almost morbid. The article does not leave a favourable impression. One story that Bigelow heard him tell several times is repeated here, and it is unpleasant enough. As usual the Christmas *Harper* has several short stories in addition to the serials which are appearing. "The Nativity in Art" is illustrated by twelve splendid engravings of the great masters: Giotto, Della Robbia, Correggio, Albert Durer, Murillo, and others. This article is a treasure indeed. Edwin Arnold translates from the Sanskrit "The Ritu Sanhāra; or, Round of the Seasons," written by Kālidāsa, "the greatest poet and dramatist of India, if we except the half-mythical compilers of her chief epics." The short stories are all a success. It would be hard indeed to find more attractive Christmas reading.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE (Oct., Nov., Dec.).—This magazine is a treasure for boys and girls. It is crowded with pictures of all kinds, and its comic cuts will be very attractive. The articles cover a large field. Two papers on shells, by Sarah Cooper, are models of natural-history teaching, which will add pleasure to many a sea-side holiday. In the December number there is a happy description of the adventures of two boys who went out in a yacht to watch the race between the *Puritan* and *Genesta*. No pains are spared to make this magazine a success. The reading and the pictures are equally attractive.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE. (October, November, December.)

The short articles and stories, except in the capital December number, are not so attractive as usual for general readers. "Rainbow Gold" and "Court Royal," the two serials, maintain their freshness and interest. Both are remarkable stories. "Court Royal" is full of dramatic situations, some of which strike us as not a little improbable, but the story is a masterpiece of description, and is written with great vigour. "Rainbow Gold" ends as every one could wish. The closing chapters are especially good.

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